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HOLIDAY ISSUE
JANUARY, 1944

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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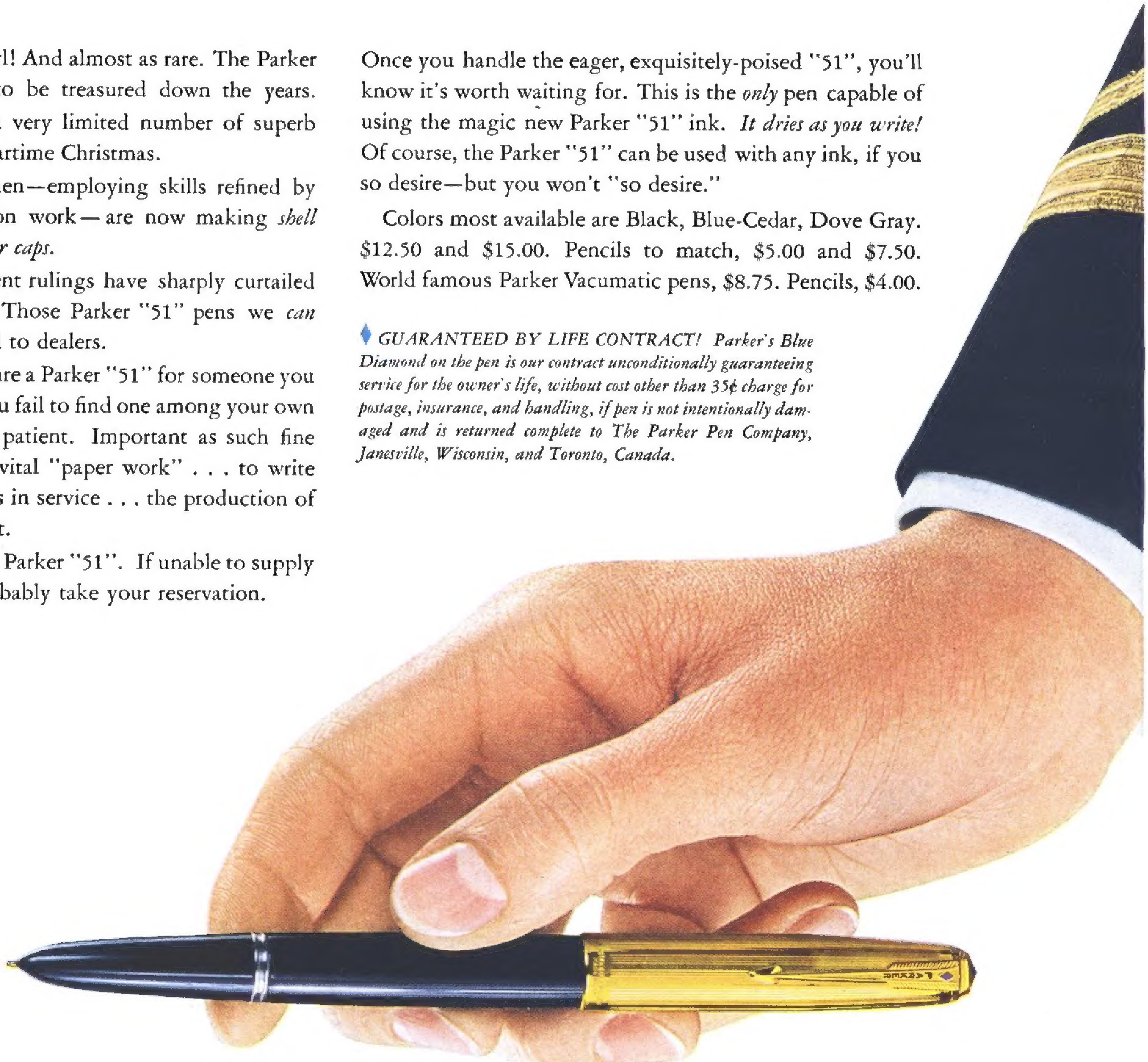

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Let the laughter of little children ring out through all the world . . . spiritual witness of Freedom's worth.
Let all men know that tyranny will soon be ended . . . and that Justice shall reign forever.
On this Christmas . . . when so much of the world is still smothered 'neath the black robe of slavery . . . let the Lamp of Liberty burn brightly . . . to warm the hearts of all mankind.
Soon . . . the Angel of Peace shall descend from heaven once again . . . and his mantle shall cloak all the world in joyous gladness.
Mothers and fathers . . . wives and husbands . . . sons and daughters . . . shall reunite.
Hearts will sing in happiness, and no more will blood be shed . . . neither will tears bitterly fall.
And the sweat of every man's brow will be the sweat of free, productive effort.
O, Little Star of Bethlehem . . . shine gloriously on this night . . . while we pray . . . that Christmas may be *Christmas* soon again!

May the Christmas Star . . . in its shining hour . . . gladden your own heart . . . brighten your own hopes for the present and for the future. To you and yours . . . and to all who march in Christianity's new Crusade . . . heartfelt Christmas greetings!

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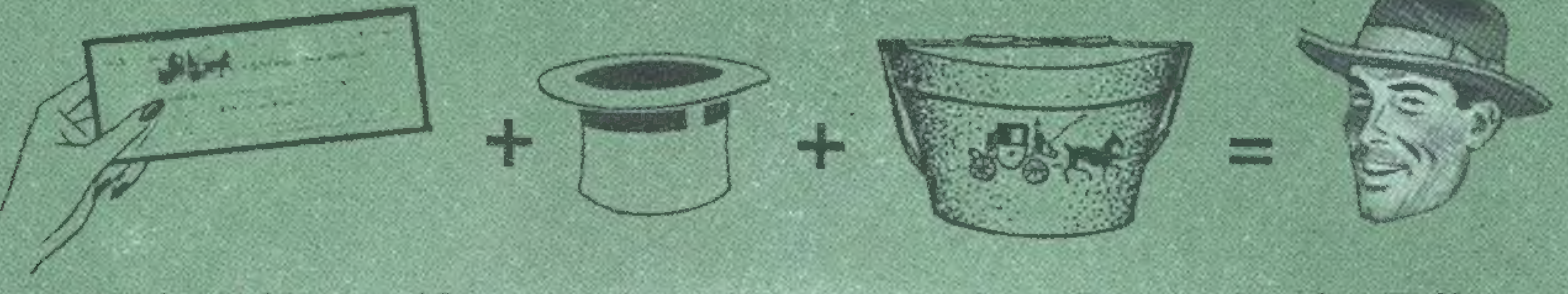

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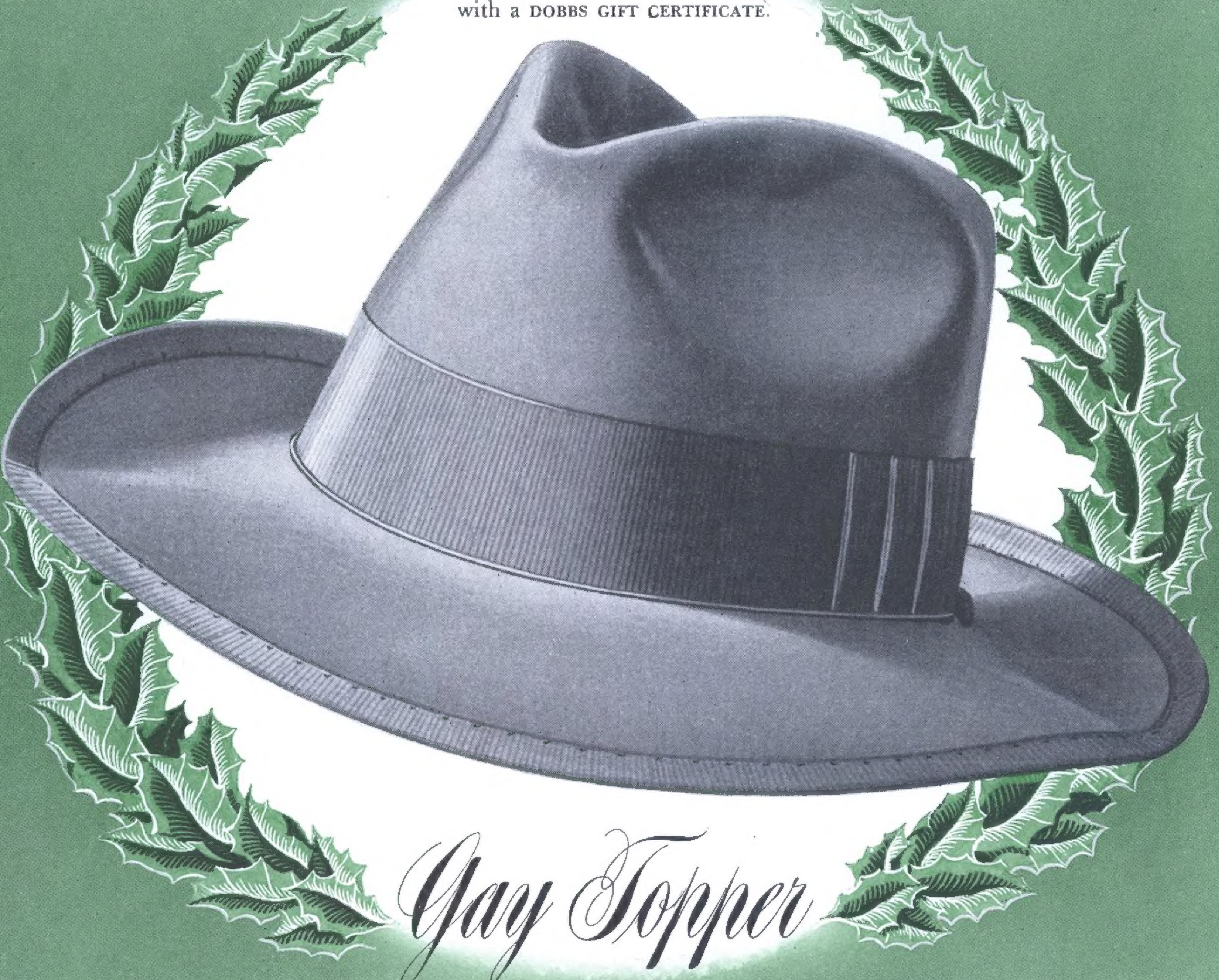

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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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T.M.REG.

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EDITORIAL: Interim comment on the public interest in our own private fight

This is written at the end of three weeks of daily sessions at the Post Office Department in Washington, where we produced literally truckloads of evidence to show cause why Esquire should not have its second class mailing privileges annulled, suspended or revoked. Everything about that hearing in Washington was eminently fair, including the weather. But we are at a loss to know just how far we dare indulge ourselves in the right of fair comment, now that the evidence is all in but the decision is still pending. Presumably we are entitled to strip a few leaves out of our own memory book of the affair, so long as we don't try to anticipate the decision.

The whole point and purpose of the hearing, as we understood it before we got there, was to determine whether or not we had, for the first eleven months of 1943, been "just a little bit obscene." Not obscene enough to be barred from the mails entirely, you understand, but just enough to be kicked downstairs from second to fourth class mailing privileges. We never quite comprehended the nicety of this distinction, either before, during, or after the hearing. We always thought of obscenity as a definite state or condition, like pregnancy for instance. Something that you either are or aren't. But this game was played with different ground rules. Something less than the obscenity that gets you into jail was to be considered the degree of obscenity that lets you out of the mail, at least of the second class.

It was no less confusing to the reporters who covered the hearing than it was to us. One reporter, after listening to a government witness hold forth at length on the erogenous zones, snatched at the idea that perhaps, after all, Esquire had merely violated some zoning ordinance.

We approached the matter with an open mind and tried to prevail upon our witnesses to do the same. But if you've ever been a witness you know that the cross-examiner's transparent desire to get you to "admit" something is apt to make you wary of admitting such obvious verities as your own name, or the state of the weather, or the time of day. So our first witnesses had to be "coached" to the extent of being reminded that sex, as such, was not an Esquire discovery, and that its existence had been known, to postal inspectors as well as the reading public, for some years before this magazine was ever thought of. Conversely, the government witnesses came in so determined to find everything in Esquire's pages so obviously obscene, and so determined not to be tricked out of that attitude by cross-examination, that some of them eagerly pinned the label of obscenity on anecdotes from the *Reader's Digest*, cartoons from *Collier's* and *The Saturday Evening Post*, and even illustrations from the *Ladies' Home Journal*, for fear that they might by inadvertence let something in Esquire escape their condemnation.

High points in our own recollections of the testimony are many and varied, as you might expect when there were over two thousand pages of it. But we won't be able to pass on more than a few at this writing. One of them was the moment when wise and genial old Doc Fry of Yale, a psychiatrist who really knows what really *does* corrupt people, blinked in disbelief at the possibility that anybody could seriously question the effect of a mermaid drawing in the Exploits of Esky cartoon strip. "But, Doctor," he was asked, "isn't that figure nude, aren't those breasts exposed—" etc., etc. He answered and ended all the questions with one question of his own: "Did you ever see a mermaid dressed?"

Another question was answered with a story, when Raymond Gram Swing quietly recounted the anecdote of Dr. Johnson's visit to an art gallery with Boswell who pointed to a nude and asked Dr. Johnson whether that painting was obscene. "No," said Dr. Johnson, "but your question is."

One of the loudest laughs of the whole three weeks was furnished by H. L. Mencken as he sputtered in indignation at the realization that the word "behind" was questioned by the Post Office as used in an Esquire story, "Offensive on the Home Front." "'Behind' was taught to me as a boy in the nursery," he said. "I knew no other word for the rear part until I was four years old and became sophisticated."

Channing Pollock was eloquent in making the point, which he credited to his "most mid-Victorian wife," that nothing can be at the same time beautiful and obscene, and that obscenity can be found only in what is ugly and offensive. But we were even more intrigued by the remark of a spectator in the row behind ours, who said that somebody, maybe Chauncey Depew or maybe Justice Holmes, had once said that the test of decency in comedy simply came down to a question of determining whether "the breadth of the humor exceeded the depth of the dirt." Something of the same sense was very well expressed by an editorial writer for the *Washington Post*, who pointed out the "fundamental incompatibility between obscenity and humor. If a jest is funny, it cannot at the same time be lewd."

Spectators were surprised, even if we weren't, by the fact that two clergymen who testified at the hearing (Rabbi Aaron Eiseman of New York and Rev. Fred E. Luchs of Athens, Ohio) both saw "an excellent sermon" in the story *Portrait Above the Fireplace*, from our October issue. But we were as much surprised as amused when a government witness, who mistook the story's title for the caption applying to an uncomplained-of Hurrell photograph on the opposite page, ran right off the reservation with vituperative condemnations, saying something to the effect of "*Portrait Above the Fireplace* or Below or Beside the Fireplace or Behind—So what? It's still the same old prurient Esquire stuff—look at those breasts, buttocks, hips, thighs—" before our own counsel, in an unaccustomed access of mercy, shut him off by pointing out that there was no connection between the photograph and the title.

Surprise witness for the defense, of course, was Louis J. Croteau, executive director of the New England Watch and Ward Society, but he so obviously knew what he was talking about, and made such an evident impression of both sincerity and knowledge that the consensus among the spectators was that he did as much to correct wrong impressions of the Watch and Ward Society by his testimony as he did for Esquire. Many who would have been prone to scoff at the "watchdog of New England's morals" were instead given a new respect for the society by hearing at first hand of the policy change by which, since 1934, it has adopted a rule of reason instead of the old-fashioned dogmatic determinism.

In all, Esquire offered the testimony of two score witnesses, ranging from educators and clergymen to publishers and publicists, and as might have been expected there was nothing approaching unanimity in their reactions to the magazine's various features, except their unanimous belief that none of the cited material was lewd, lascivious, obscene, filthy or indecent, likely to corrupt the morals of youth or reduce their standards of right and wrong.

With the exception of psychiatrists, who customarily receive a fee for testimony, none of the witnesses was paid except for expenses incurred in making the trip to Washington. A number of them, because the hearing turned out to be much more protracted than was originally expected, had to make the trip twice. We would like to think that the willingness of these busy men and women to put up with the inconveniences of wartime travel and sojourning in Washington, plus the unpleasantnesses that are inherent in the witness role, constituted a remarkable tribute to the magazine's character. But we're afraid that complete candor would compel the admission, in the overwhelming majority of instances, that it was not a matter of their liking Esquire the less, but the principle involved the more. So we resist the temptation to preen ourselves too much on this score.

Most affecting part of the whole procedure to us was the discovery, on the second day of the testimony of Herbert Smith of the Francis W. Parker School of Chicago, that he had been informed the night before of the fact that his oldest son had been reported missing after an air raid over Germany. Words fail utterly to express our admiration for the stoicism he displayed in continuing his testimony under such circumstances.

There is nothing we can say, as affecting the merits of the case, until a decision has been reached. But whatever that decision may be, we want to hasten to record our feeling that the hearing was entirely fair, that we were given every reasonable opportunity to present our evidence as freely and fully as we could possibly have hoped or expected, and that if we have not shown sufficient cause for the continuance of Esquire's second class privileges in full force and effect, then the fault lies neither with the Post Office nor with the magazine, but entirely with us, for not taking full advantage of the magazine's merits and the opportunity that was given us to present them. ⧺

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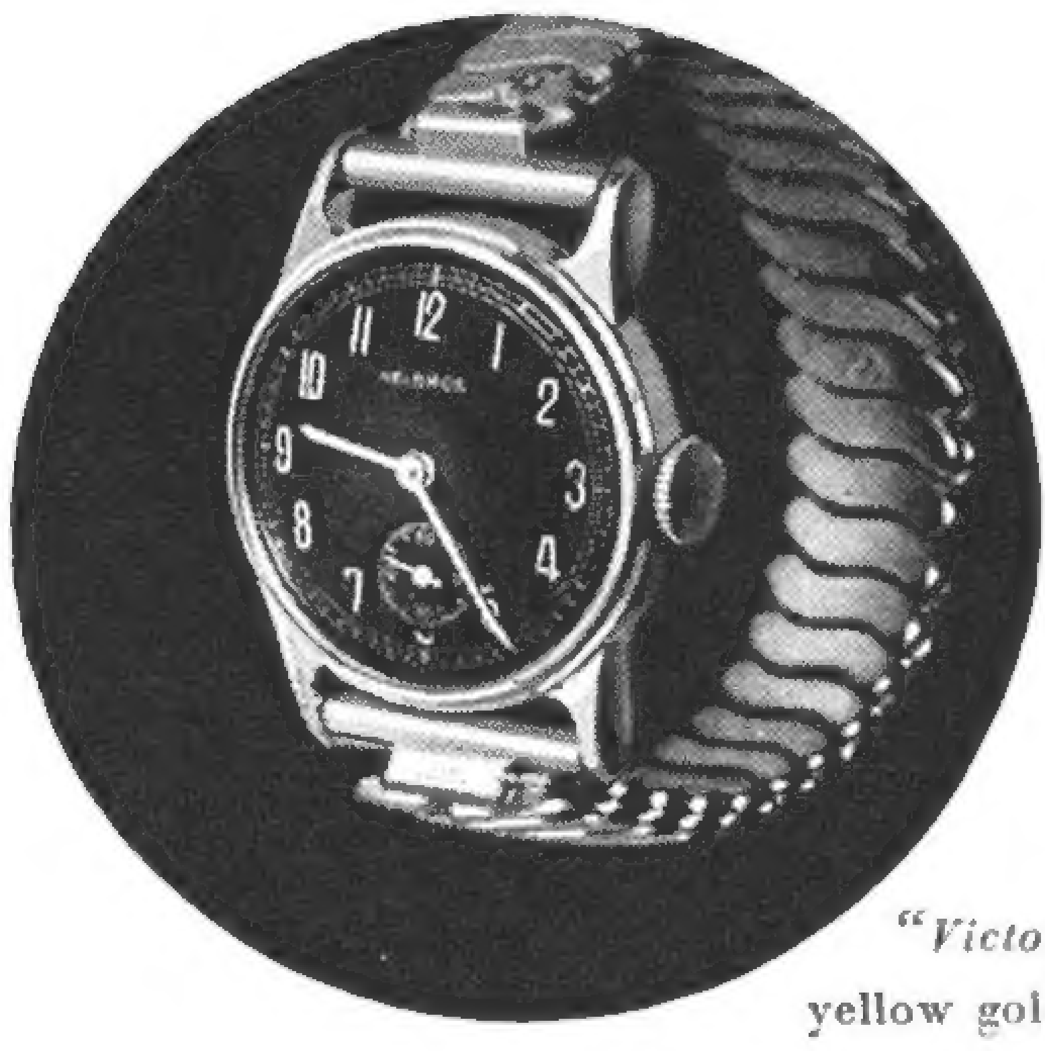

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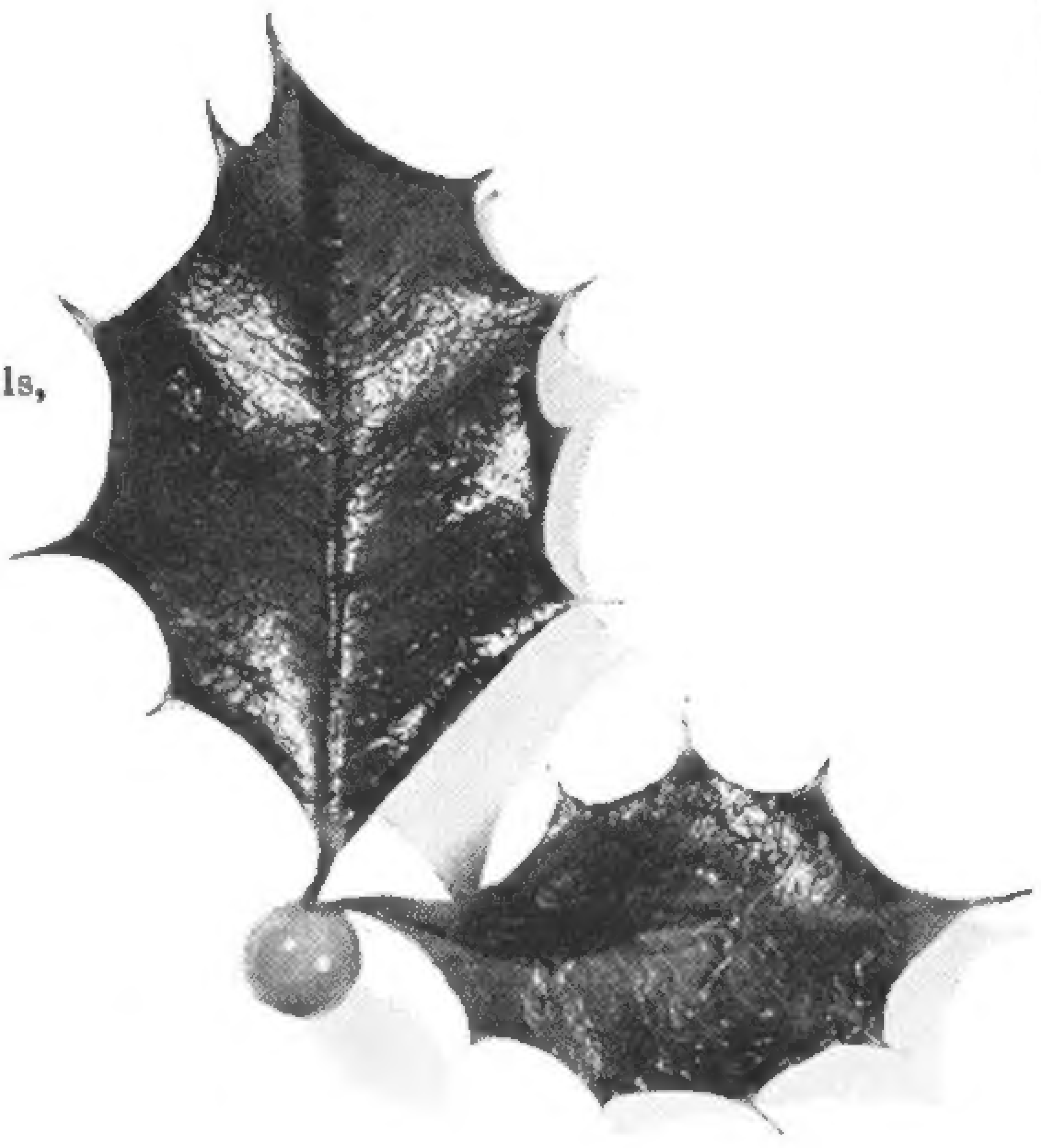

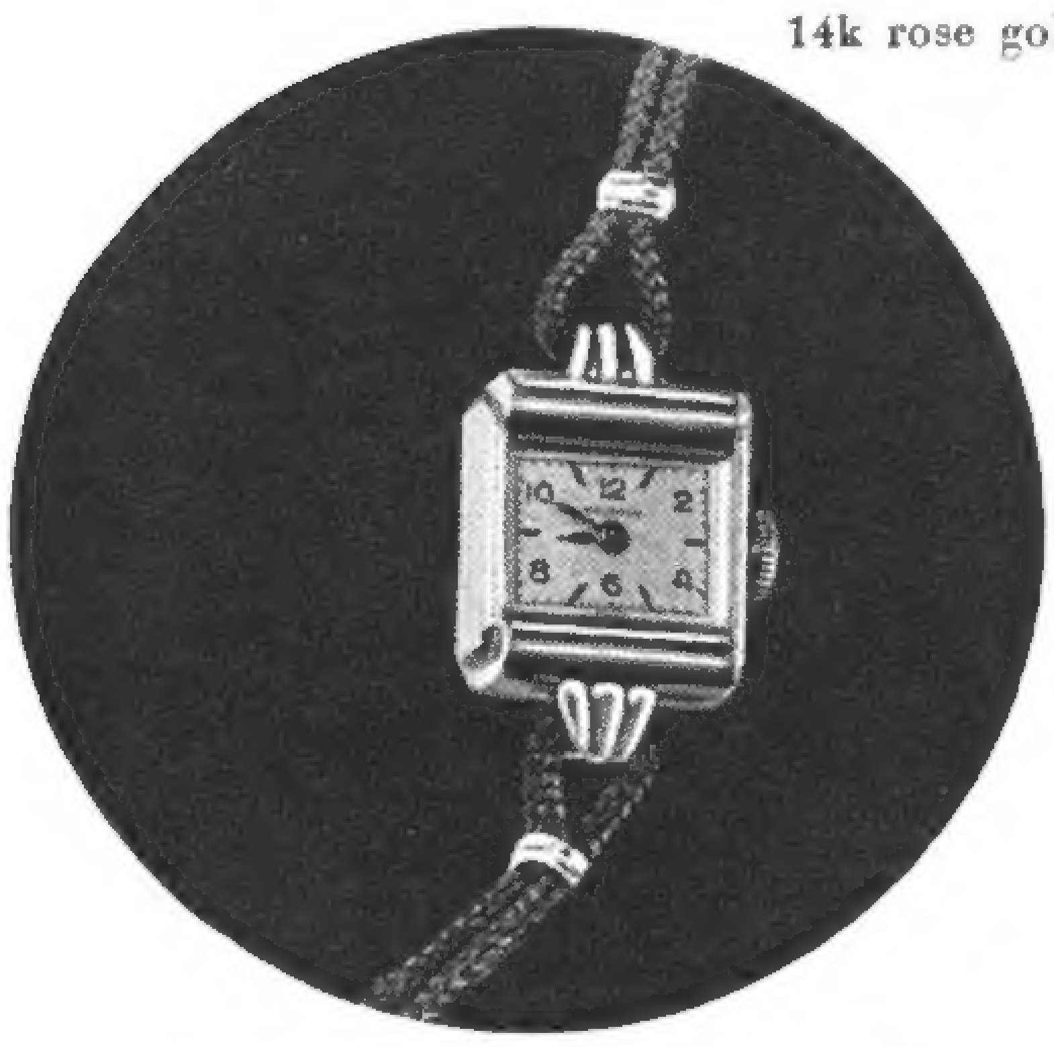

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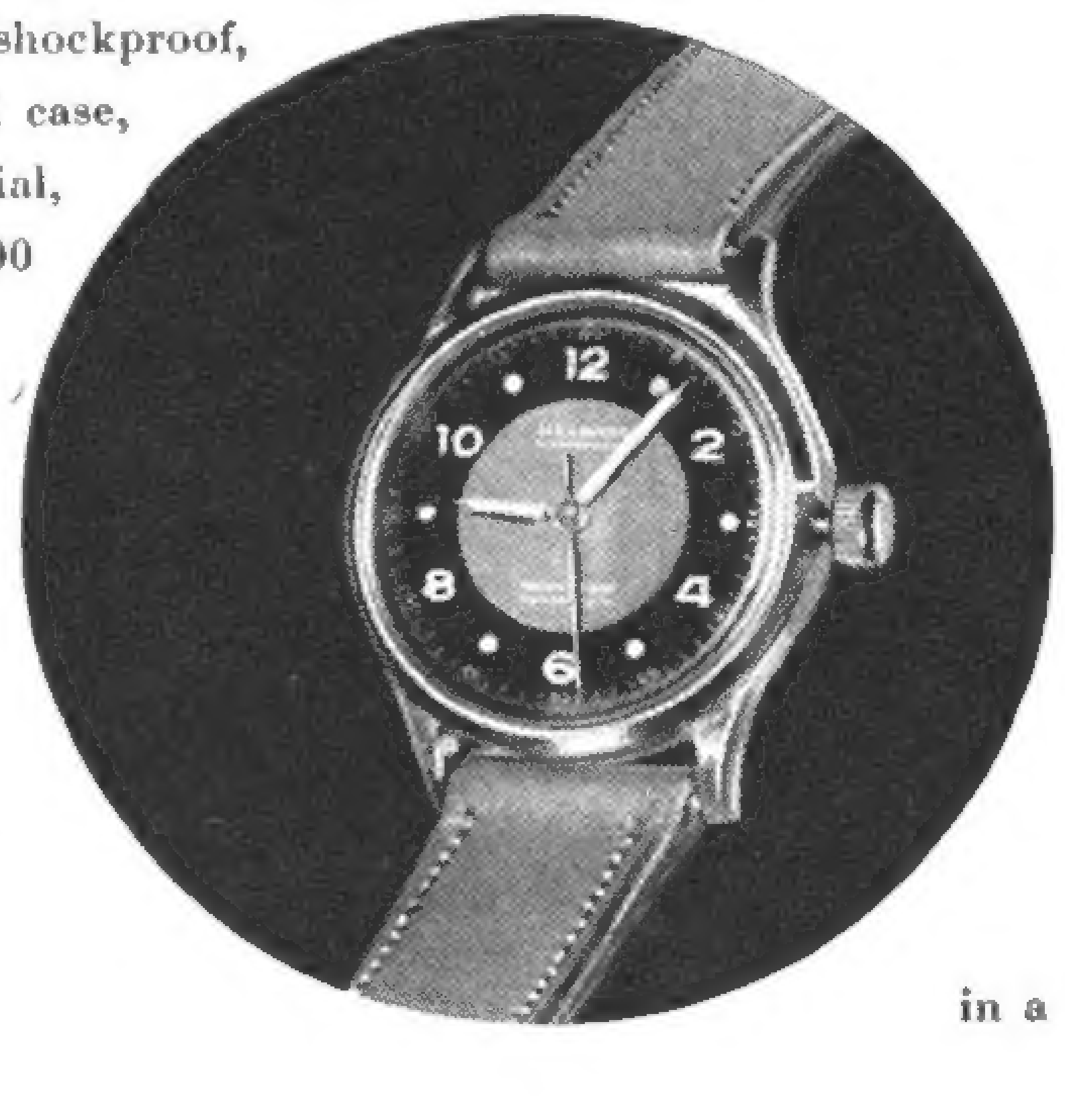

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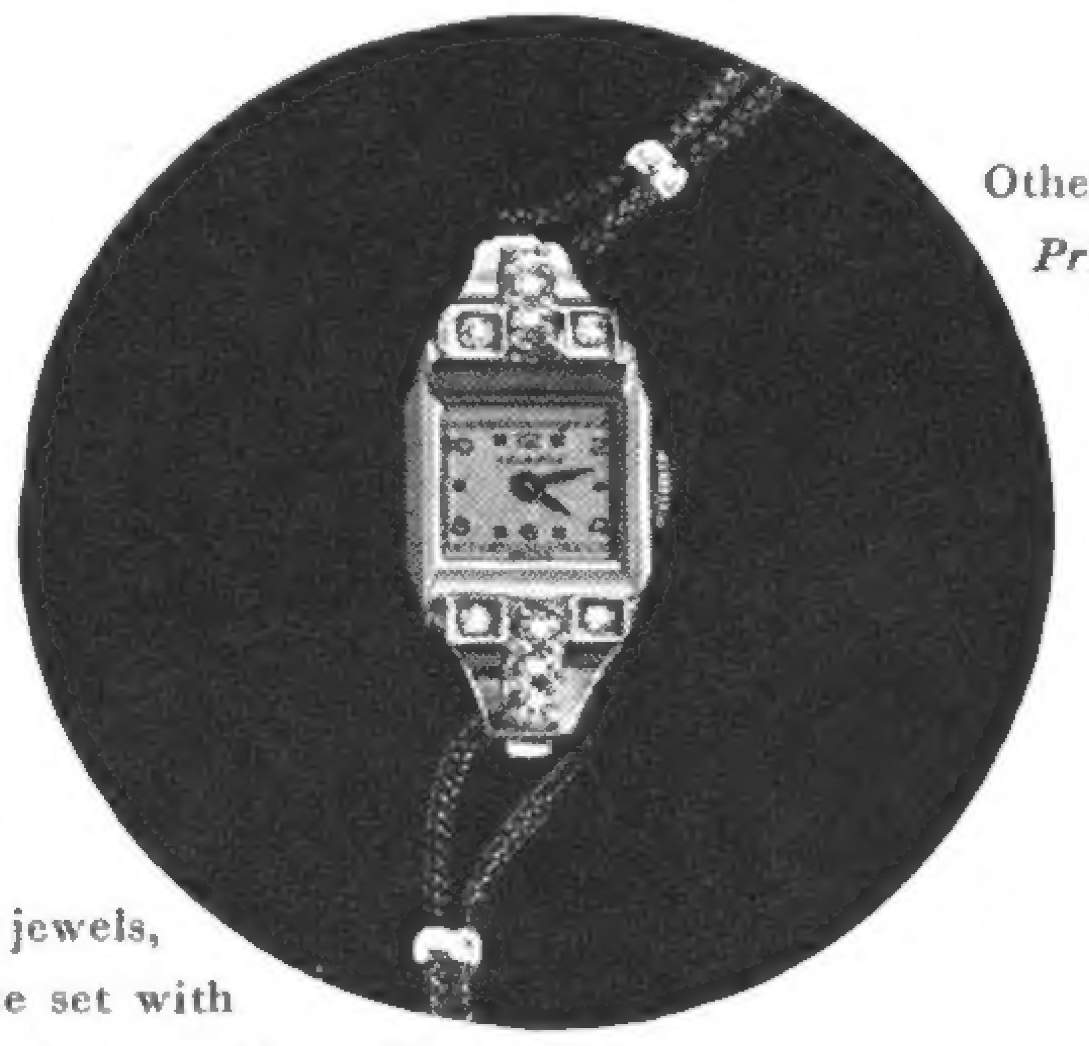

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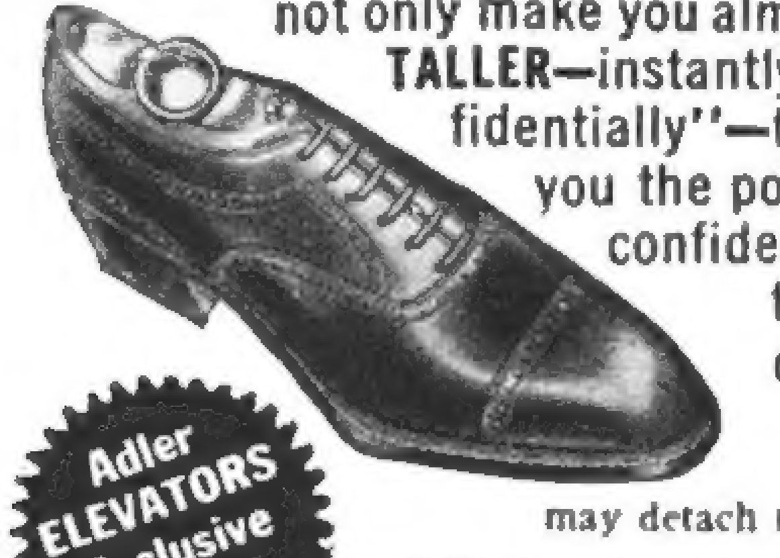

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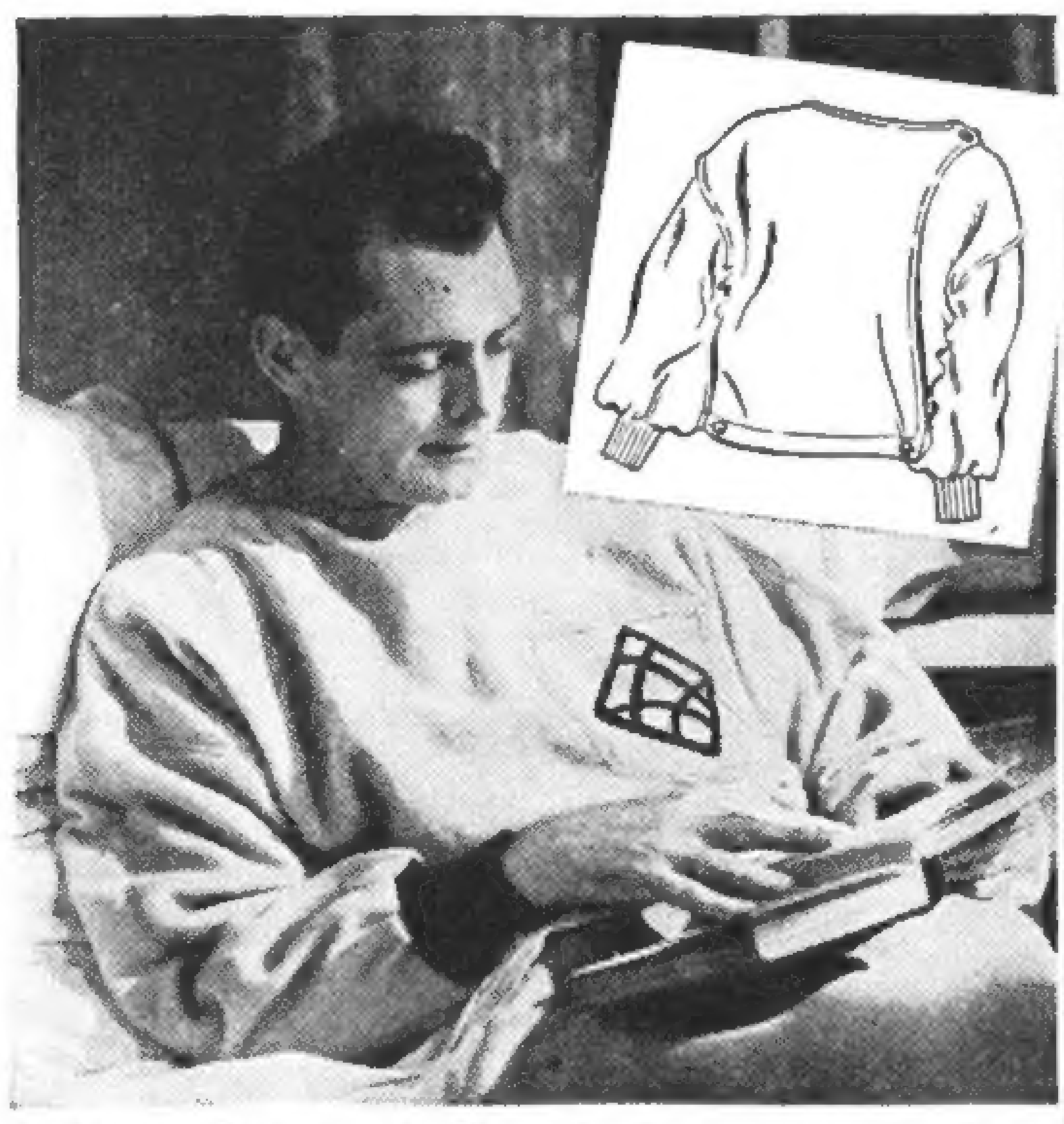

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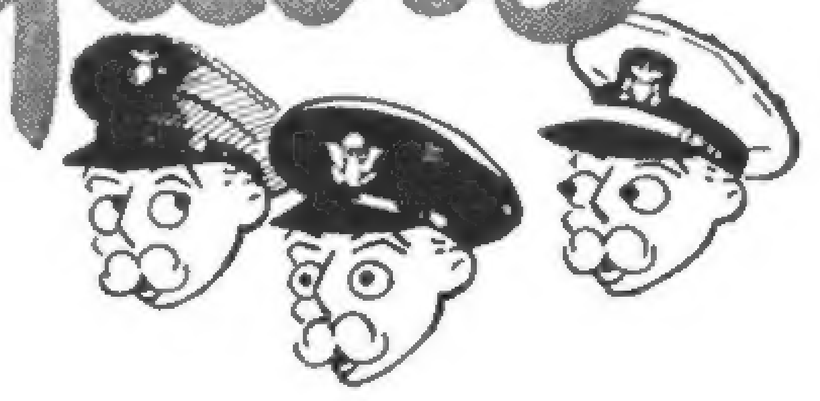
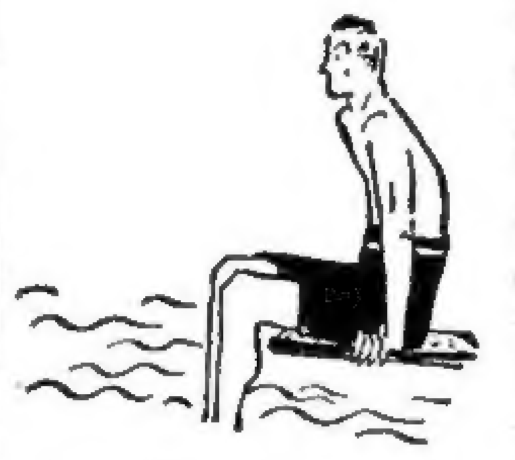
Talking Shop with Esquire



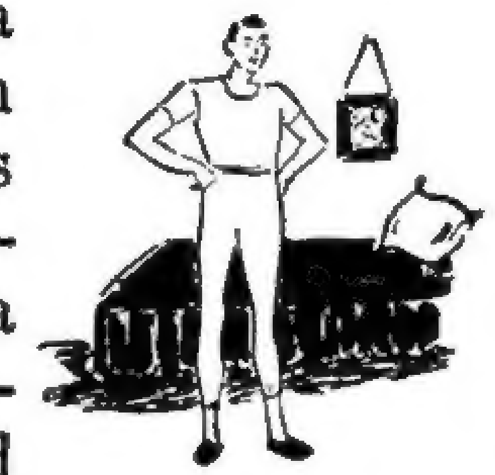
STRICTLY *NON* — G. I. Here it is fellows, by popular request . . . a shopping page just for Uncle Sam's Service Men. Every month you'll find here items current and choice . . . catering to the outer and inner man, gifts for those on the home front, various bits of advice and information. Write to us, tell us what you'd like to buy . . . what sort of dope you want to hear. RANGER, at your service.

SHAVE SIR? If you want to be a real pal, send razor blades. Newest thing along that line is "Blade Mail", a ready-to-mail folder designed in red, white and blue, which holds 10 double edge, hollow-ground, Swedish steel, leather stropped razor blades, real aristocrats. Inside the packet there's a generous space for greetings, or even a complete letter. The whole thing folds and seals like any envelope and goes anywhere for 6¢.

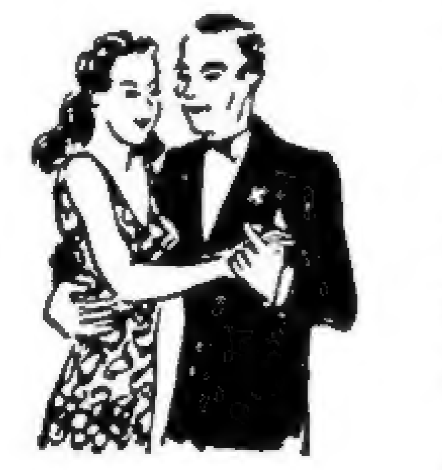


SEND SWIM SHORTS! Fellows in all parts of the world (except the Northern climes, of course) are yelling for swim shorts. For the army we suggest straight cut khaki poplin shorts fastened in front with an extension belt finished with a cinch ring; button flap pocket. The navy goes for navy knit trunks built for active comfort with all around support.

PHOTO PLAYING CARDS. The folks at home will get a real thrill if you send them a deck of cards with a picture of you in uniform on the back of each and every card! Just send the maker any size print or negative, and in about a week's time after they receive your order, they'll send your gift direct to the recipient. They'll also do snaps of your ship, your post, pets, babies, houses, scenery . . . and your best girl!



BARRACKS RUN-AROUNDS. Here's a swell gift for a buddy in service (or for yourself). Just slip your tired dogs into a pair of slip-on footwarmers lined with brush-knit fabric . . . a warm combination of rayon and wool. Wear 'em for off duty comfort, overnight travel or for hospital use. Khaki or navy fabric that's washable and durable.



FUN ON FURLOUGH. Sooner or later you'll probably get to New York. Officers should head straight for OPEN HOUSE FOR OFFICERS, housed in a smart Park Avenue hotel. Open House, run by a group of prominent New York society women, offers a *super* brand of hospitality. The Officers' clubrooms (replete with grand piano, pingpong and card tables, writing desks, magazines and a staff of attractive hostesses) are open every day from 11 to 1 a.m. You want to buy something for your girl? Alright, an "Open House" hostess will take you on a shopping tour. You want to learn to rhumba? Open House gives free lessons in terpsichore every Monday night. Drop in for tea any afternoon, join the cocktail parties on weekends. Fridays there's a formal dance in the big ballroom with fine music, free beverages and prizes no end. We have it that the hostesses, carefully handpicked from debs, college and career girls, are among the prettiest and most charming in Manhattan. Incidently, these dream girls always wear evening gowns to lend a festive, party air, and every chap from the shiniest shavetails to Admirals and Generals has a whale of a time.

Ranger

SERVICE MEN: THIS IS YOUR PAGE

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Styled by Marxman

THE
Mel-O

Thoroughly aged, carefully selected briar . . . bench-made and sculptured by craftsmen faithful to a *fine tradition* . . . a pipe that's smooth and mellow . . . a real delight to smoke . . . a treasure to own.

Look for the name—
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Pipes by
MARXMAN
AT ALL FINE TOBACCONISTS

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AMERICA'S FINEST
surgical instruments
~~MANICURE IMPLEMENTS~~

● Treasure your precision-ground La Cross manicure implements. They may be the last you can get for the duration. The craftsmen, who fashioned them in peace-time, today are making vital surgical instruments for America's armed forces. After victory La Cross implements will be better than ever.

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They Deserve the Best
SERVICEMEN'S
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WATERPROOF
SWEEP SECOND HAND
WATERPROOF LEATHER STRAP

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Luminous dial, dust and moisture proof, non-breakable crystal, non-magnetic, precision-crafted, the pride and joy of any serviceman. Your satisfaction guaranteed.

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I'm enclosing $5.00 for my RODANA WATCH.
I will pay the postman the balance of $50.00 when delivered.
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ADDRESS ______
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WARTIME ANNOUNCEMENT!

Revolutionary RADIONICS Product of Great Importance

For All Hard of Hearing — their Friends and Families

Zenith Radio Corporation

CHICAGO

OFFICE OF
E. F. McDONALD, JR.
PRESIDENT

To: Manpower Authorities, Employers, Physicians,
Parents, Teachers and Hard of Hearing.

Our country's manpower crisis calls for everyone's maximum efficiency. Since I lost the hearing of one ear in an accident twenty years ago, I have been acutely conscious of the handicaps of the hard of hearing. While pioneering in radio I have for some years directed Zenith's research toward development of the best wearable hearing aid that science could produce.

My own company has spent millions, the radio industry tens of millions for research. This research has been paid for by scores of millions of purchasers of radio sets.

We, with this technical knowledge and engineering skill, now bring to the hard of hearing a new precision aid — the ZENITH RADIONIC; an instrument of the highest quality.

A hearing aid is essentially a part of a radio receiver. It wires the human body for sound. It is composed of a crystal microphone and parts of a radio receiver set reduced to miniature size and manufactured with watch-like precision. For many years it has seemed to me incredible that the public could buy a complete radio receiver for $29 or less with which they could hear the words whispered in Europe, Asia, or South America, but people with deficient hearing have paid $100 to $200 for a comparably good hearing aid to hear the human voice across the room.

Zenith's facilities and methods for precision mass production of radio sets, Radionic devices, etc., enable it to bring this superb hearing aid within the reach of all.

Eye-glasses, like hearing aids today, were once the luxury of the few. What the optical companies have done to make the finest spectacles available to everybody at low cost, Zenith is now prepared to do for the hard of hearing — to bring with the aid of modern radionic science a highly perfected hearing aid within the reach of the masses.

ZENITH RADIONIC — low cost battery upkeep wearable hearing aid — complete with miniature radio tubes, crystal microphone and batteries — will sell for $40 — about one-quarter of the price of the better vacuum tube instruments of today. Hereafter no one, child or adult, need be without a hearing aid because it is too high-priced. There are ten million people, of whom over three million are children in our schools, who are hard of hearing.

Even if Zenith never makes a dollar at this low price, it is willing to take its pay in the good will of the hard of hearing, their families and their friends. Thus begins a revolution in hearing aids — a revolution to "lower the cost of hearing" within the reach of all.

E. F. McDonald Jr.

President,
Zenith Radio Corporation

$40.00

READY TO WEAR

COMPLETE
—WITH RADIONIC TUBES
—CRYSTAL MICROPHONE
AND BATTERIES
. . . Liberal Guarantee

★

TO PHYSICIANS: A detailed scientific description will be sent upon request. Further technical details will appear in medical journals.

★

There are cases in which deficient hearing is caused by a progressive disease and a hearing aid may do harm by giving a false sense of security. Therefore, we recommend that you consult your otologist or ear doctor to make sure that your hearing deficiency is the type that can be benefited by the use of a hearing aid.

★

The Zenith Hearing Aid can be supplied by your optician or optometrist. (No home calls or solicitations.)

Write for Free Descriptive Booklet

ADDRESS DEPT. E-1, HEARING AID DIVISION
ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION ★ CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS

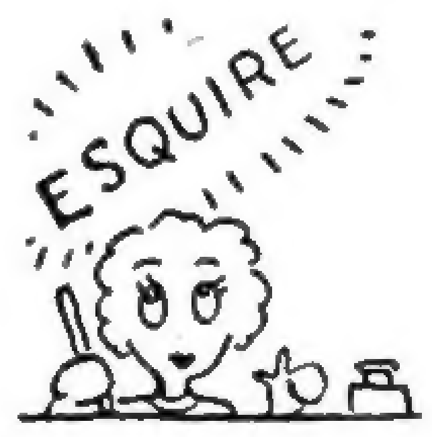
ZENITH
•LONG DISTANCE• RADIO
RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

PRESCRIPTION FOR SOLDIERS

After years of reading and enjoying the quips and cartoons of Esquire, I felt it was high time I got on the beam with a note of appreciation.

With eighteen regular correspondents, all members of the Armed Forces, there were times when my own attempted humor ran dry. What, thought I, can I add to keep up their sense of humor? The answer came in a flash, Esquire!



Since that momentary brain-child, I've always managed to add at least one Esquire cartoon to my news-notes from the homefront. And believe me, they are appreciated immensely. To the boys on other corners of the globe, where the magazine is not as attainable, they say it's like "old times" to be able to keep up with the Varga girls and those grand cartoons that you never see except in Esquire.

Keep up the good work! I appreciate it, and those eighteen Yanks do too!

Very truly yours,
Justine Smith, R.N.
Waltham, Mass.

SAY IT WITH LAUGHTER

I am wondering if I am the only one that has hit on an original idea for Esquire to "serve."

The two Carr boys—one a Sergeant in Iceland—the other a private in in the South Pacific—are getting their Esquire piece-meal and do they love it.

With each letter I send a cartoon from Esquire and instead of a barb of nostalgia they get a good ole "belly" laugh. I have been doing this for several months and inasmuch as I write them daily you can see that the "Esky" is quite a cut-up when I get through.

Just passing this along thinking it might help other sisters to soften the absence and keep 'em smiling.

Chicago, Ill. **Helen M. Carr**

BROADWAY FOR THE BOYS

Miss MacWatters must indeed be a wonderful artist to wish to sing "Lucia" in *The Barber of Seville!*

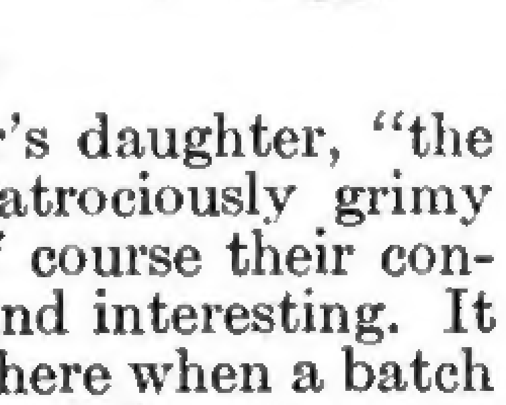
Wish I could meet her before she starts on Gilda in *Lakmé*.

Richard M. Kraemer
Norwich, Conn.

ESKY DOES A JOB IN BLIGHTY

Occasionally I give a neighbor of mine several copies of Esquire which she sends to her daughter who lives in a village in England.

In letters to her mother, the daughter waxes glowingly enthusiastically about Esquire, declaring that it is the "grandest morale builder imaginable." After she and her husband read the magazines, they pass them along to other inhabitants of the village who, in turn, share them with *their* friends.



"Eventually," writes my neighbor's daughter, "the magazines become atrociously grimy and tattered, but of course their contents remain fresh and interesting. It is a day of rejoicing here when a batch of Esquires arrives; and I want you to know that we are most grateful to you for enabling us to enjoy this rare treat. You are doing more than you realize to help keep our morale flying high."

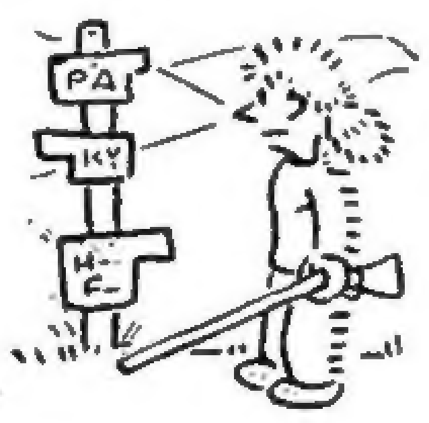
My neighbor and I feel that you of Esquire deserve all the credit, for it is you who provide us with this incomparable magazine replete with stories, articles, cartoons and photographs calculated to tone up anybody's morale in these trying times. You are doing a job to be proud of!

Sincerely,
Philadelphia, Pa. **C. A. Emley**

WAY DOWN UPON THE SHENANDOAH

So Herbert Rader (October Esquire) maintains that it was Daniel Boone et al., who introduced the long barrel rifle into Kentucky and Tennessee, from its place of origin, Pennsylvania. That is all right with me, and if as Herbert says, he wishes to "keep the record straight," by crediting the long rifle to frontiersmen of Eastern Pennsylvania, so be it.

But let's keep the record straight all of the way. Let Herbert explain how the migration from Pennsylvania ever got into Kentucky and the West by sweeping *down* the Shenandoah valley. Seems to me that migration would have wound up at Harpers Ferry.



Sincerely yours,
Washington 6, D.C. **C. L. Chapin**

"AMERICAN MEN ARE IN SUCH A HURRY"

Your picture of Miss Usher in the October Esquire tops even the one of our Corsair on another page. The majority of us believe her to be the best-looking woman you've yet put between your magazine covers.

And she has the 'word' on men. Pity that other girls do not realize these interesting and truthful facts.

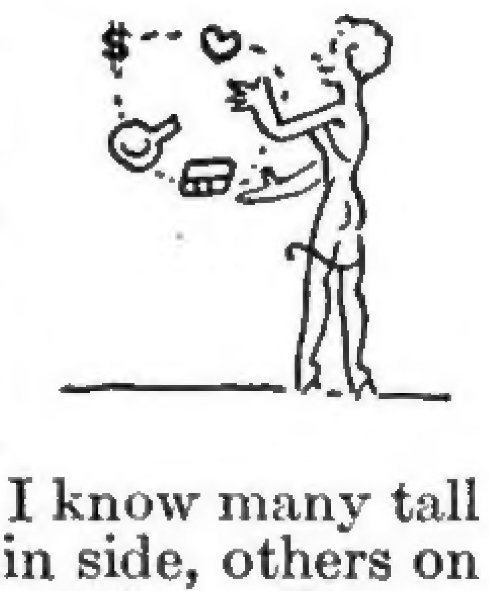
Does she come South for the winter?

Sincerely,
Cadet E. C. Coleman, Jr., USNR
Naval Air Station
Pensacola, Fla.

LONG, LANKY AND LEPTOSOME

I just finished reading the article *Wise Men Pick "Pyknic" Girls* by J. George Frederick in the October issue of your magazine. I didn't get to finish this article as the last of it was torn out of the copy I was reading, therefore I do not know if Mr. Frederick made any exceptions to his so-called "Leptosome-asthenic" type girl, but I rather think not.

I am writing in defense of myself and the hundreds of other tall girls throughout the country. Mr. Frederick doesn't bring out the fact that many tall girls are "Pyknic" types. I know many tall girls, some on the thin side, others on the hefty side, nevertheless all have good personalities, a sense of humor, good health, good taste in clothes best suited to themselves, an interest in sports and news of day, good manners, love of companionship of either sex, and a brain cell or two still working. They are interested in their work, but not so much that they wouldn't give it up for a husband and a home.



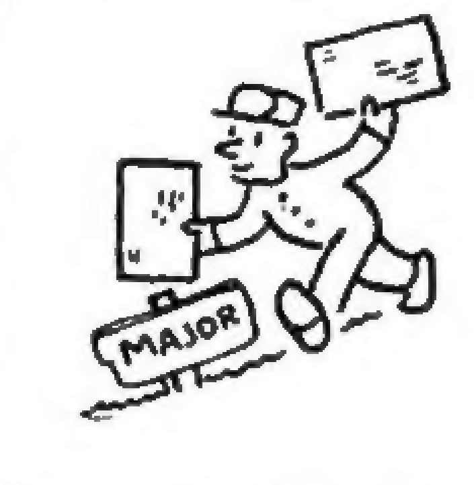
It is my opinion that men are attracted to women for their looks but they don't stay attracted long if there aren't some brains to go along with the looks. Tall slender girls possess these as well as the short dumpy girls with curves and I'd like to add in closing that women should be feminine and domesticated but a woman whose only interest is her home is usually very dull.

Jean Bostic
Signal Office
A.A.F.N.S., Hondo, Texas

THE PICTURE THAT IS TURNED TOWARD THE WALL

Upon opening my copy of Esquire, my eyes fell at once upon the picture of *The Commander's Last Dive*, and without turning the page, I cut it out for the wall of my Army office, the sort of foxhole from which retreads like myself must fight this war.

It was with a feeling akin to horror that I then discovered the Varga girl on the reverse page! I am sure your error of make-up was inadvertent, but you have buried the girl for duration, unless you reprint her as she deserves. It would be sacrelegious to pin her up, knowing that the Commander must face the wall.



May I suggest to Mr. Falter a fit subject for his inspired brush; namely, the chaplains, Jewish, Protestant and Catholic, who stood hand in hand as their transport sank? Their pictures are shown in the Chapel at the Army Show in Washington.

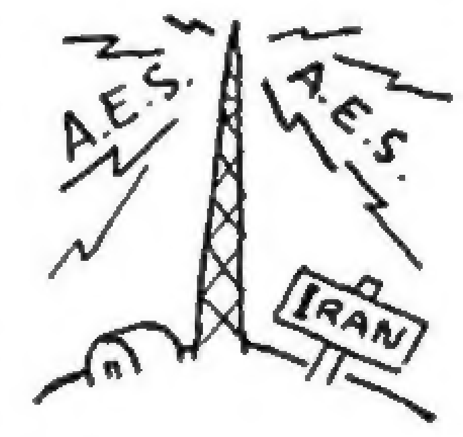
Gordon T. Fish
Arlington, Va. Major, Signal Corps

STRAIGHT FROM THE G.I.

Thanks very much for the answer to my letter. I'll be keeping my eye peeled on the incoming mail for my issues of Esquire.

By the way, what happened to the Varga Girl's right arm in the cartoon "Something for the boys"?

I am now managing a regular broadcast radio station in Iran. This radio station, whose call letters are A.E.S. (American Expeditionary Station) operates five hours each day, seven days a week. The staff consists of three men. Sgt. Harry Rose (former night club entertainer from Chicago), an announcer, T/5 Bill Lewis, our control man, and myself (formerly with WCOV, Montgomery, Alabama) as manager, announcer, news editor, and general pepper-upper.


A.E.S.
A.E.S.
IRAN

During the five hours that we are on the air each day, every conceivable type of program is presented. Through the Special Service Division of the Army, we receive transcriptions of network radio shows such as; The Aldrich Family, Fred Allen, Bob Hope, Down Beat, Major Bowes, and many others. We have a transcription library of approximately 2,000 tunes, classical, hillbilly, semi-classical, and popular. From our library we create programs of dance music, request programs and variety shows. Three mornings each week a fifteen minute spot is devoted to the Chaplains for a devotional period. Each Sunday we feature a Current Events Forum which has brought a great deal of response.

Two five minute news-casts are given daily. The source of our news is the short-wave radio. I spend several hours each day with my ears tuned to the various English news broadcasts from Berlin, Rome, Moscow, London, and when reception is good, to the United States.

Aug. 31st we relayed from our receiver the speech of Winston Churchill at the same time he was speaking from the Citadel in Quebec. A microphone was placed at the speaker of our receiver, and so Churchill was heard.

While I sit here writing this letter, there is a program of "Waltz Music" being transmitted from our studio. Our studio is a small one, constructed almost entirely of metal. Metal floor, ceiling and walls. A piece of burlap on one wall seems to absorb most of the sound and keeps everything from sounding hollow.

I, myself, write the continuity, gather, edit and present the news, work out the weekly program schedules, and keep things humming. My day starts at six in the morning, and usually ends at ten or eleven in the evening. We find that it takes this much work to keep our five hours alive.

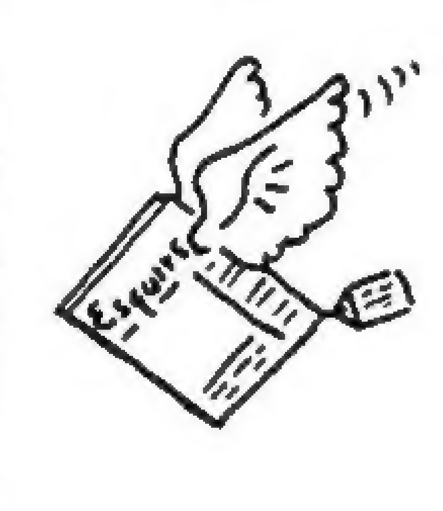
By the way, our magazine library consists of two magazines: the May and June issues of Esquire.

Sincerely,
c/o Postmaster **Sgt. Bill Riemer**
New York, N.Y. Mgr. of A.E.S.

LEEDS CALLING

In peacetime I used to read your magazine whenever I could get hold of a copy—but nowadays out here in North Africa they are few and far between and it is not possible to subscribe to you either in England or direct to the U. S.

I am wondering therefore if you could find space in *Sound and Fury* to print this in the hope that one of your subscribers before he (or she) consigns Esquire to the pile of papers finished with would remember an English devotee of Varga and Esky. I think I have only seen them about 5 times in the past 3 years—to my loss.



Please excuse pencil but ink is scarce out here and please also excuse my giving my home address—but I am not allowed to give my service address. If I am in luck and some U. S. citizen makes my heart glad, Esquire will surely reach me through my wife at home who will forward it on to me.

Here's long life to Esquire and to the end of the war when I shall be able to subscribe to Esquire myself.

Very truly yours,
The Bield **Ralph Middleton**
The Fainway Lt. R. Artillery
Alwoodley (British North
Leeds, Yorkshire Africa Forces)
England

STRONGPOINT'S FAULTS

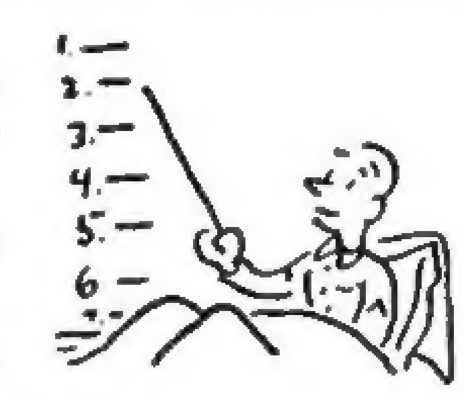
I must say, that Harold Lamb is a better salesman than a writer.

It's all right to write about something, if the people who read it don't.

Some of the most outstanding errors in his story of *Strong Point Sixty-eight* were on the Contax camera.

Photography is a great hobby in this country, as I'm sure you know.

I'm sure most of your readers know that:

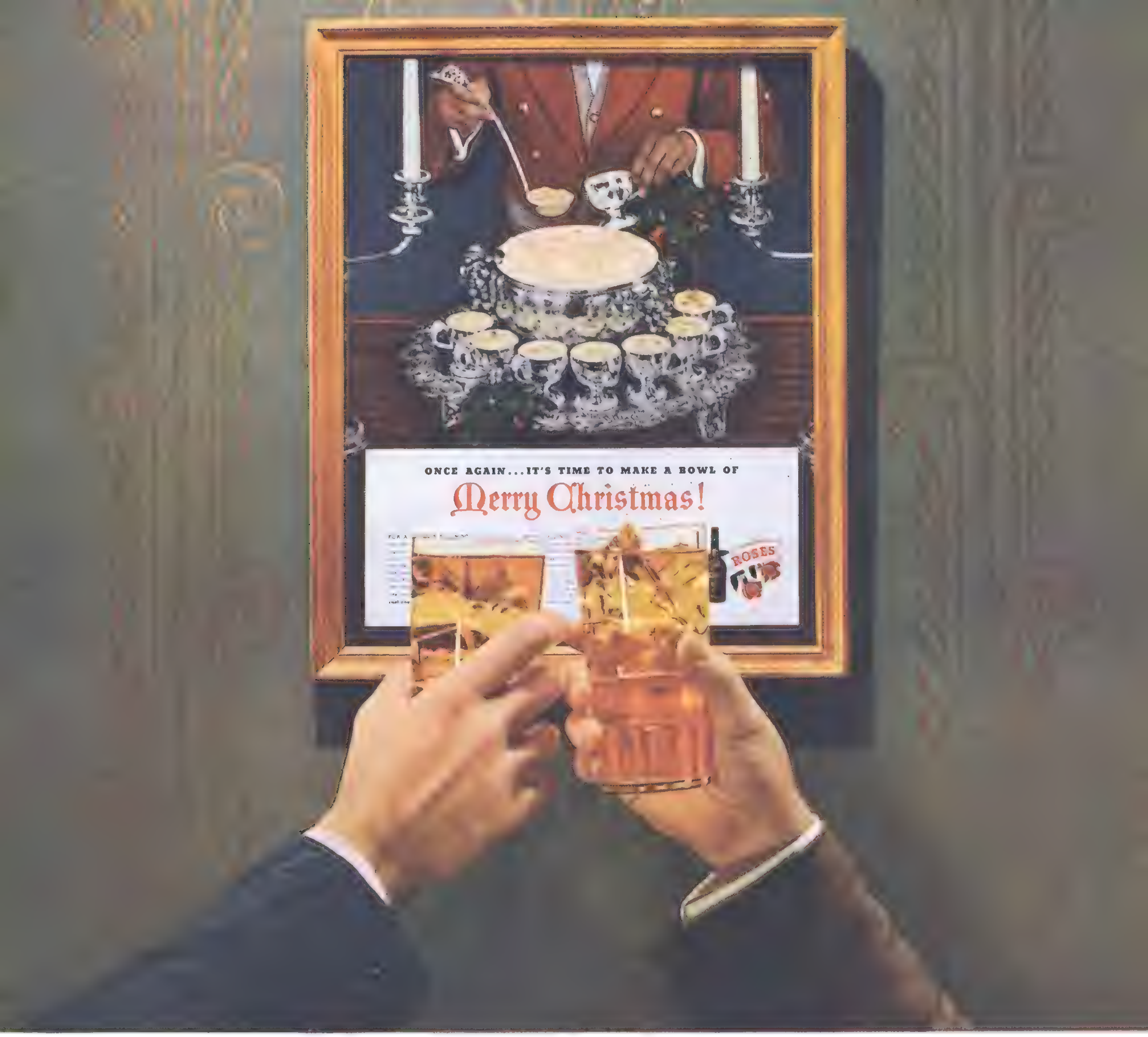


1. A film isn't a negative until it's developed.
2. That a Contax is 35 mm.
3. Film comes in rolls, not chunks.
4. That the lens mounts in a slot, not screw.
5. He must have been a weak German, if he had to lug a piece of equipment, that with accessories weighs less than five pounds.
6. It's surprising he dropped it, as it has a strap which goes over your shoulder, even when it is not in a case.
7. But it's lucky he lost it before he started using it in the fog with a telephoto (not tele-scope or tele-scopic) lens and flash gun.
8. At least that's what I took the batteries for, even though they are usually in the gun mounted on the camera, not on your back.

I could ramble on about some less obvious errors, but I will close by saying, if you continue to publish junk like this, I may take up writing any day.

Sincerely,
P.F.C. Elmer O. Woods
Hosp. 2, Ward 1, Scott Field, Ill.

Continued on page 118


ONCE AGAIN...IT'S TIME TO MAKE A BOWL OF
Merry Christmas!
ROSES

Remember?

IN CHRISTMASES gone by, people everywhere have followed the heart-warming custom of asking friends in to share a cheery cup of Four Roses Egg Nog.

But *this* holiday season, for most of us, the traditional "Bowl of Merry Christmas" will be just a wistful memory – for cream and eggs and sugar, and even Four Roses itself, are not as easy to get as they have been in the past.

So, this wartime Christmas, for the first time in 8 years, we are not printing the famous Four Roses Egg Nog recipe.

But, if you are fortunate enough to have, or get, some Four Roses for your holiday enjoyment (*and we hope you are!*), we wish you'd join us over a mellow, flavorful Four Roses highball in a toast to *next* Christmas and the fervent wish that then, once again, good friends may gather around the time-honored Four Roses "Bowl of Merry Christmas"!

FOUR ROSES

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies — 90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

An explanation to our friends

We hope you will be patient if you sometimes find that your bar or package store is temporarily out of Four Roses. We are doing our best to apportion our prewar stocks of whiskies to assure you a continuing supply for the duration. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted to the production of alcohol for vital war needs.

Our prices have not been increased — except for government taxes.

Chris Craft
EXPRESS CRUISER

All men and women at the three Chris-Craft factories are working under the Army-Navy "E" with two stars for Excellence in War Production

Keep your spirits high—speed Victory

Buy U. S. War Bonds Today—
Tomorrow command your own

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Blue Grass Perfume, 1.25 to 60.00
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Blue Grass Flower Mist, 1.50 to 10.00
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Blue Grass Brillantine, 1.00
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Blue Grass Bath Salts, *perfumes and softens the water,* 4.00
Blue Grass Body Sachet, *top-to-toe fragrance,* 2.00

Blue Grass Bath Oil *for body friction,* 3.75 and 8.75
Blue Grass soft and lovely Hand Soap, 1.00 and 2.50
Blue Grass Fluffy Milk Bath, 6.50 and 12.50
Blue Grass Dusting Powder, 1.50

(All prices plus taxes)

Elizabeth Arden

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Golden Shuttle
The Finest In Weaving
WOVEN BY McCurrach

The finest of tie fabrics, formerly woven in England and on the Continent, are now being made in America, on special looms and with special yarns by the famous Golden Shuttle Weavers. Each operation, from raw yarn to finished tie, is performed by these same expert craftsmen. Golden Shuttle ties cost more than ordinary ties, because they are made "to an ideal," but the difference is vast. You can count on them for your important gifts this Xmas.

Insist on seeing the Golden Shuttle label or McCurrach identification on each tie and should your dealer not have any, remember that wartime production has limited the number of stores than we can supply.

Write now for McCurrach Booklet "Necktie Notes" showing prevue of new tie fashions for Spring, 1944—also hints on how to tie four-in-hand, bow tie, Windsor knot and listing suggestions of what colors to wear with your suits and shirts.

Ties by McCurrach

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MANY, BLANC
Percolated
Heart of the Sloe Berry
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FOR A SLOE GIN MARTINI COCKTAIL

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1. English Bone China garden flower cluster in bowl. Every petal modeled and decorated by hand in natural colors. Height 6 in. Each $35.00.

2. Magnificent pair of Chinese Pheasants of Crown Staffordshire English Bone China. Beautiful, blended colorings. Height 7½ in. Pair $38.00.

3-4 English China tomtits in natural blue colorings. Height 3 in. Each $4.75.

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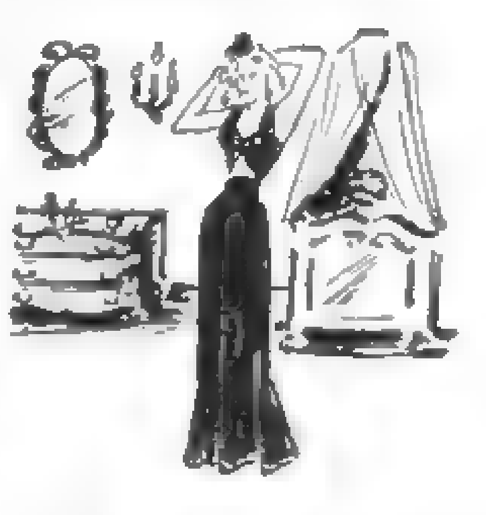
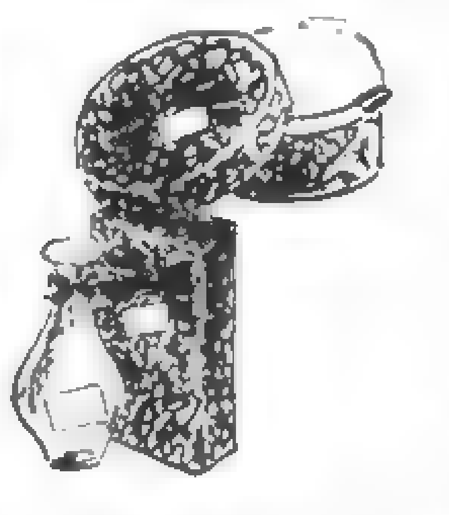
Please send me free Gift Catalogue.
Name..
Address..

Talking Shop with Esquire

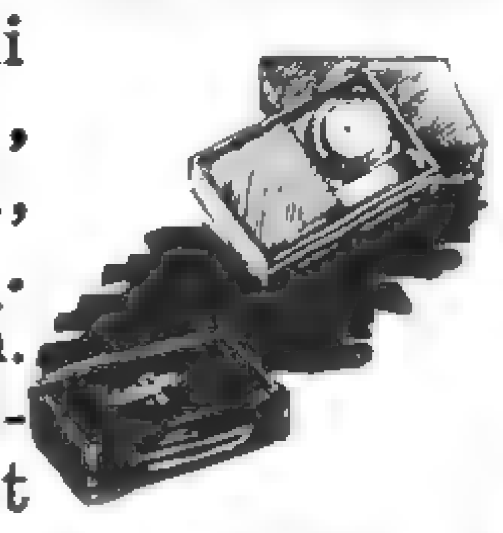
UNDERWORLD BLACKOUT. Here's a dilly for the dazzle damsels on your list . . . the for-get-me-not nightie, a gift of subtle significance. It's black, of course, and sheer, embroidered with little bunches of blue for-get-me-nots strategically sprinkled hither and yon. Then there are little black chiffon panties bearing a convivial lyric, in red embroidery. Or a sheer black nightie yclept "Veil of Mystery", which has a brassiere like top trimmed with black satin. There's a slinky black negligee to complete the set.



PERFUMES FOR THE LIGHT-HEARTED. That girl of yours, is she vivacious, gay, dizzy, maybe, but terribly cute? Then for her is the enchanting fragrance called "Chantilly", a carefree sort of scent, slightly spicy, feminine as ruffles and lace, yet with a definitely "knowing" undertone. Or she might like a scent called "Laughter" with its infectious, exhilarating come-hither; or a lilting scent called "Skylark".



FOR LADY WARRIORS. What does a guy send her for Christmas if she's in uniform? Here's what: 1. cig case, khaki or navy twill, leather bound, holds 20 cigs. Compact to match. 2. Snapshot album, vest pocket size, colored leather. Holds 16 photos. 3. Leather traveling slippers, folded into matching case. 4. Gloves, handsewn white doeskin or 1-button tan capeskin. 5. Passport case for Red Cross ladies on foreign duty. English morocco leather. 6. Love-locket, size 2x2½". Pulls open to reveal snapshots. Khaki or navy twill. 7. Writing case, khaki or navy twill. 8. Billfold, pigskin or pinseal with windows for 9 identification cards. 9. Cosmetic match box . . . a replica of a regular match box, in navy or khaki, with army or navy insignia on the top. The inside holds face powder, lipstick and rouge. Very compact and easy to tote. 10. Christmas star . . . a brilliant star shaped box holding a precious cargo of 3 dram bottles of distinguished, much coveted perfumes, "Duchess of York", "Ave Maria" and "Katherine the Great".



Ranger

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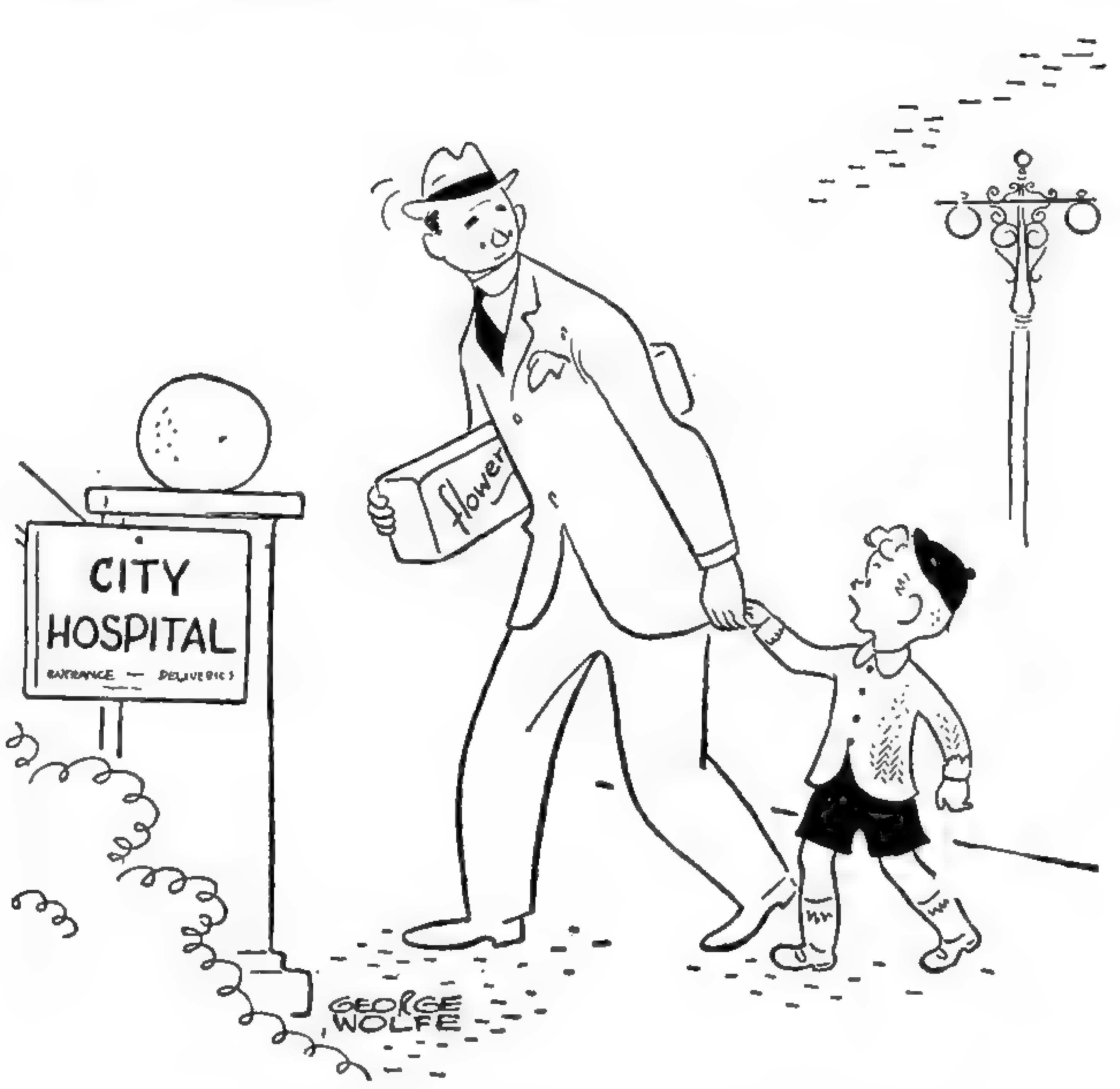
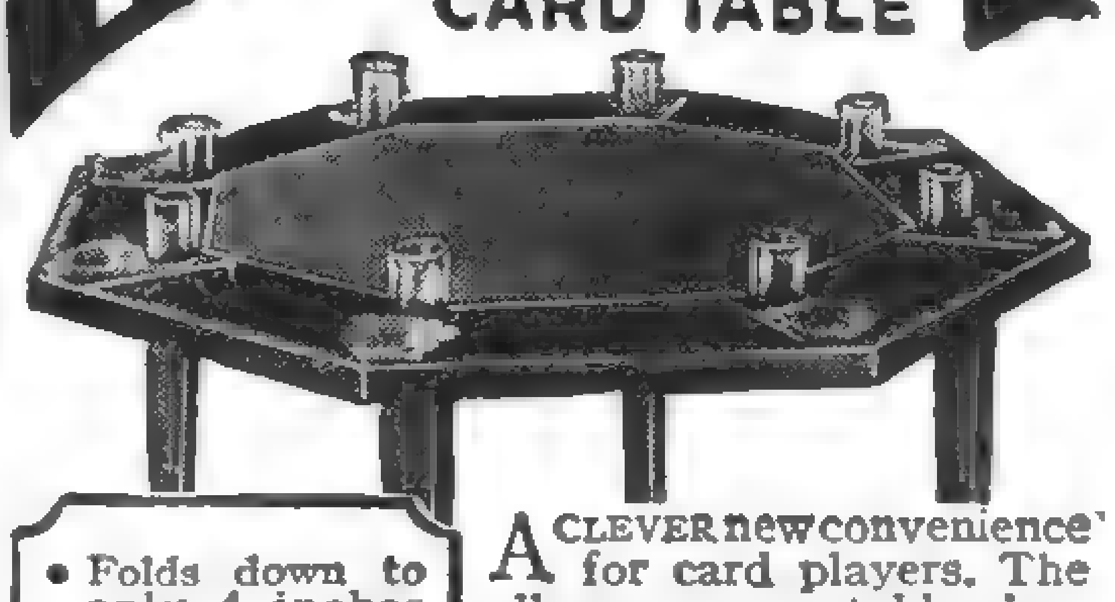


"But if it's a little stranger, how do you know its name is going to be Donald?"


new PORTA-POKER
8-PLACE FOLD-AWAY CARD TABLE

- Folds down to only 4 inches thick . . .
- Easily stored in minimum space
- Official size, 4-foot diameter . . .
- Green felt playing surface . . .
- 8 *nonspill, non-tip* holders for glasses and ash-trays . . .
- Mahogany-stained, alcohol-proof finish . . .

A CLEVER new convenience for card players. The all-purpose, portable play-table for small apartment, den or recreation room. New improved model. Attractively finished, substantially made, sturdy legs. Nothing to loosen or wear out. *Now custom made—delivery within 10 days.* Only $34.50 Express collect. Money refunded if not pleased. Makes an ideal gift.

HOME GAME CO., Dept. S-7
360 N. Michigan Ave.,
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EVERYTHING FOR FUN AT HOME
Headquarters for game room equipment, accessories for the home. Unusual games, novelties, barbecue supplies, etc. Write for: "Successful Entertaining At Home." It's Free!

Successful Entertaining at Home

IMPORTED MEERSCHAUM
Set in Genuine BRIAR
$1.95 POSTPAID

SELECTED GRAIN

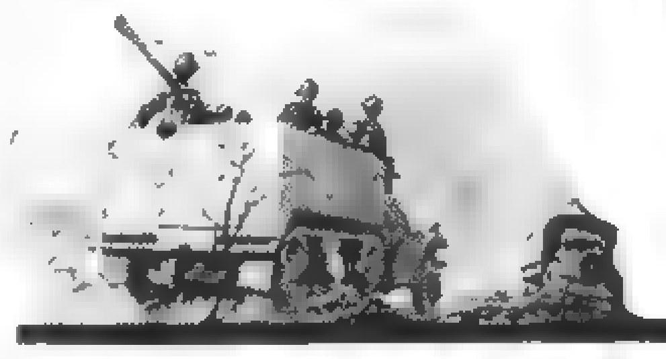
Aristocrat of pipes — combining the rich, mellow smoking qualities of genuine Meerschaum and the exquisite beauty of fine, aged Briar. Cool smoking. Cannot burn out. Pre-war stock. Quantity limited. Money-back guarantee. No C.O.D.

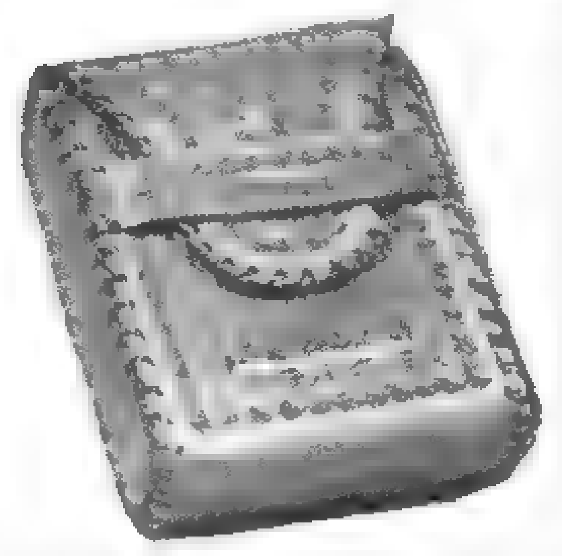
SACHS PIPES
5435 Myrtle Ave. Brooklyn 27, N.Y.
Est. 1887

CUSTOM BUILT for the *FUTURE*

When the last shot is fired, you'll want a new HULL COMPASS—a new model incorporating Hull's wartime engineering improvements.

HULL MFG. CO.
P. O. Box 246-G1, Warren, O.




FROM OLD MEXICO—

The ideal gift appreciated by anyone who smokes. A beautiful handmade, fine leather cigarette case. Hand-tooled design with Aztec calendar on back. Ornamental margins on both sides. Completely leather lined. Hand laced protective edge. Durable. In Natural, Tan & Brown. Only $2.00 each. Sent Postpaid or C. O. D. plus postage.

DON LUIS CO. Box 470
Houston 1, Texas

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING
DISTINCTIVE BELLOWS

#7. Attractively carved of wood in a walnut finish. Trimmed with leather, 20½" long. Price $7.95 Prepaid.

BIRCHWOOD BOWL

#48. Birchwood Bowl for many uses. Beautifully grained with high gloss. Complete with fork and spoon. 10" dia. Price $4.75 Express Collect, *Immediate Delivery Guaranteed*

Art Colony Industries • 69 5th Ave., N. Y.

Gifts for Fun and Relaxation!

Bookshelf of Games

TRADE MARK

POCKET-SIZE ADULT GAMES
of SKILL *and* CHANCE
Each Designed to Look Like a Book
Popularly Priced at 75¢ - $1.00 - $1.50
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For That "Very Special" Gift

From our BOOKSHELF OF GAMES we have selected 17 most popular games including CHESS, CHECKERS, HORSE RACE, GIN RUMMY, SOLITAIRE, DOMINOES, BINGO, BASEBALL, etc. . . exquisitely bound in simulated morocco leather. Entire group of 17 pocket-size Games, Gift-packed, specially priced at $16.95
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DeLUXE
LEATHER GAMES
$1.25 to $5.95
(illustrated)

DeLuxe Leather
4 GAME SET—Chess, Checker, Backgammon, Acey-Ducey $5.95

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3 GAME SET—Checker, Backgammon, Acey-Ducey $3.95

These grand gifts offer pleasure-packed hours of thrilling, exciting entertainment. Games to delight the men and women in the services and the stay-at-homes. Old favorites as well as the very newest in Games that one, two or dozens can play. Easy-to-send and easy-to-carry pocket-size Games . . . complete in every detail . . . precision-made by master craftsmen!

At Dept., Gift, Stationery, Drug and other good stores.

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CRIBBAGE SET $5.95

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CHESS SET $3.95

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CO INC

Look for the name "LOWE" on every Genuine "BOOKSHELF" Game

E. S. LOWE COMPANY, Inc., 27 W. 20th St., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

The Duotone Star Sapphire

Why 100,000 Critical Music Lovers Have Paid $5 for this Phonograph Needle!

The world's finest music is superbly recreated for you by this unique phonograph needle. Its patented double curve and expanding shank eliminate needle chatter, reduce distortion, reproduce highs and lows with equal fidelity. Tipped with a genuine hand polished sapphire, it fights friction, gives your records longer life. 5000 perfect plays guaranteed. At your record dealer.

FOR TRUER TONE *Say* **Duotone**

799 BROADWAY, N. Y. 3, N. Y.

THE WORLD'S FINEST NEEDLES

there's a real thrill in being

TALLER

For free information on how you can be taller, write . . .

Joseph Burger, 2067 Third Avenue (near 113th Street) Dept. 132, N. Y. C.

Name

Address

She KEEPS THAT TEEN-AGE Sparkle in HER Smile

YOU CAN TOO *with this* POWDER or PASTE

If your mirror says ugly smudges—perhaps smoke-smudge—have dimmed the natural luster of your teeth, use Iodent No. 2 paste or powder twice daily and see the smudges vanish and your smile regain its sparkle.

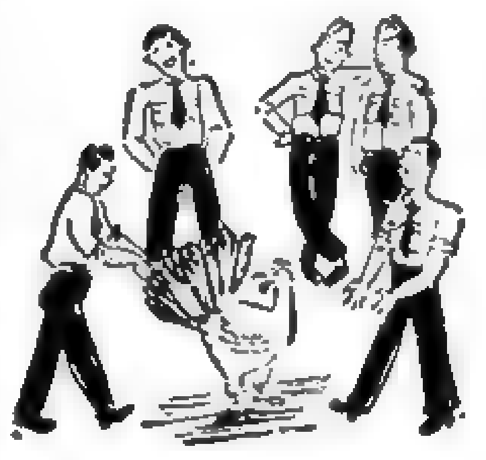
IODENT TOOTH POWDER • PASTE

FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN

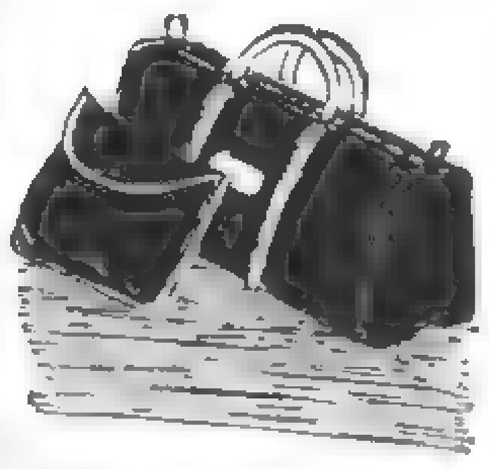
FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

Talking Shop with Esquire

CHRISTMAS TURKEY FROM HOME. If he's stationed somewhere in this country, send him a box of smoked turkey. Generous slices of delicate white meat and gamey dark meat put up in turkey broth to retain its rare flavor. The turkey, plus some excellent smoked turkey paté spread, is put up in glass jars, a dozen to a package.



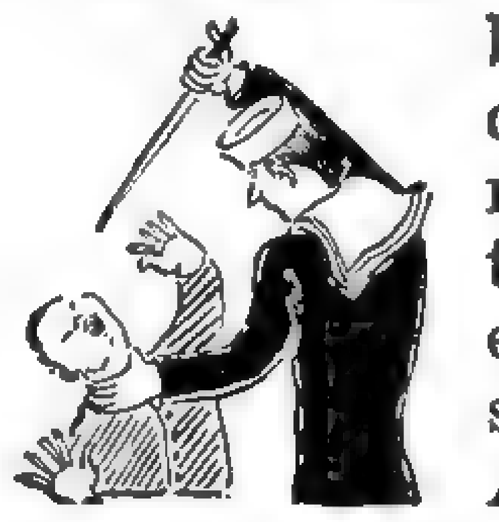
FURLOUGH BAG . . . a necessary adjunct for every serviceman. Empty, the bag fits into an envelope only 10 x 9½". Opened, it measures 16x10x 8", large enough to carry extra underwear, shirts, handkerchiefs and toilet accessories. O.D. canvas with tan cowhide trim. Initials put on without charge.



EPICURES IN UNIFORM will welcome a change from G.I. to gourmet fare. Such as jars of giant sized pears, peaches or kumquats floating in a rich *rum* syrup! Or Golden Glow jam composed of lemon, ginger, shredded carrots flavored with brandy. Plum conserve loaded with nuts and so on. Excellent for long range traveling are Florida candies, citrus fruit nougat or fruit delight, the good old jelly candy you loved as a kid.

LIGHTERS FOR FIGHTERS. Send him that scarcest of items, a cigarette lighter, and you'll rate ace high. Newest wartime version is of Sterling silver, 2¼ inches long and about an inch wide. Lights in wind and rain, needs no fuel and supposedly never fails. You just spin the small wheel and a chemically treated wick lights up.

JAP JABBER. A strictly non-G. I. sidearm, but lethal. Consists of a 9-inch stiletto with slim steel blade in lozenge cross section for maximum penetration. Distal end of this consists of Chicago-American brass knuckles so that a reasonably skilled manipulator can nab a Nip on the downbeat as well as on the upstroke. Comes in snazzy leather sheath with thongs for leg attachment.



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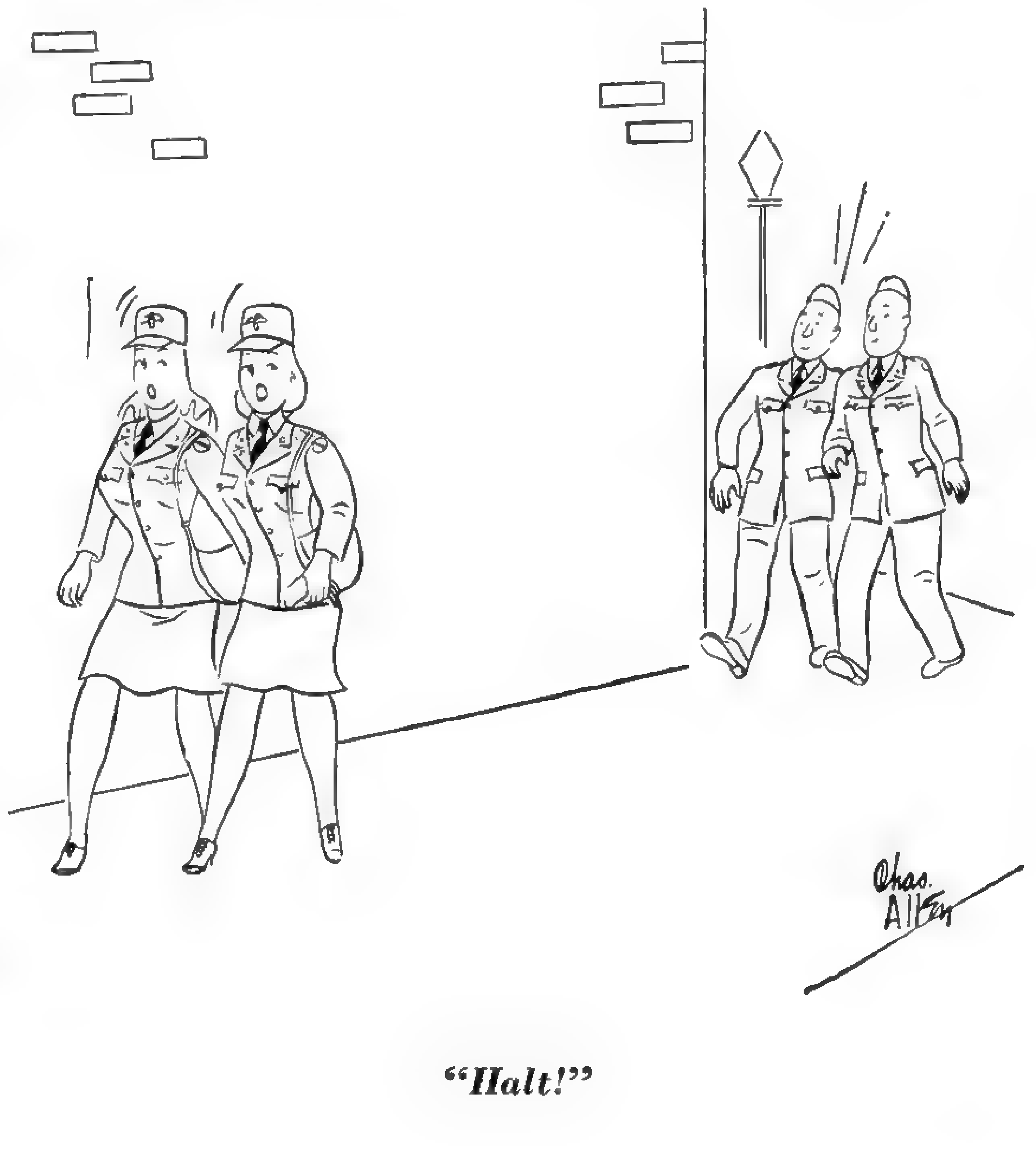


"Halt!"

"Smoking a pipe again, Jim?"

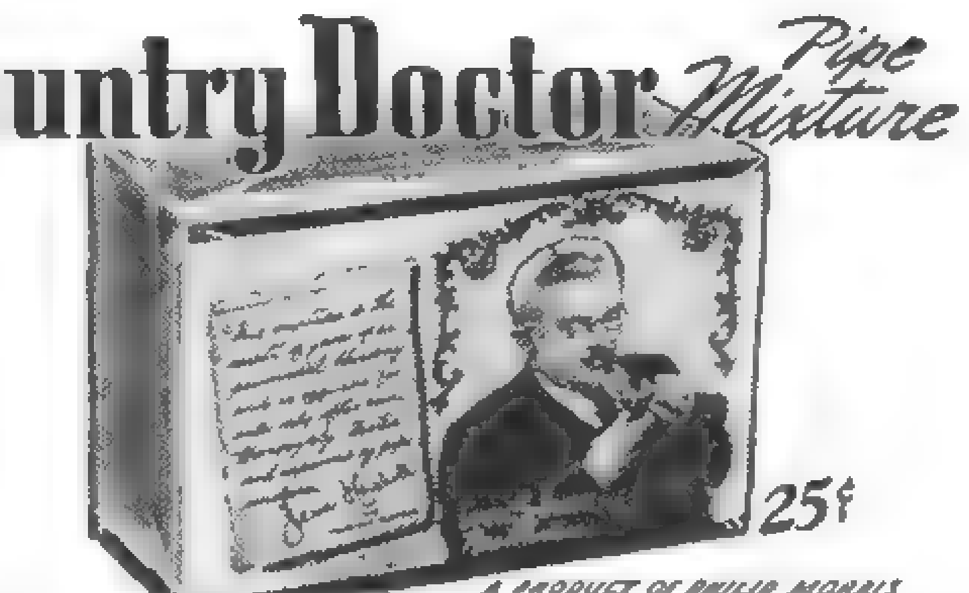
"Yeah, it's COUNTRY DOCTOR PIPE MIXTURE"

"OH! THAT'S DIFFERENT!"

Yes, Country Doctor *IS DIFFERENT* . . . it's a cool, mild-mannered smoke without a bit of bite. Years of careful testing and blending of eight of the world's finest tobaccos produced Country Doctor—the one rich mixture in a thousand.

COSTS ONLY A PENNY A PIPEFUL

Country Doctor *Pipe Mixture*



For particular Pipe Smokers

If your dealer doesn't have it, write Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., 119 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

"730 SHAVES FROM 1 BLADE"

AMAZING NEW BLADE SHARPENER

New sharpener for all makes of double-edge razor blades performs miracles! "Not necessary to change blades," writes one user. Another says, "Have used 1 blade over 730 times." RAZOROLL really sharpens blades because it strops on leather. Gives keen, smooth shaving edges. No guesswork. Blade held at correct angle and proper pressure—automatically. Just turn crank to sharpen blade. No gears. Well made. Handsome—compact—sturdy. Weighs few ounces. Will last years. Makes ideal gift.

Only $1.00

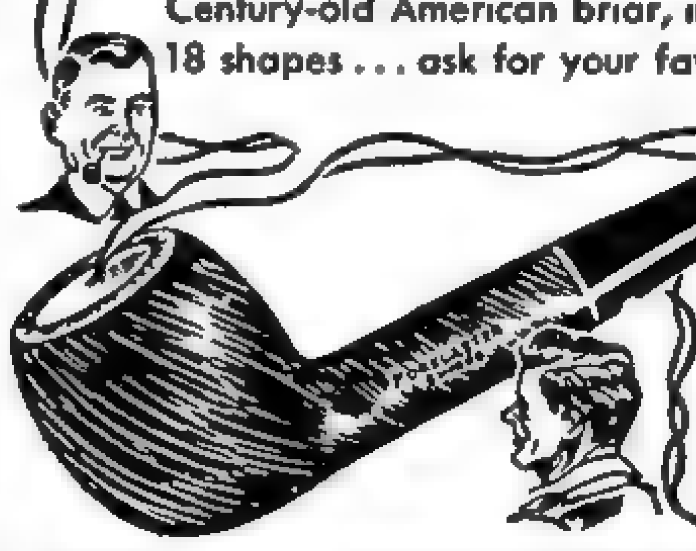
SEND NO MONEY! Write today. Pay postman only $1.00 plus few cents postage. Use RAZOROLL for 5 days and if you're not delighted with smooth, velvet shaves you get, return RAZOROLL and we'll return your money. Hurry—order today.

RAZOROLL, 620 N. Michigan, Dept. 891, Chicago, Ill.

FORECASTER

SUPERB

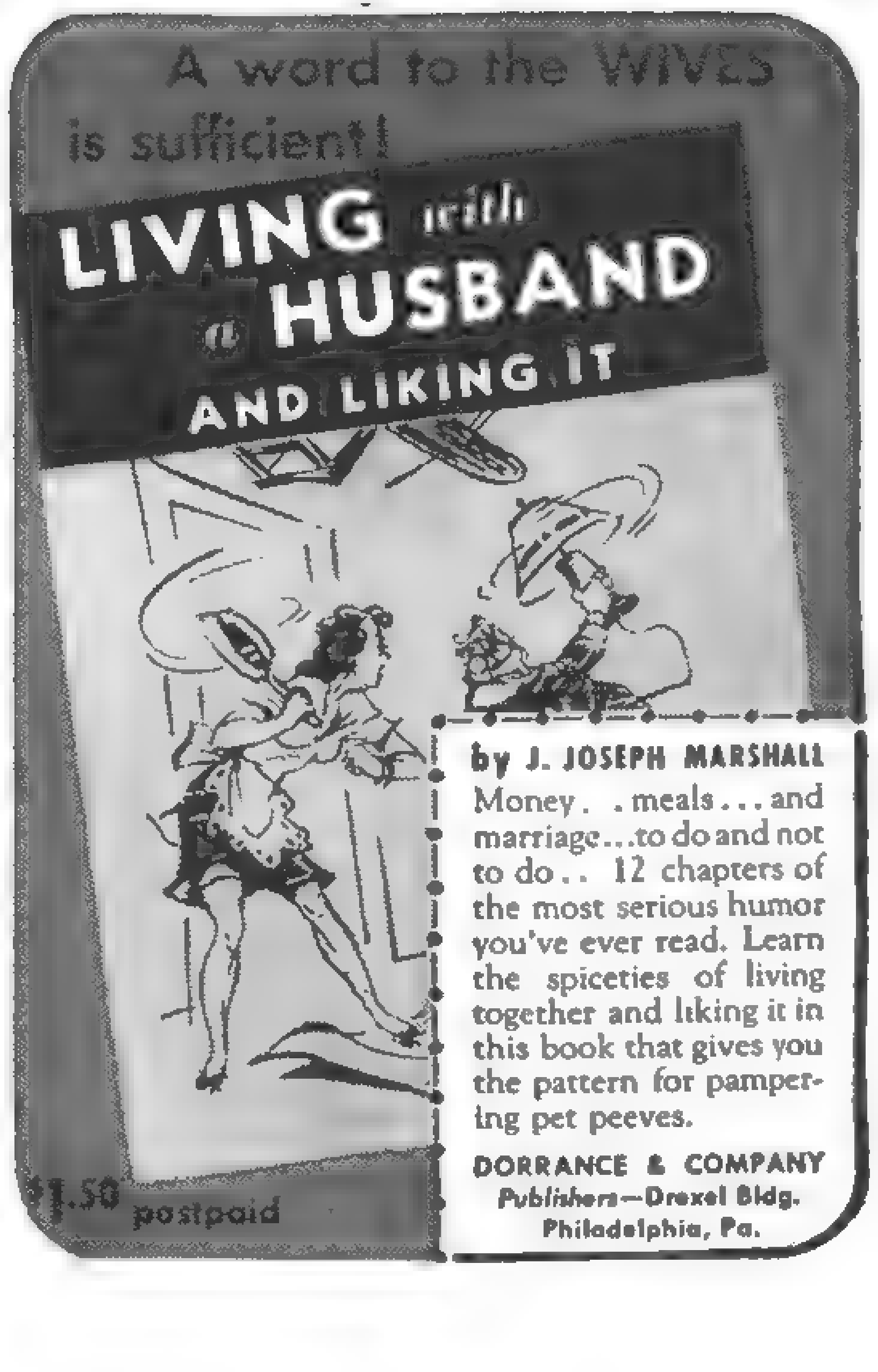
AT WORK, or at war, men appreciate a practical, useful, pleasure-filling gift. Send serviceable, enjoyable Forecaster Superbs. Century-old American briar, in a choice of 18 shapes . . . ask for your favorite.



$1.50

Sir Sheldons, natural grain, $2.50

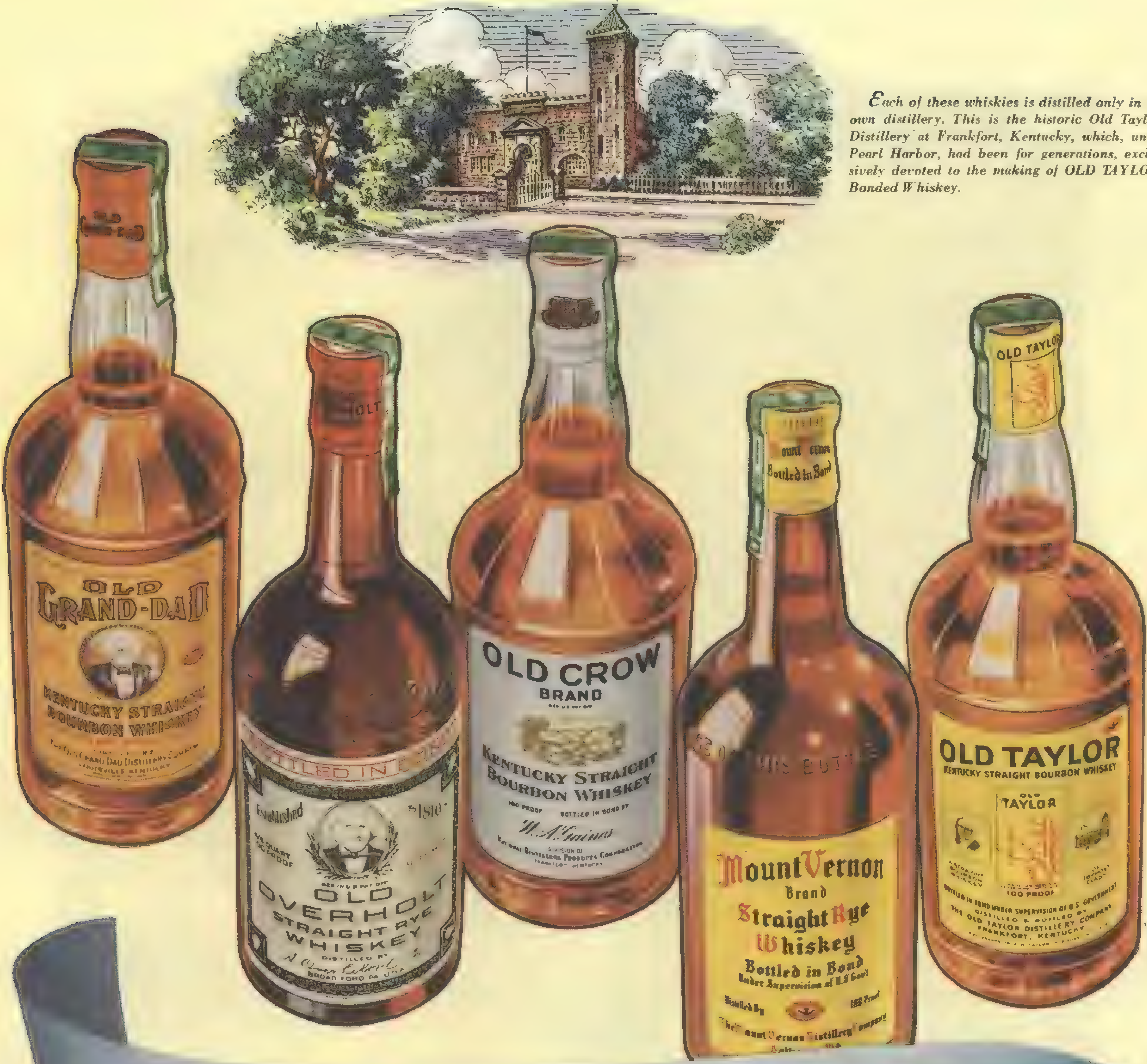
NATIONAL BRIAR PIPE CO.
Jersey City, N. J.


A word to the WIVES is sufficient!
LIVING with a HUSBAND AND LIKING IT
$1.50 postpaid

by J. JOSEPH MARSHALL

Money . . meals . . . and marriage . . . to do and not to do . . 12 chapters of the most serious humor you've ever read. Learn the spiceties of living together and liking it in this book that gives you the pattern for pampering pet peeves.

DORRANCE & COMPANY
Publishers—Drexel Bldg.
Philadelphia, Pa.


OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND
Established 1810
OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
BROAD FORD PA U.S.A.
OLD CROW
BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND BY
W. A. Gaines
NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION
Mount Vernon Bottled in Bond
Mount Vernon
Brand
Straight Rye
Whiskey
Bottled in Bond
Under Supervision of U.S. Gov't
Distilled By
100 Proof
OLD TAYLOR
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

Each of these whiskies is distilled only in its own distillery. This is the historic Old Taylor Distillery at Frankfort, Kentucky, which, until Pearl Harbor, had been for generations, exclusively devoted to the making of OLD TAYLOR Bonded Whiskey.

A PLEASURE THAT HAS NEVER CHANGED

At a time when grim necessity has forced so many changes, it's pleasant to know that these five historic whiskies have not been changed.

For generations past they have been America's great whiskies and National Distillers has a very natural pride in protecting their matchless quality.

And then, of course, there is the fact that they can't be changed, because of the provisions of the U. S. Bottled-in-Bond Act which so rigidly specifies how bonded whiskies must be made.

Thus you have a *double* assurance of pre-war excellence when you call for one of these memorable bonds.

Reserves are limited, of course. If your dealer cannot always supply you, please try again.

THESE WHISKIES ARE 4 YEARS OLD • 100 PROOF • BOTTLED IN BOND • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

CLUB SODA
CLUB SODA
Sparkling
CANADA DRY
WATER
PIN POINT CARBONATION
A SPECIAL FORMULA OF CANADA DRY RESEARCH LABORATORIES
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE INC. GENERAL OFFICES NEW YORK
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE
"CANADA DRY"
PALE GINGER ALE
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE
NEW YORK
TWELVE FLUID OUNCES

Here's a picture worth listening to!

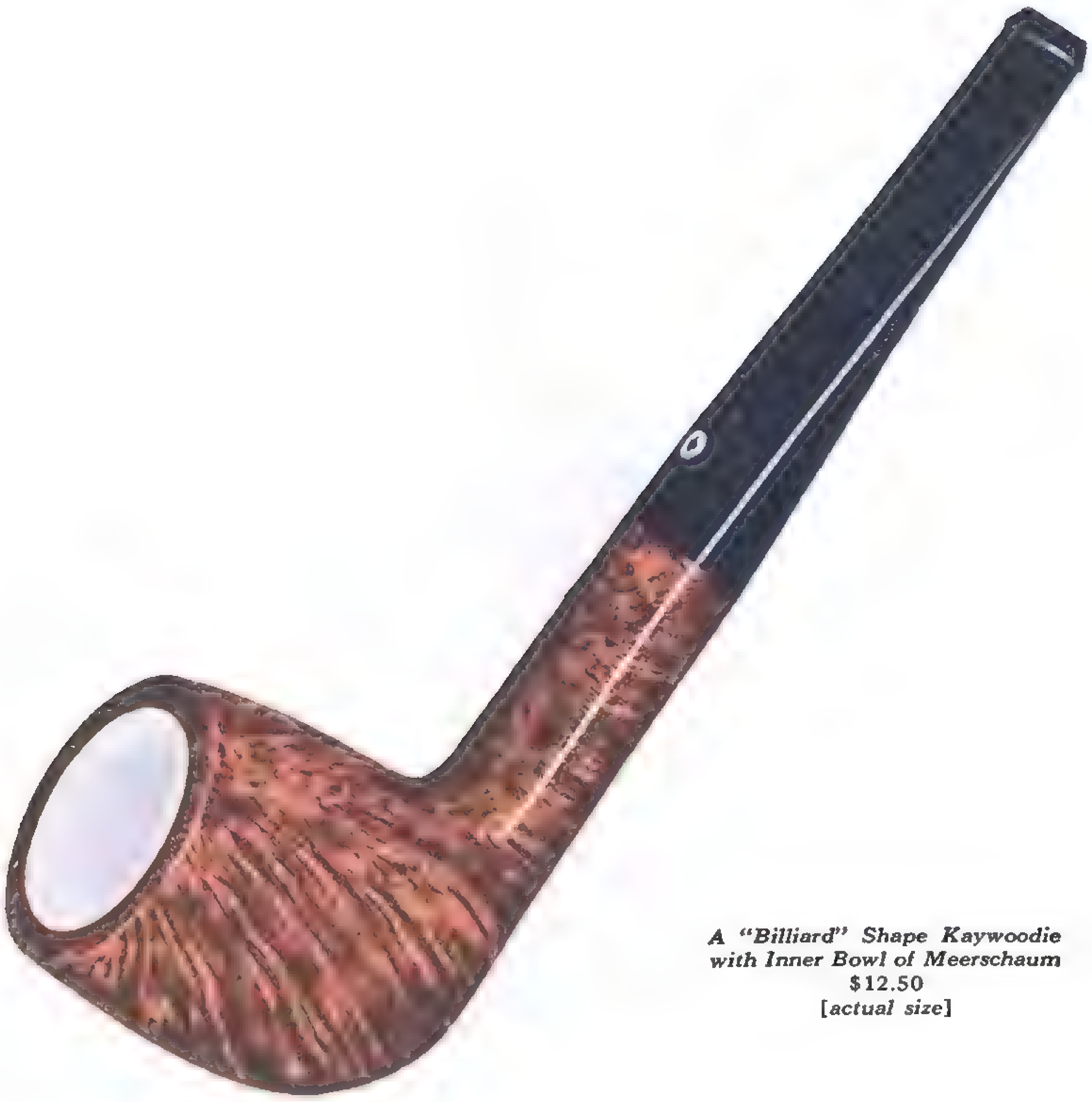
Refreshing, isn't it? But it's too bad you can't hear this picture as well as see it. It's just as pleasing to the ear. We're talking about Canada Dry's "PIN-POINT CARBONATION"*—millions of tinier bubbles that bring singing sparkle to drinks mixed with Canada Dry Water or Ginger Ale. Bubbles that mean lasting zest and liveliness . . . that refuse to be drowned even by melting ice.

So enjoy your drink as slowly as you wish. The sparkling chorus and tangy goodness of these lively mixers will keep you company to the very last sip.

***PIN-POINT CARBONATION**—the famous Canada Dry method of achieving livelier and longer-lasting zest.

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

CANADA DRY WATER and GINGER ALE

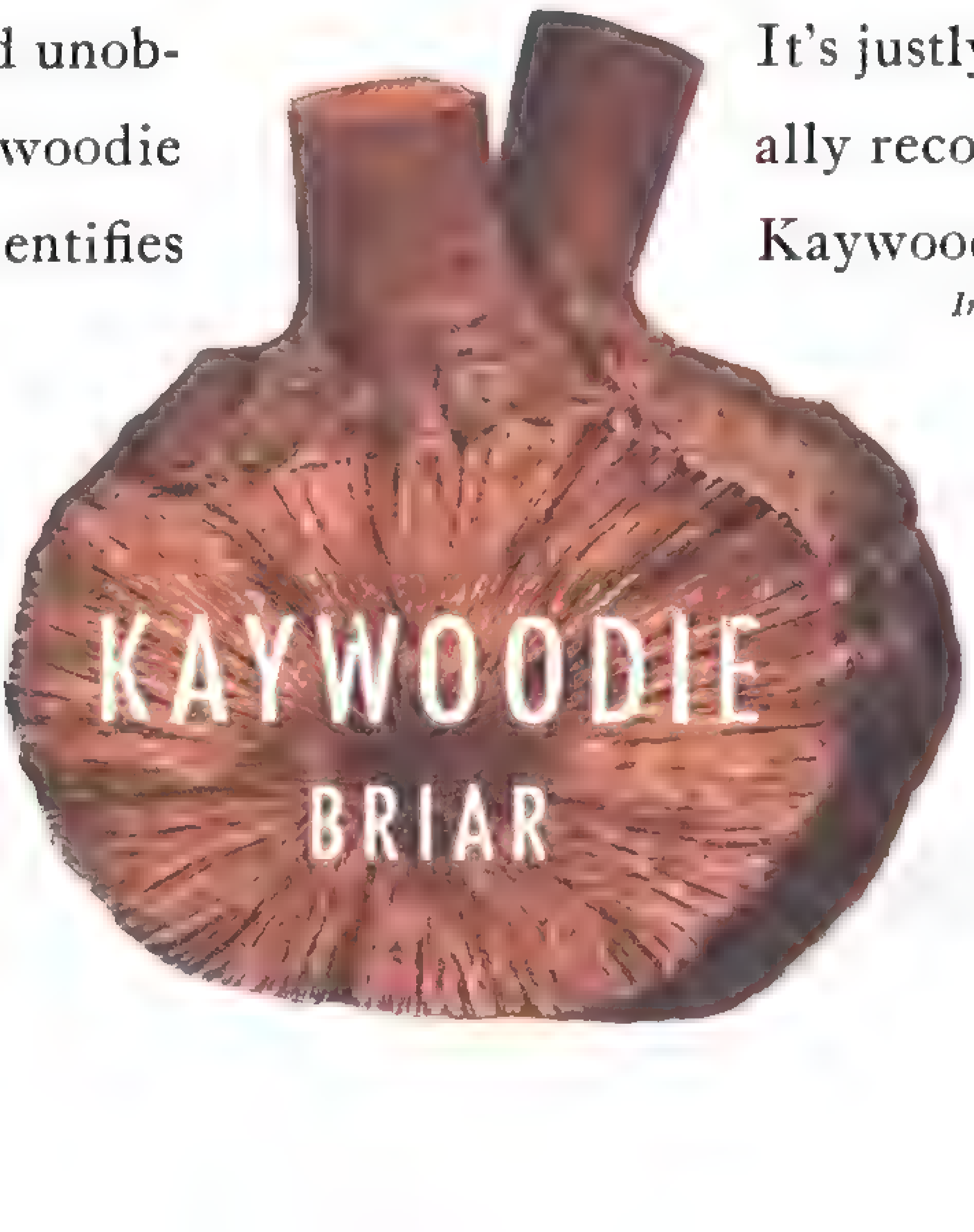


A "Billiard" Shape Kaywoodie with Inner Bowl of Meerschaum
$12.50
[actual size]

"I smoke a Kaywoodie"

This is one of the rare objects today—a really fine pipe, cut from pre-war stocks of genuine Mediterranean briar, imported before the war. It burns tobacco with serenity and charm—a quality you will not find in just any pipe you happen to pick up these days. Look for Kaywoodie. The name is gracefully and unobtrusively cut into the stem of each Kaywoodie Pipe. The beauty of its natural grain identifies it anywhere. It coaxes the flavor out of tobacco, sweetly and coolly, the flavor you like so well—the *Kaywoodie* flavor. It never troubles you. No other pipe is like it. Kaywoodie is no longer an American habit alone—men all over the world are saying "I Smoke a Kaywoodie." It's justly famous everywhere, and internationally recognized best among pipes.

Kaywoodie Company, New York and London
In New York, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.



COPR. 1943

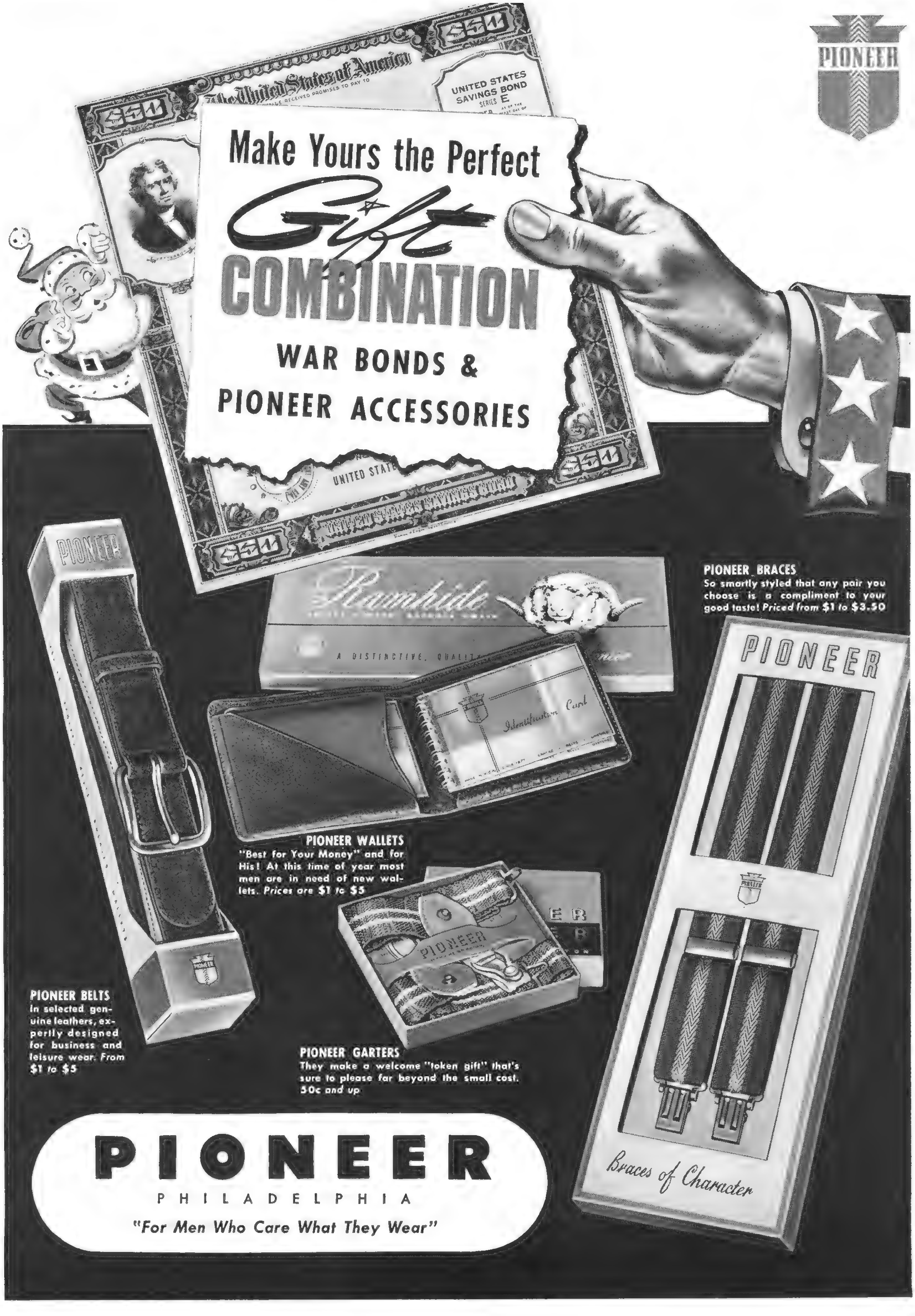
"Glad you dropped in, Ted..."

DRY Paul Jones... a gentleman's whiskey since 1865

PAUL JONES' *dryness*, like the dryness of fine champagnes, is a quality which brings out the full measure of Paul Jones' rich and delicate flavor. It is a quality you will appreciate, next time you try Dry Paul Jones.

Occasionally, your dealer may not have Paul Jones. If this happens, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Our distilleries are now in the production of alcohol for war uses. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.


PIONEER
The United States of America
$50
UNITED STATES SAVINGS BOND SERIES E
UNITED STATES SAVINGS BOND
Ramhide
A DISTINCTIVE, QUALITY
Identification Card
PIONEER
Braces of Character

Make Yours the Perfect *Gift* COMBINATION

WAR BONDS &
PIONEER ACCESSORIES

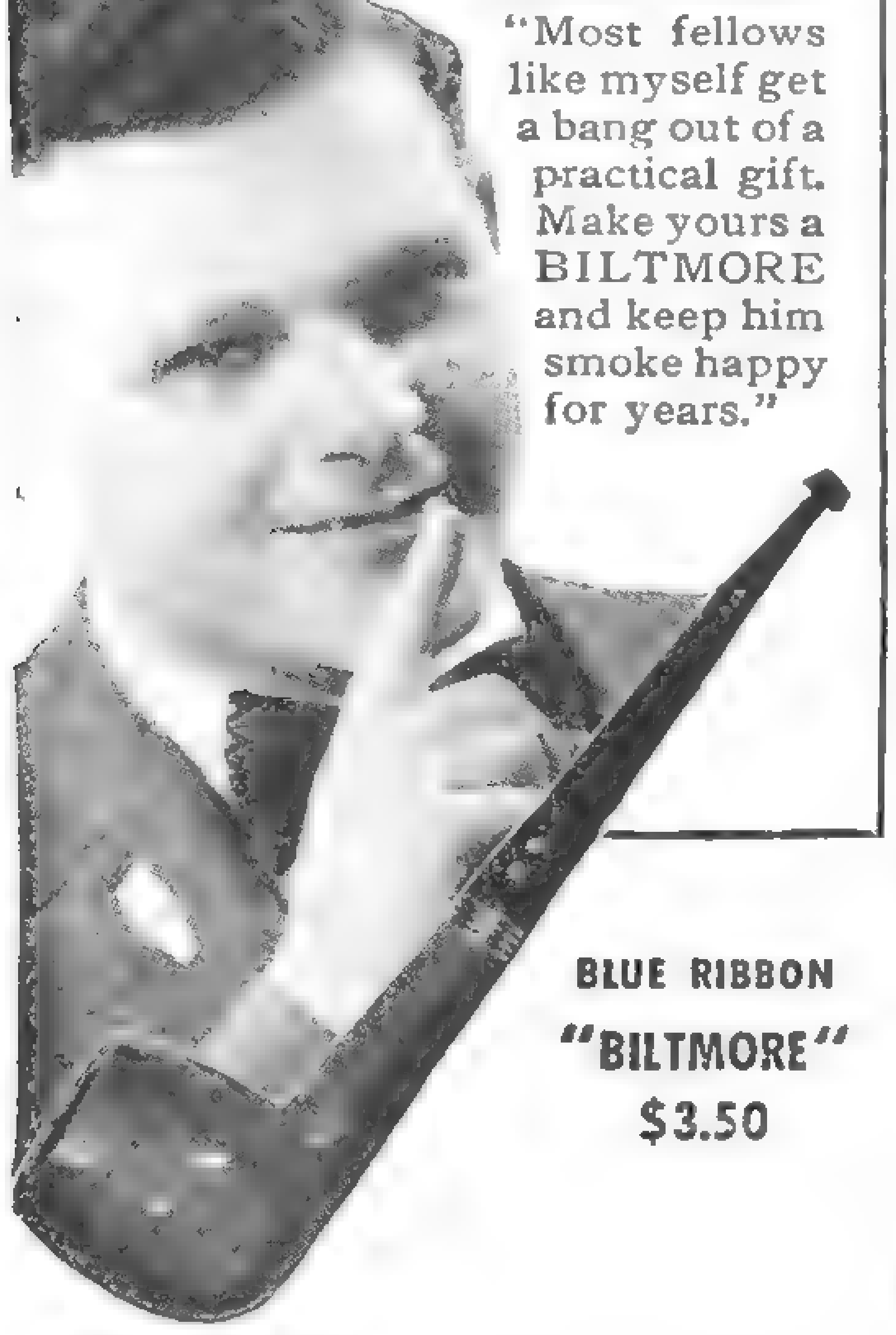
PIONEER BRACES
So smartly styled that any pair you choose is a compliment to your good taste! *Priced from* **$1** *to* **$3.50**

PIONEER WALLETS
"Best for Your Money" and for His! At this time of year most men are in need of new wallets. *Prices are* **$1** *to* **$5**

PIONEER BELTS
In selected genuine leathers, expertly designed for business and leisure wear. *From* **$1** *to* **$5**

PIONEER GARTERS
They make a welcome "token gift" that's sure to please far beyond the small cost. *50c and up*

PIONEER
PHILADELPHIA
"For Men Who Care What They Wear"



Surprise that Service Boy with a "BILTMORE" Pipe for Christmas!

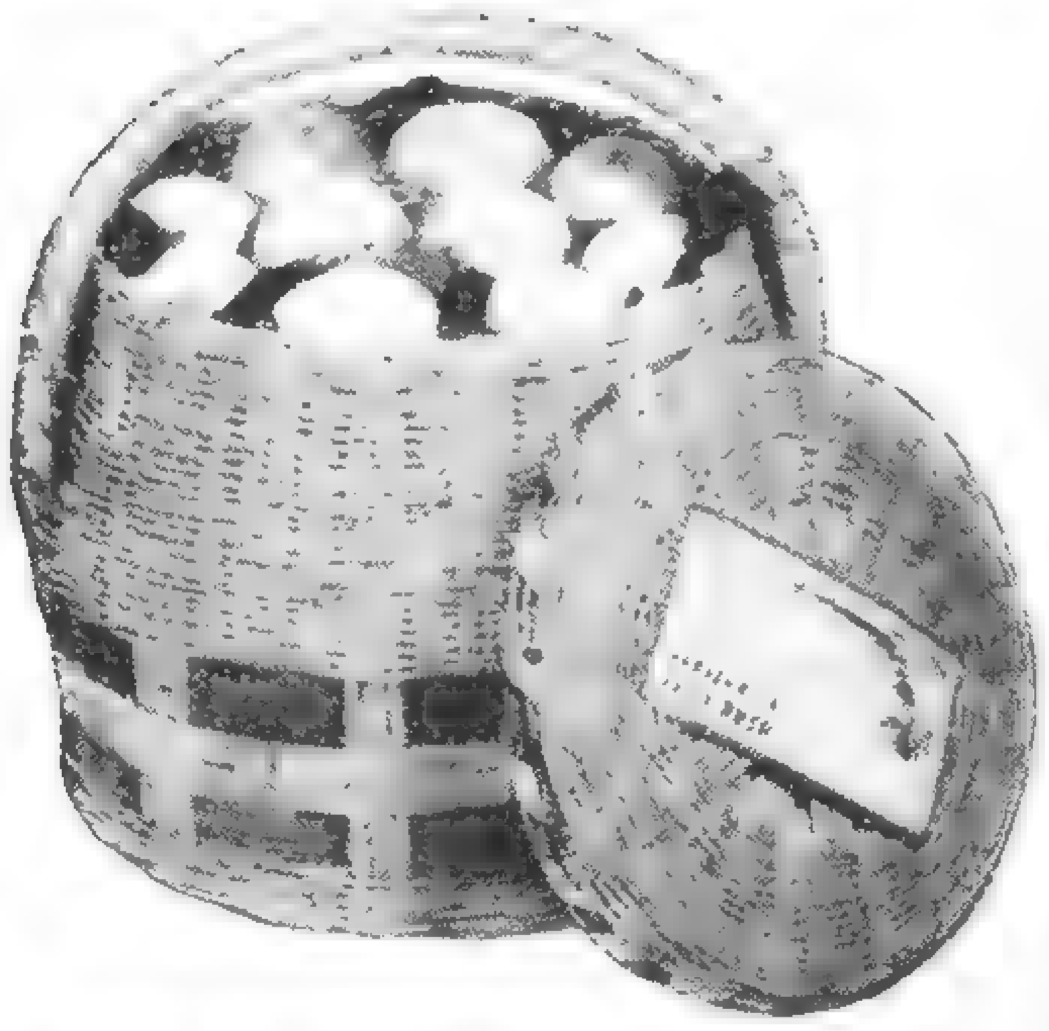
...buy it now!
...mail it quick!

NORMAN TOKAR, famous radio star, who has shared his weekly troubles with millions of fathers and sons, put the Biltmore on top of his Xmas list, for friends in service, here and abroad. "Most fellows like myself get a bang out of a practical gift. Make yours a BILTMORE and keep him smoke happy for years."

BLUE RIBBON
"BILTMORE"
$3.50

"BILTMORE" Pipes are made from the finest century-old American burl. In natural grain, $1.50 and $3.50. In natural virgin briar, $2.50. Eighteen shapes to choose from at each price. At all pipe shops, or order direct from

BILTMORE PIPE CO., 220 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK



TREE-RIPENED TROPICAL FRUITS

DIRECT TO YOU
EXPRESS PREPAID

"Our DeLuxe Preferred List"

No. 3B—1 3/5 Bu. Box ½ Fancy Oranges and Choice Grapefruit . **$7.95**

No. 2B—4/5 Bu. Box ½ Select Oranges and Grapefruit **$4.50**

No. 3C—Genuine Mexican Handmade Bushel Basket (as illustrated) Mixed Fruits **$6.50**

No. 2C—½ Bu. Mexican Basket (as above) Tropical Mixed Fruits . **$4.25**

NOT TOO LATE!

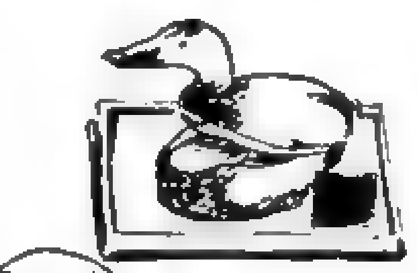
Wire or Air Mail Your Orders for Holiday Gift Packages

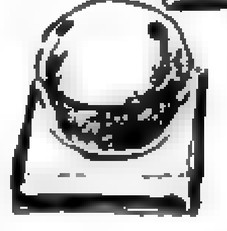
Start the New Year right with a box of our wholesome Tree-Ripened Fruit for the family. *"Vitamins for Victory"*

MAGIC VALLEY GROVES
ALAMO, TEXAS

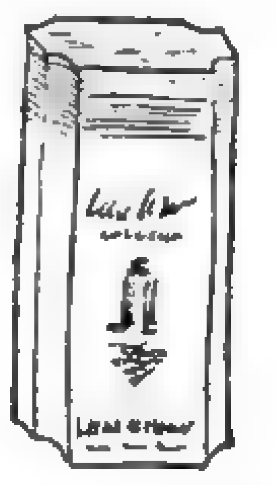
Talking Shop with Esquire

"BY APPOINTMENT TO THE PRINCE . . ." A London House puts out a handsome 6-pc. gift set of famous lavender scented toiletries . . . wooden shaving bowl, lavender oil hair dress, invisible talc in a gray and gold container, after shower powder, etc. The acme of good taste in package and content.

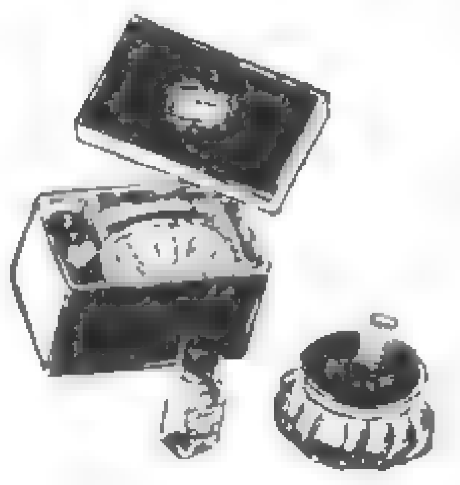




GIFTS FOR TOILETRY CONNOISSEURS. Smart gentlemen about town are collecting various grooming requisites as much for the clever containers as for the contents. Sportsmen relish the "Bowl-er," a shaving bowl made of lustrous black ceramic in the shape of a 3-grip championship bowling ball. Holds a rich, free lathering shaving soap. Then there's the "decoy" shaving bowl . . . a ceramic, shaped and colored like a duck . . . looking very sporting. A favorite with the rugged type is the hardy pottery shaving mug decorated with clipper ships, filled with old spice soap. The boys use these for Tom and Jerries. Luxury lads lean to shaving bowl, powder and lotion in handsome jars of gold or burnished silver finish . . . topped with the head of a knight in armor.



DELUXE DECANTERS. Any chap would revel in this tanbark cologne . . . a zippy, muscle relaxing, spirit zooming fluid for a brisk rubdown packaged in a stunning square glass decanter with polished walnut top. There's a wooden shaving bowl to match.



RAZOR BATH. This neat little gift eliminates the morning drudgery of cleaning your safety razor. There's a bottle of fluid which is poured into a special bowl into which you dunk the razor. Keeps it rust free, antiseptically clean and adds mileage to the blade.

Ranger

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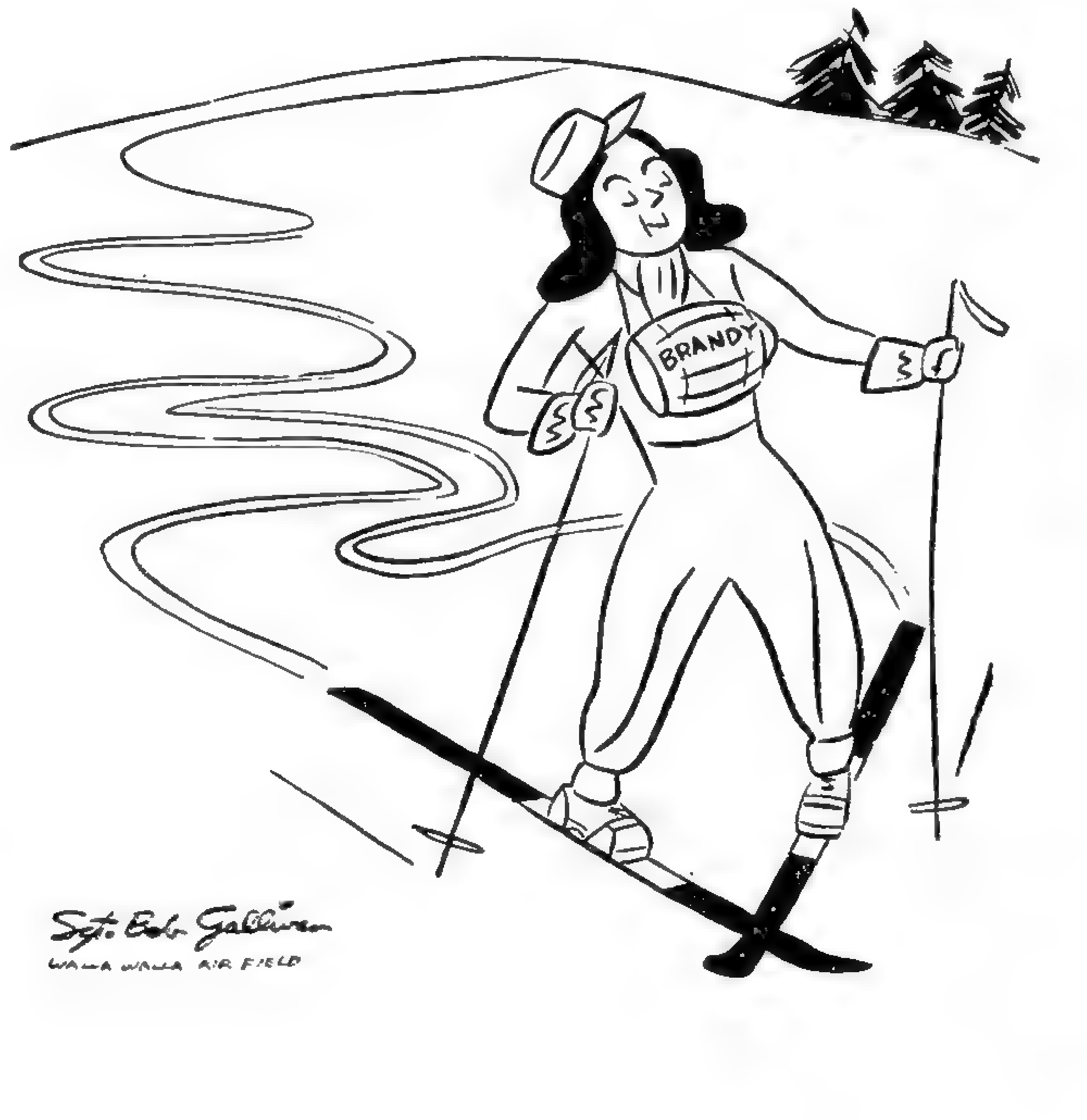

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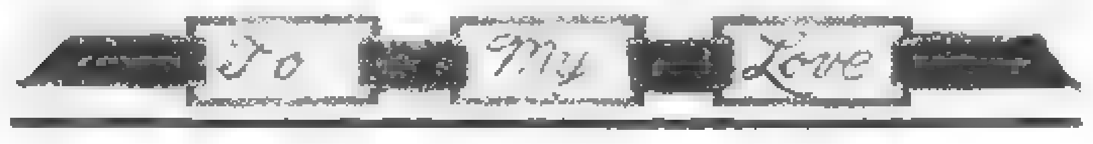

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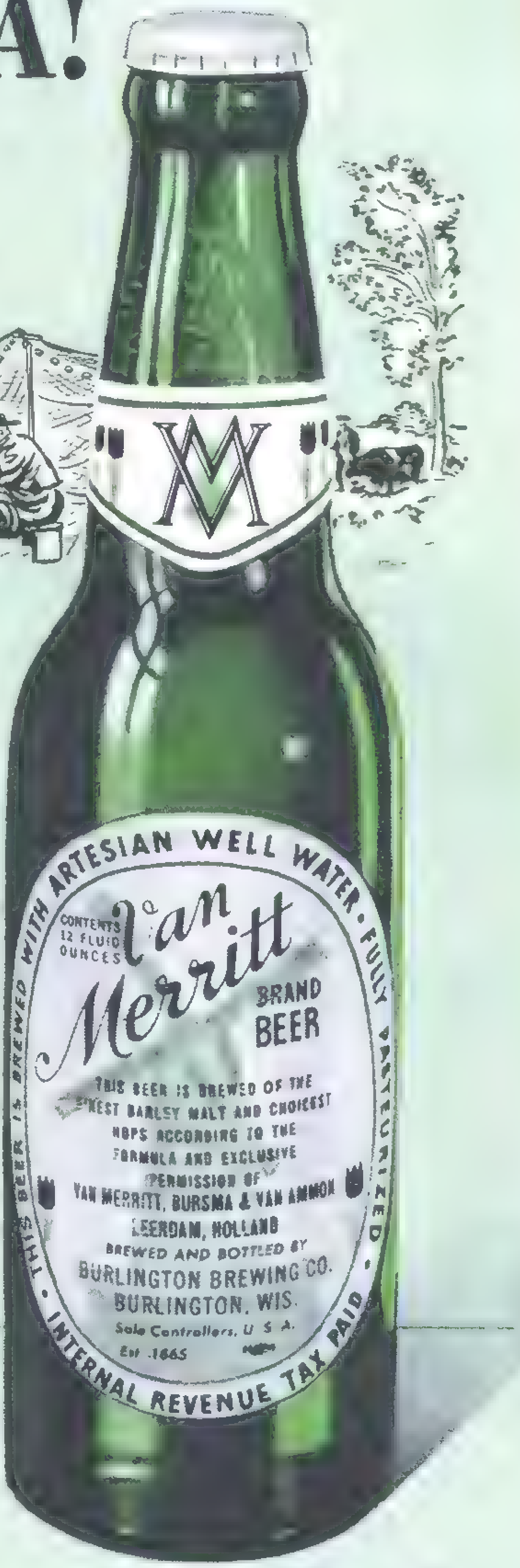
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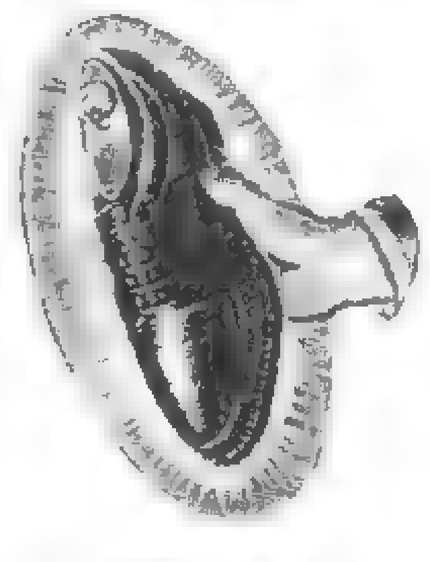

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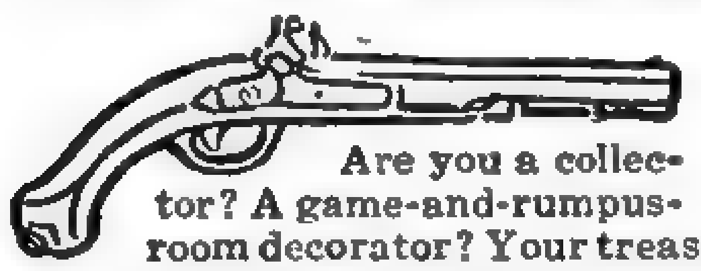

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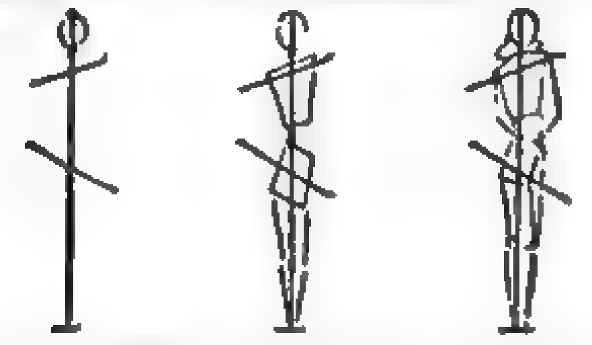

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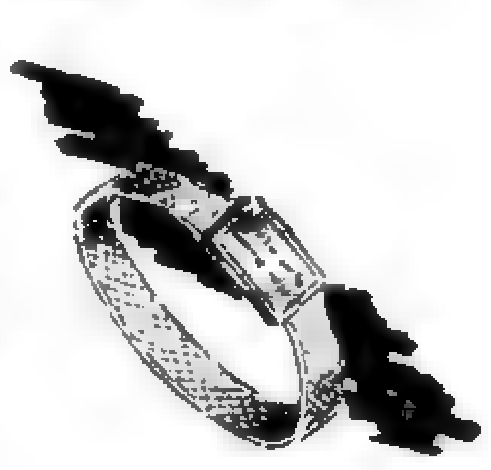

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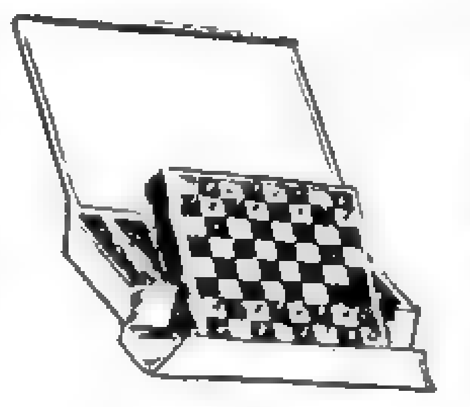

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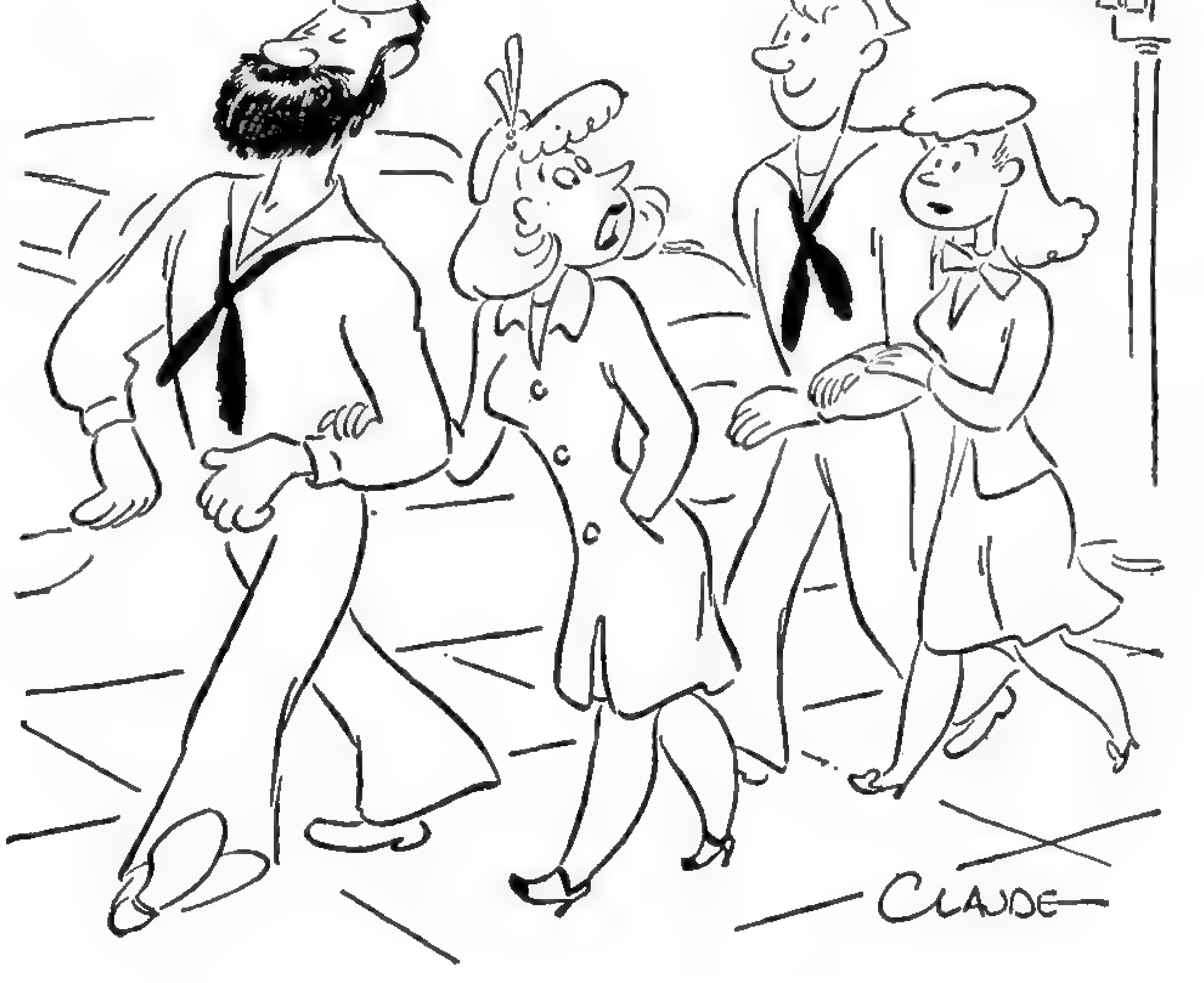

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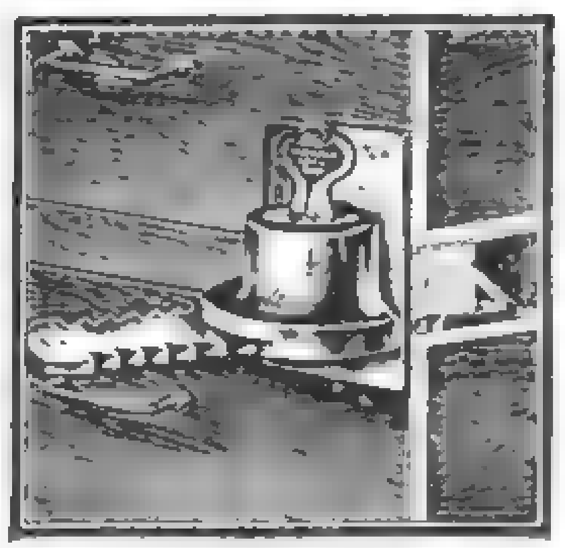

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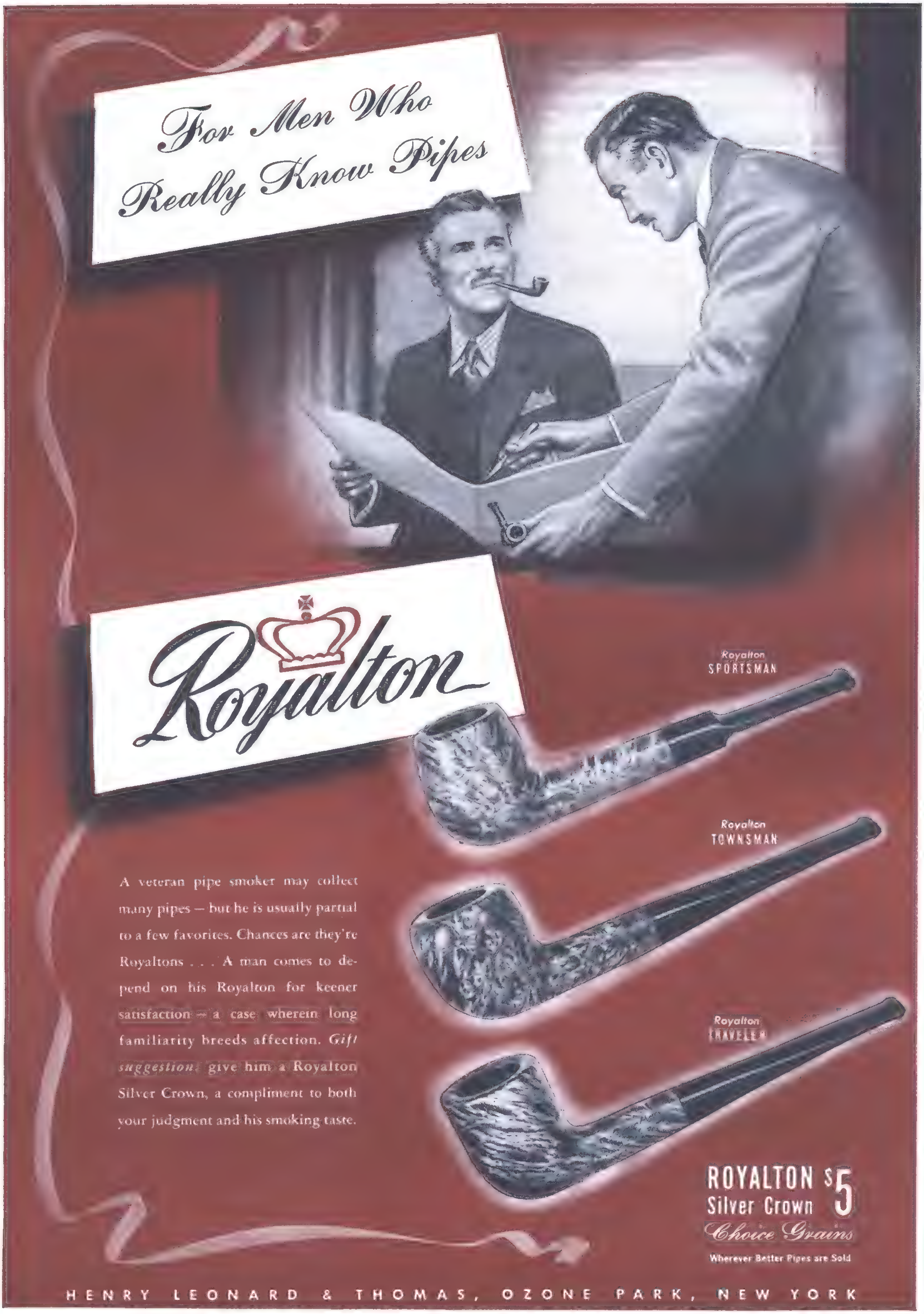

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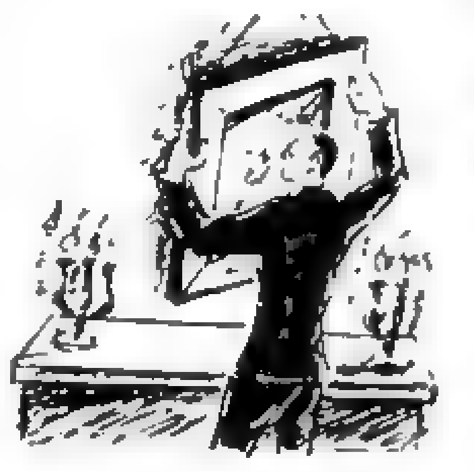

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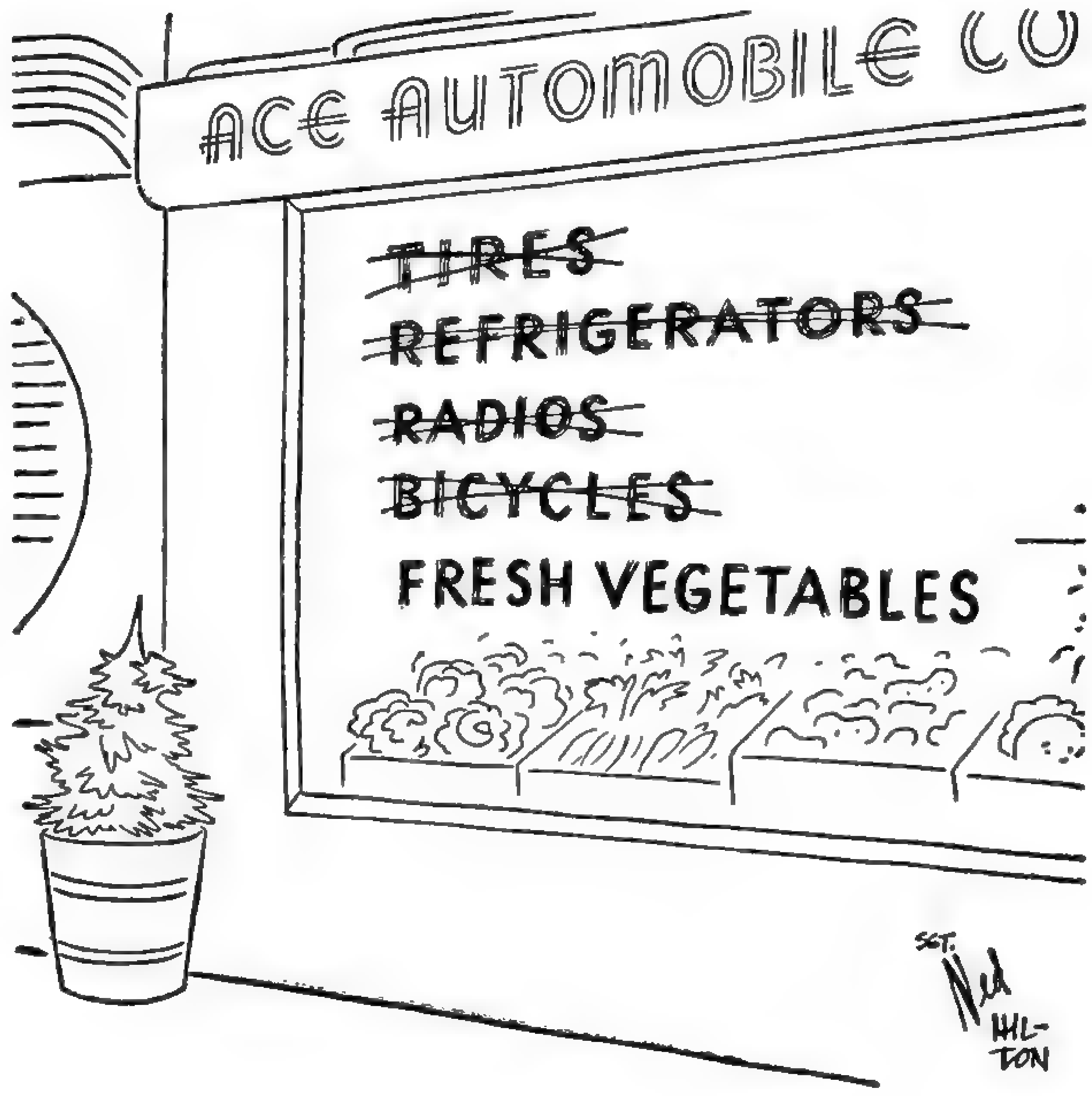
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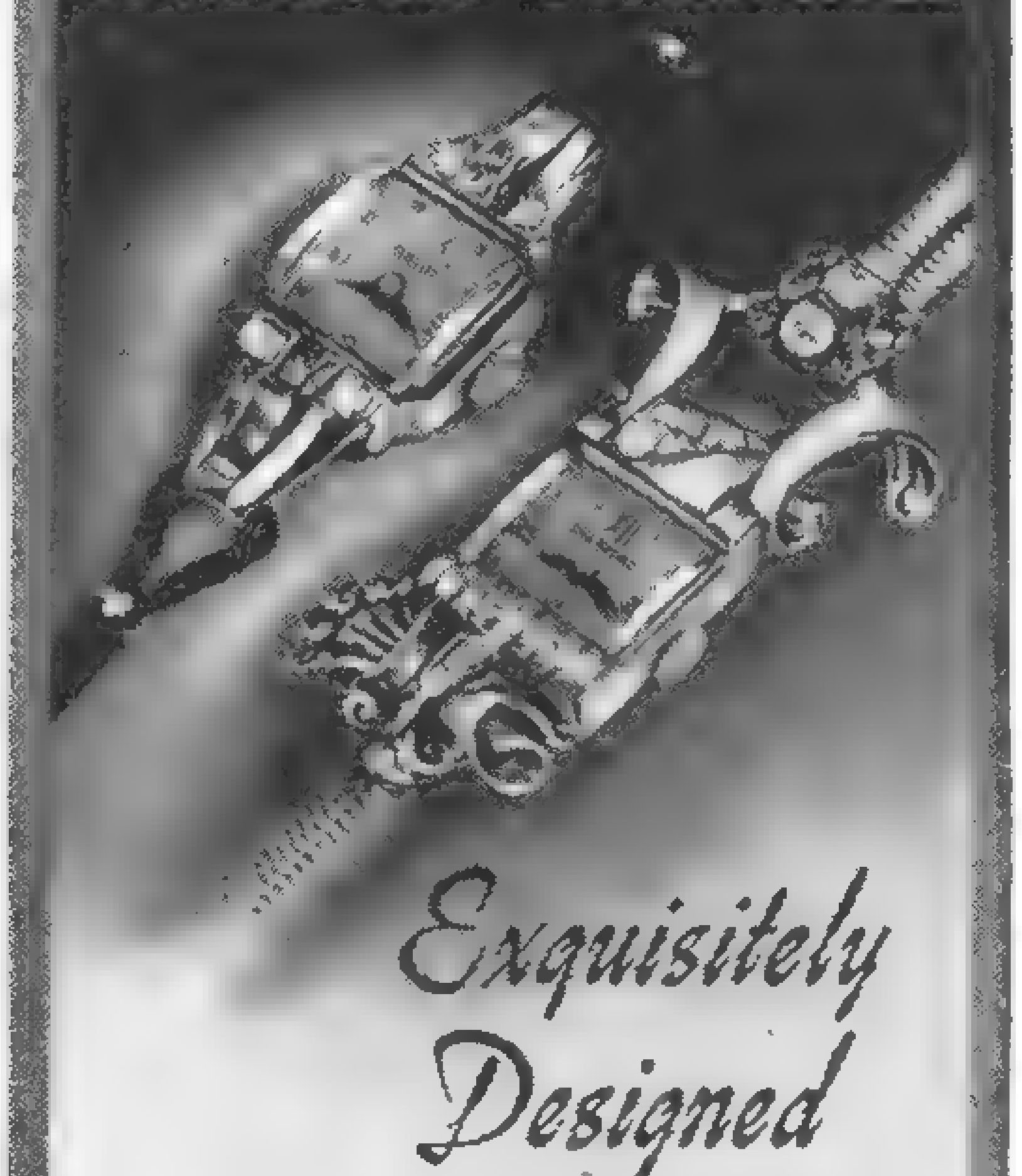

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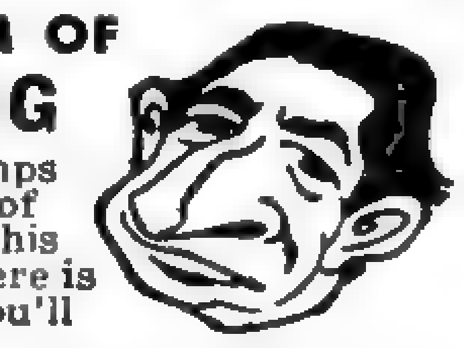

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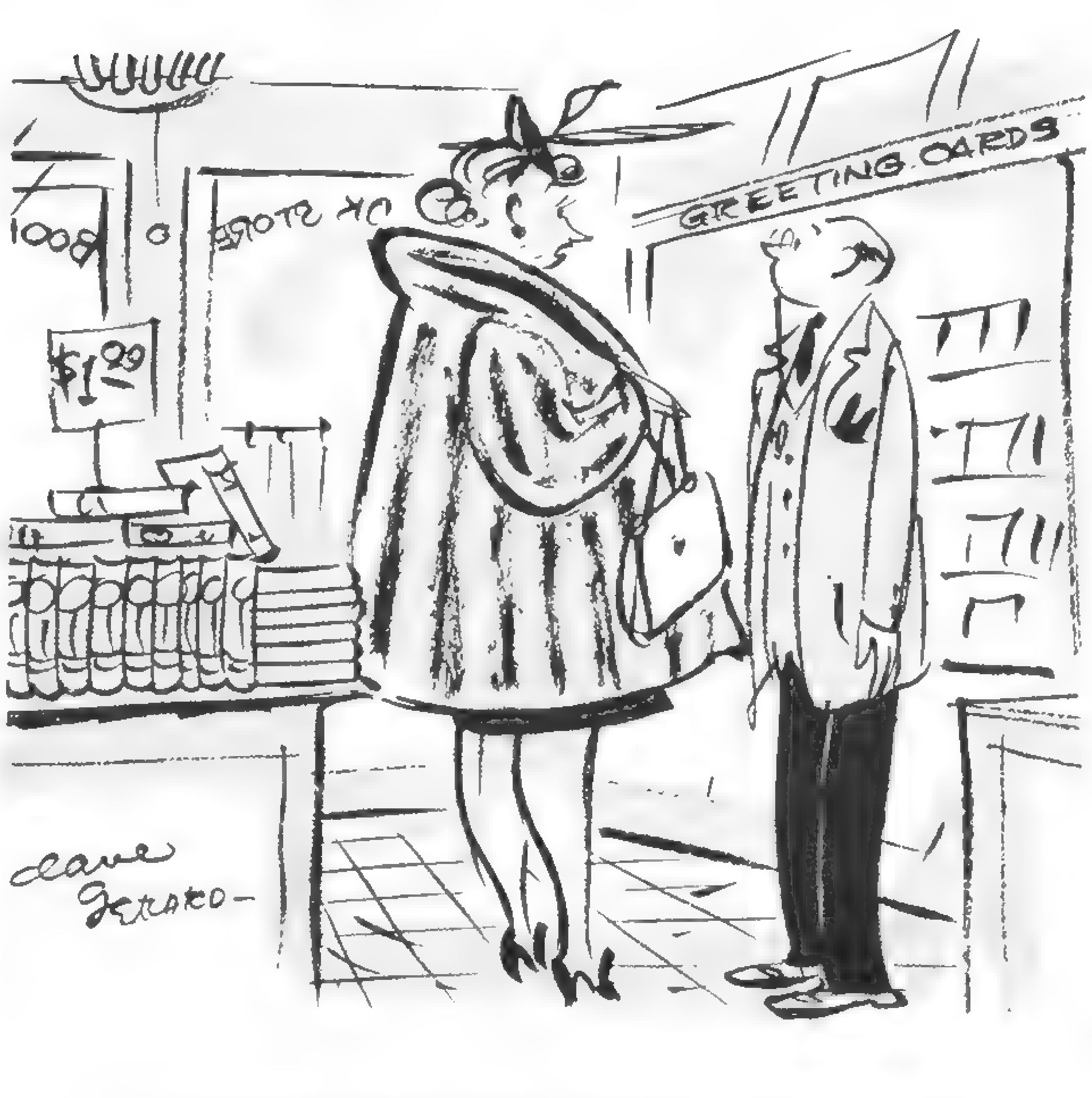
Painting the Town with Esquire

FEW DARING experiments have worked out more cheerily than the Biltmore's innovation of 28 years ago this month—first hotel room in New York designed and built especially for dancing-diners and supperers. Opened with the famous team of Maurice and Walton exhibiting, and white ties compulsory, and every table boasting a Champagne bucket, it launched a new era of social history. Now known as the Bowman Room, this same salle, gone informal, but wearing an elegant new scheme of white, chartreuse and deep rose, is busier than ere, with the benefit of an ultra beauteous, spiritedly gracile ice romp starring limbly Carol Lynne and melodied by singing-maestro Ray Heatherton, with Ann Warren as his chantooza. Reservationless wanters-in are begging headwaiter Paul to unhook the hawser.

MALES ONLY is the luncheon time rule at the Stork Club's chummy Cub Room but quite a sea of smartly-chapeaued femininity is voyaged through on the way there. For a confirmed bachelor, blinkers are safer than dark glasses . . . Monaco-bred Auguste Danzero, who used to carry the torch for wines at the Rainbow Room, is now draped with the keys of the cellar of John Perona's El Morocco . . . Seismographs in the East 60th Street region duly registered the return of Joe E. Lewis to the Copacabana . . . Bottlenecked with a tidy bar, where brandy sours are in flower, Boni's small restaurant at 10 East 46th has gathered unto itself a hearty flock of hungerers and thirsters appreciative of toothsome fare moistened with products of American vineyards or America's beers de luxe. Host Boni and his understudy Raymond are adepts at palate reading . . . When the Atlas Corporation bought control of the Plaza, comment in Wall Street was, "Well, that's one way to get yourself a table at the Persian Room to see Hildegarde."

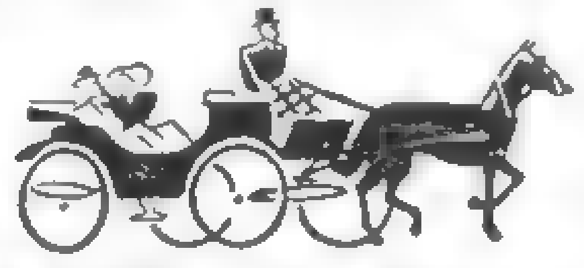
CHEF ROBERT of opulent, Dorothy Draper-décored Hampshire House, is keeping his art within points by ingenious delectables of the day, one for each day of the week. Old-fashioned Fricassee of Chicken, rice pilaff. Beef Goûlash au Paprika with buttered (yes, positively) noodles. And so forth. As would be expected, the selection of American wines, from coast to coast, is superlative.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.



"No paper clips? Well, I suppose we'll just have to pull our belts up another notch!"

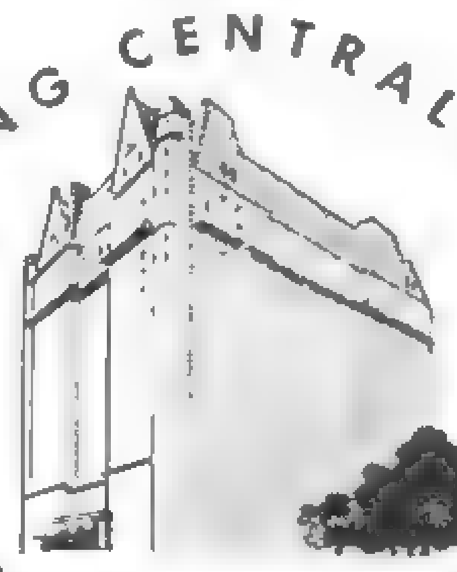
Manhattan Furlough

With the war holding you so close to your job, you need the relaxation of a holiday weekend at the Plaza!

ROOM TARIFF
From $6 single
From $8 for 2 persons
Suites from $12

HILDEGARDE
at dinner and supper
Persian Room

The
PLAZA
New York

Henry A. Rost
President & Managing Director

FACING CENTRAL PARK • FIFTH AVE. AT 59TH ST.


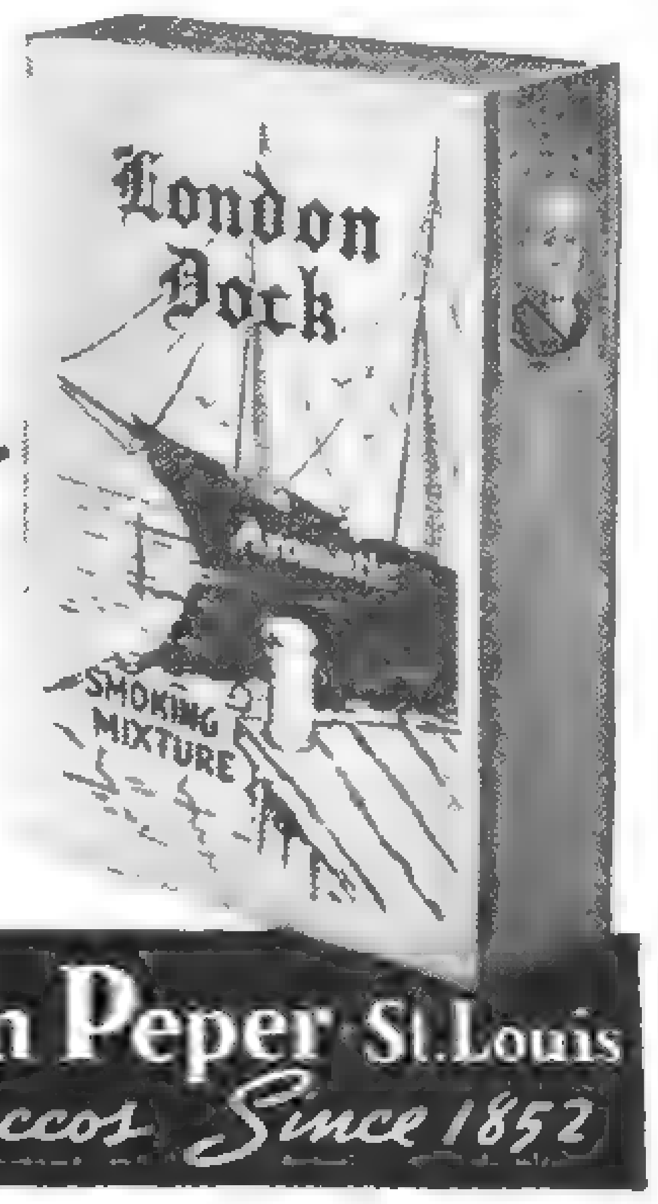
AW, QUIT WORRYIN'.... A WHIFF OF THIS LONDON DOCK TOBACCO — OFF COME THE VEILS!

AMERICA'S FINEST AROMATIC

2 Ounce Package 40¢

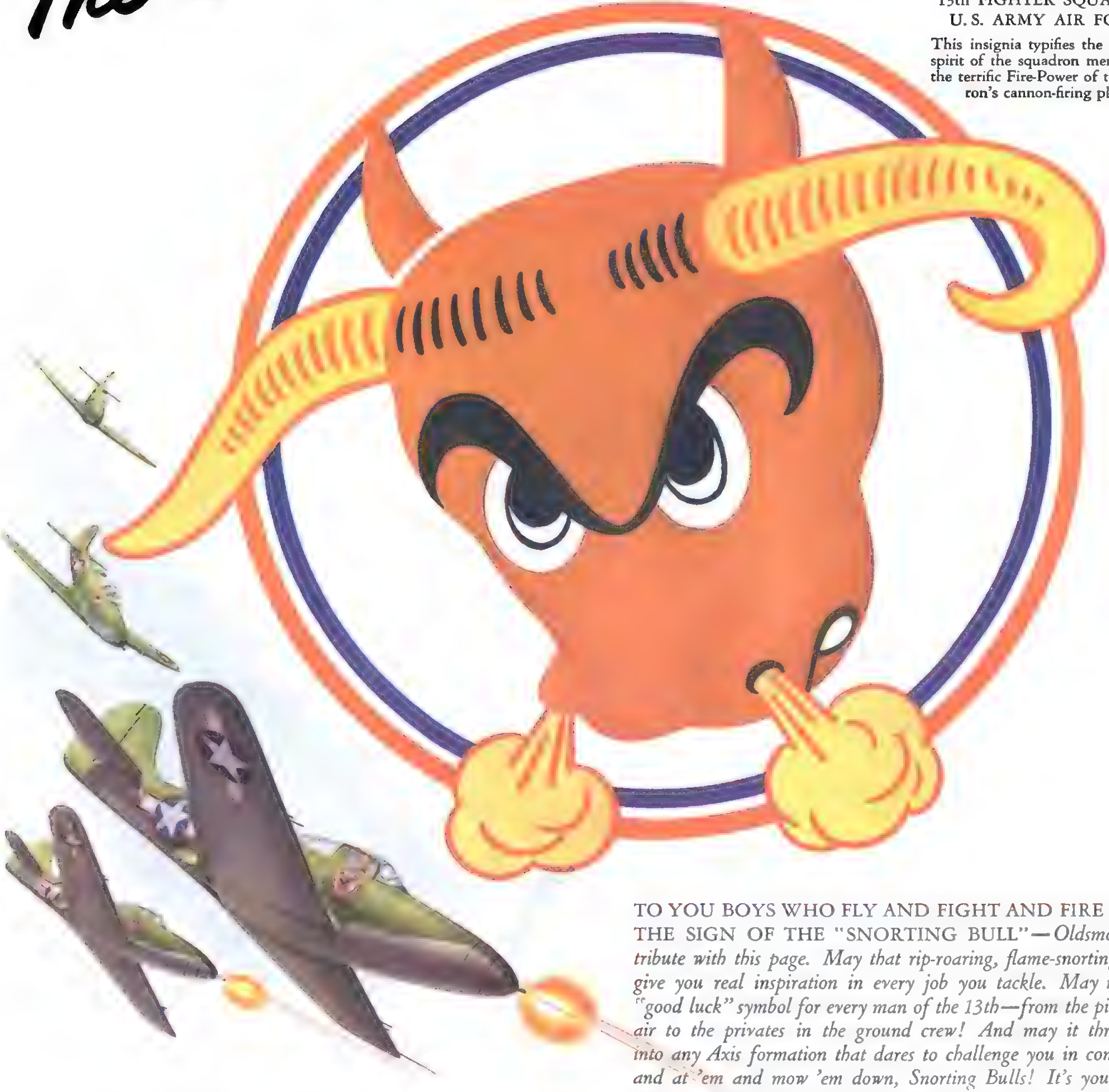
$3.00 per lb.

Sample 10c

Send 10c to London Dock Div. 128 Delmar Blvd. St. Louis, Mo.


Christian Peper St. Louis
Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

Here's to The Snorting Bull!



INSIGNIA OF THE
13th FIGHTER SQUADRON,
U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES

This insignia typifies the aggressive spirit of the squadron members and the terrific Fire-Power of the Squadron's cannon-firing planes.

TO YOU BOYS WHO FLY AND FIGHT AND FIRE UNDER THE SIGN OF THE "SNORTING BULL"—*Oldsmobile pays tribute with this page. May that rip-roaring, flame-snorting emblem give you real inspiration in every job you tackle. May it prove a "good luck" symbol for every man of the 13th—from the pilots in the air to the privates in the ground crew! And may it throw terror into any Axis formation that dares to challenge you in combat. Up and at 'em and mow 'em down, Snorting Bulls! It's your kind of spirit and skill and Fire-Power that spell sure doom for the Axis!*

FIRE-POWER *is Our Business!*

Whenever, wherever, the "Snorting Bull" charges out to meet the enemy, the hopes and hearts of thousands of Oldsmobile workers ride with him. For the "Bull," like scores of other U. S. Fighter Squadrons, packs the high-explosive fury of automatic aircraft *cannon.* And cannon is one of the principal fire-power products that Army Ordnance has entrusted to Oldsmobile production. These cannon rip into Axis armor—blow planes apart with their high-explosive shell—sometimes cut planes in half with one sweeping burst of fire!

In addition to deadly aerial cannon, Oldsmobile also builds cannon for tanks and tank destroyers, shell for both Army and Navy—Fire-Power to *Keep 'Em Firing!*

HELP LOAD OUR FIGHTERS' GUNS

BUY WAR BONDS!

Their Fire-Power depends on your purchasing power. Put your dollars into War Bonds, and you're putting ammunition into the gun of a boy you know. Buy a Bond *today.*

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**

KEEP 'EM FIRING

Someday Yuletide Bells Will Ring Merrily Again

Someday soon the Yuletide bells will ring again,
And once more there'll be laughter, joy and mirth,
Someday Christmas carolers will sing again,
Those songs we love that tell of "Peace on Earth!"

⁂

Someday hearts will beat as they return again,
The husband, father, son . . . the neighbor's boy,
Someday Christmas lights will brightly burn again,
Illuminating faces filled with joy.

⁂

Someday we will fill the flowing bowl again,
And celebrate the season — and be gay,
Someday soon the Yuletide bells will toll again,
For VICTORY, at last, is on the way!

⁂

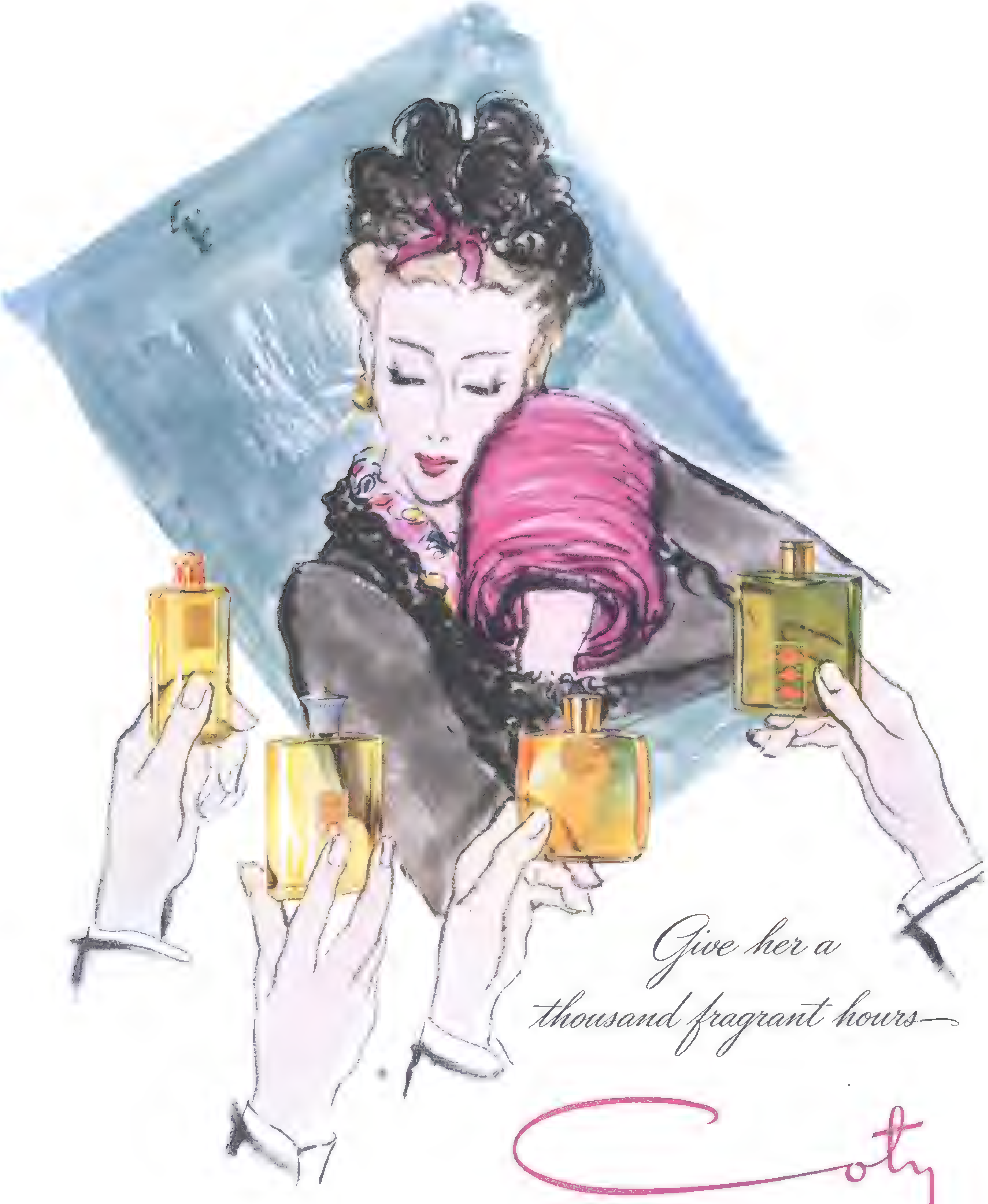
Americans will observe this wartime "Holiday Season" with but a single thought and purpose . . . the determination to focus all our energies and efforts on final Victory. To speed that glorious day, the House of Seagram urges you to make your most important Christmas gifts—U.S. War Bonds. For, as we have said these many years . . .

"ONLY THE FINEST
IS FINE ENOUGH
FOR CHRISTMAS"

Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York

The House of

Seagram
Fine Whiskies Since 1857


Give her a
thousand fragrant hours—
Coty

These classic Coty fragrances—L'Aimant, L'Origan, Emeraude, and "Paris"

—have inspired a series of smart gift sets,

ranging from $55 to $2.25. All designed to make Christmas merry.

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Painting the Town with Esquire

WHAT places are cordial to service men? is the constant inquiry from fellows about to have furloughs. ALL places, we can positively assure them. Record-breakingly crowded as are New York's hospitality facilities (in the same boat with those of Detroit, Chicago, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, New Orleans, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and every city else), there's genuine welcome for the wearer of a uniform, U. S. or Ally.

HOTELS, some of them hived with service men up to 60 per cent of room capacity, grant special discounts but can't offer beds already claimed. Restaurants, likewise swamped with patronage and hampered by help shortages, are equally happy to be of service to the Services; a buck private and his gal may dine like king and queen, if there's a table available. But fire laws are strict as to number of people that can be packed in, and mine host is working under a species of wraps known as ration points, and with quite a few taxes which restrain him from playing Santa Claus 365 days a year. The beau geste, "No check. You are my guests and it's a pleasure to have you," has had to be boiled down to a flat 10 per cent off.

NIGHT clubs, financially encumbered with name orchestras, headline entertainers, and galuscious floor-extravaganzas, might seem incapable of giving Our Boys a break. That is, if operators hope to stay in business, let alone get back the wads tossed for costumes and decorations. Yet many's the minimum shaved, many's the cover charge waived, proving that Bigville isn't small-hearted. Jocose ex-vaudevillian Jimmie Dwyer makes particular ado over the cover charge at his continuous - entertainmented Sawdust Trail (156 West 44th). It's ten cents, designed "to keep out the riffraff." Anybody he lifts it for is entitled to feel superior and a money saver.

VISITORS from the Armed Forces anxious to cut a rug have glorious opportunity at the Hotel New York's Terrace Room where Benny Goodman is exhaling tunes through a tube. Besides whom and his men, there's a slither spectacle, "Rhythm Rodeo"—speediest, snazziest ice-revue-with-songs ever rinked in this refectory.

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. . . Proper at Any Occasion

CHEVALIER
THE Etiquette BRANDY
D. J. Bielzoff Products Co. Chicago, 84 Proof
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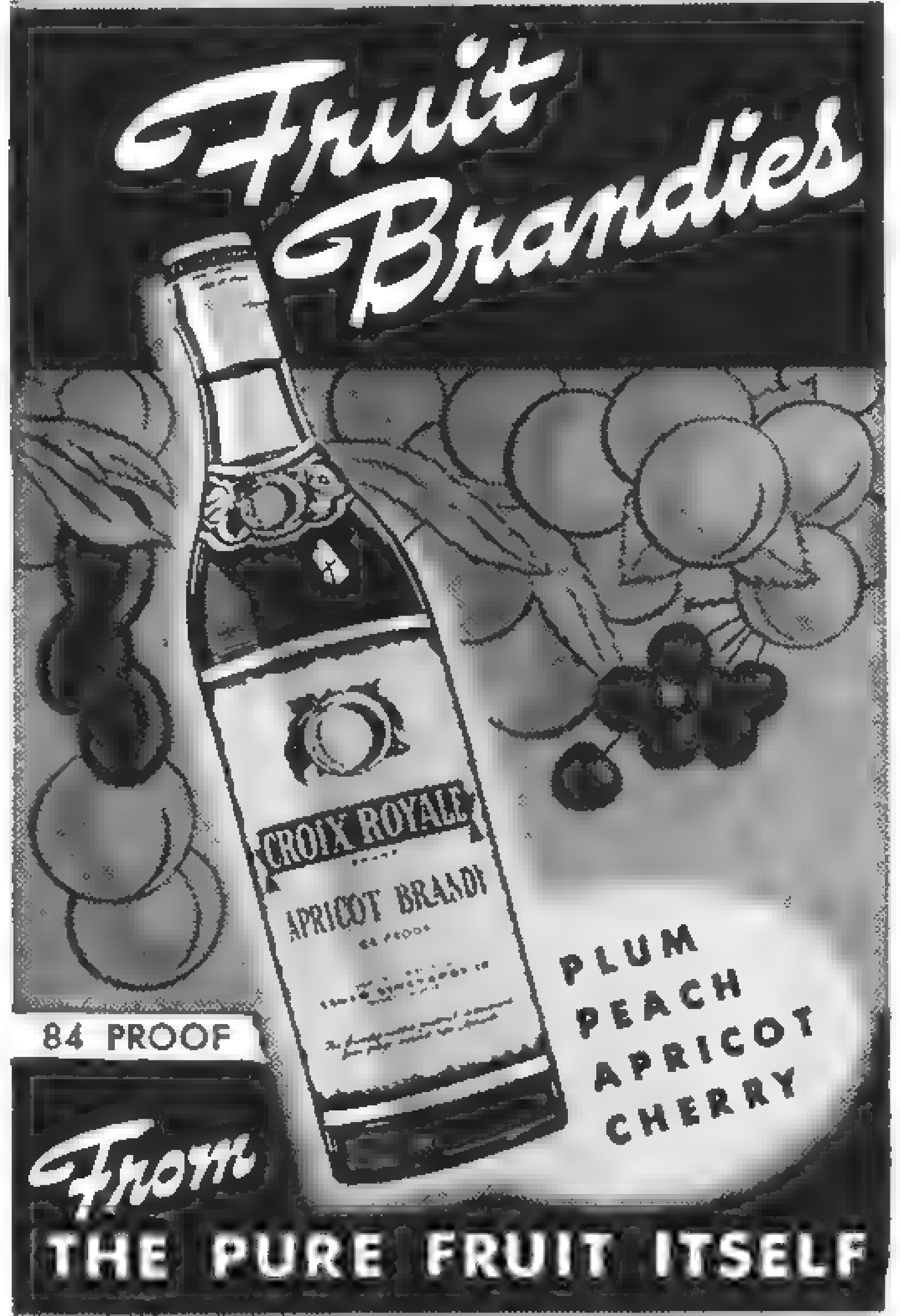
"PRODUCT U. S. A."



CROIX ROYALE
SAY CROY-ROYAL
Fruit Brandies
84 PROOF
PLUM PEACH APRICOT CHERRY
From THE PURE FRUIT ITSELF

Croix Royale Fruit Brandies are made by the old-world pot still method from fresh, ripe fruit in the famous San Joaquin Valley, according to formulae and methods learned from European masters. Serve Croix Royale Fruit Brandies—among the discriminating they are judged the finest.

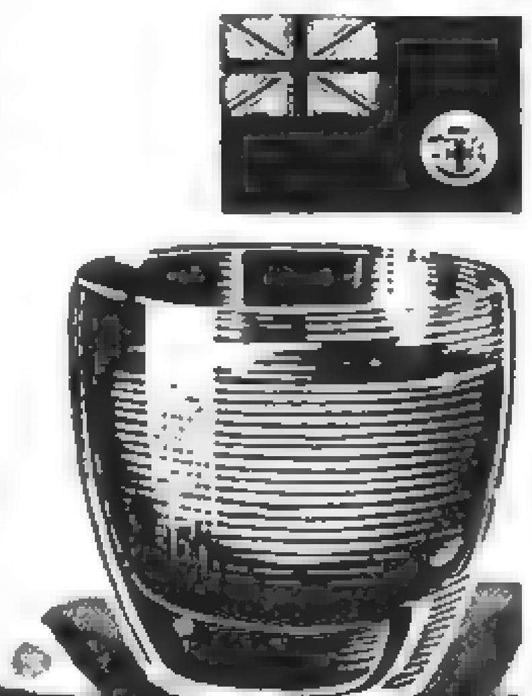
BUY WAR BONDS FIRST!
CAMEO VINEYARDS CO. ★ FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

FOR THOSE WHO SEEK THE Finest

Haste has no part in producing this superb champagne. Slowly . . . step by step—it is brought to PERFECTION by the famous old 'fermented in the bottle' process. You can be sure of true enjoyment when you ask for this champagne, from the cellars of The Taylor Wine Co. at Hammondsport, New York.

TAYLOR'S NEW YORK STATE Champagne

FIX THOSE MORNING AFTER JITTERS
WITH SOME
ANGOSTURA
Dr. Siegert's
BITTERS
A TONIC APPETIZER
"GOOD FOR THE STOMACH"
Directions: Take 1 to 4 tablespoonfuls in half a glass of water, hot or cold.



Rigidly supervised since 1661, virtually "hand made" in small, accurately controlled batches, backed by centuries of British Empire traditions of craftsmanship—no wonder Jamaica Rums, regardless of brand, are standouts among the world's really fine liquors.

JAMAICA NOG
Mix 1 jigger sweetened condensed milk (or coffee cream sweetened to taste) and 1 jigger Jamaica Rum. Add cracked ice, shake well. You'll find this "believe it or not" novelty delightful when made with genuine
Jamaica RUMS
THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION (OF JAMAICA), LTD. KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.

MARYLAND'S AMBASSADOR OF GOOD CHEER
FROM COAST TO COAST
NATIONAL PREMIUM BEER
PALE, DRY, BRILLIANT
THE NATIONAL BREWING COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

Painting the Town with Esquire

BIG question bandied by select quenchment cliques in the Cocktail Lounge of the St. Regis: Shall it be the stately, glitterous Iridium Room (openly beheld from this vantage point), or shall we burrow beneath to the chummy-charmy Maisonette? Involved are four orchestras plus Hammond organiste Theodora Brooks—allure abundance which would be extravagant even for the St. Regis, except that debonair devotees of this hotel are such insistant returners, the management has to doubledeck them in, one décor outdecoying the other.

ROMANCE is tenting tonight at the Casbah (112 Central Park South), mooded by the gypsy violining of Danny Yates (name dehydrated from the Romany) who, backed by his band, turns pop numbers into concert morsels that some glide to entrancedly and others merely hearken to, aloof in the starry-skied snuggery. Eats (if you care for such mundane matters) are elegant. In plain Oklahomese, a beautiful evening comes your way from the moment you are welcomed by maitre Fred Chiavantone at the door.

FEARFUL that the phenomenal Hazel Scott might have become tainted with complacency because of her Hollywood acclaims, we dropped into Café Society Uptown with our fingers crossed. And did her performance give rumor mongers a beating! Honestly, that gal and the piano are an affair for the eye and ear. And, lined up behind her, are Teddy Wilson and his revered rhythm rampagers. And spotlit preceding her, harmonica wonderboy John Sebastian mouthing Heifetz effects. Should one's gullet also care to be entertained, Café Society's commissary proves itself of the noblest, abetted by waiter captain Joe Ballart who, fecund with gourmet ideas, conjures up unlisted lusciousnesses. Bar mixology is in the hands of Louis Kickasola, college grad. Knowledge in every pour.

LEGEND has it that in the year 1882 a keg of beer was unbunged on East 14th Street, and out foamed Luchow's, taking shape as a fair sized restaurant and eventually as the big one it is today. The Wiener Schnitzels that have been served there would pave Broadway to within a few miles of Albany. And these have been interspersed with roast geese, saddle of hare, venison, partridge, etc., all suitably washed down — Luchow's possessing Retail License No. 1.

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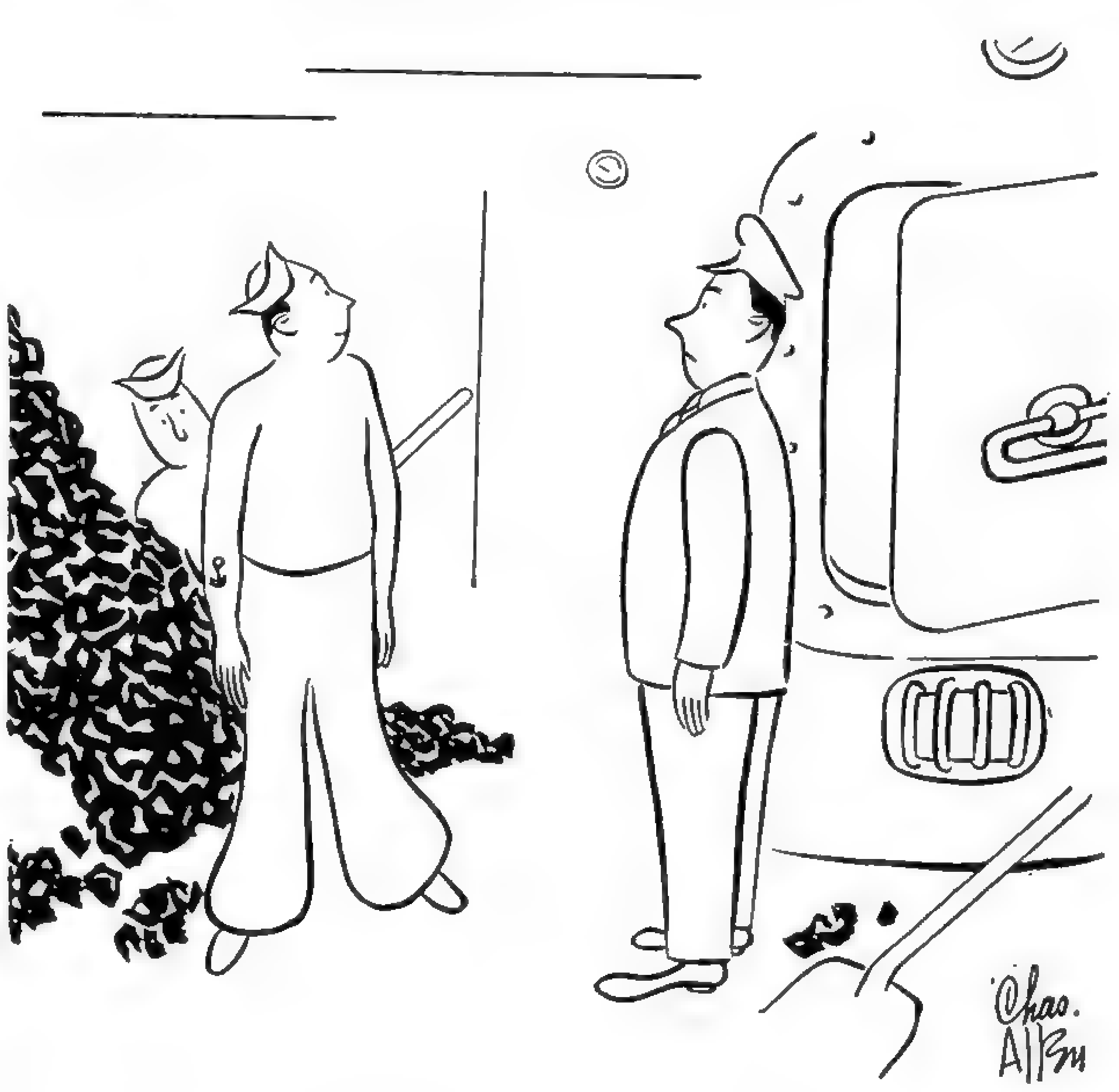

"When do the WAVES relieve us for combat duty?"

INVITATION to Romance
The knowing host serves "twig" Peppermint. Delicate peppermint flavor lends itself to delightful . . . romantic service, hours on end.
RED HORSE
Twig Crystallized
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SAUCE
WE'RE DOING OUR BEST
Due to Army and Navy use of vital ingredients, it's harder nowadays to get A·1 Sauce at grocery stores and restaurants.
BUT! . . . It's worth waiting for. Be patient. Keep asking for it. We are doing our best to keep you supplied.
Send for free recipe booklet.
G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.
The DASH that makes the DISH

Make HOLIDAY FESTIVITIES brighter with
Dagger Jamaica Rums
Three Dagger
86 PROOF
A superlative rum, smooth and fragrant as liqueur. Adds to the warmth and friendly spirit of the season. Carefully aged 10 YEARS.
One Dagger
86 PROOF
A rum of distinctive, pleasing flavour. Puts a special sparkle in holiday entertaining.
Dagger Punch
97 PROOF
Rich, mellow, soft and satisfying. Guests applaud its refreshing fragrance and "different" flavour.
Made by J. Wray & Nephew, Ltd., Jamaica, oldest and largest rum house in the British West Indies. Est. 119 years.
SOLE U.S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co.
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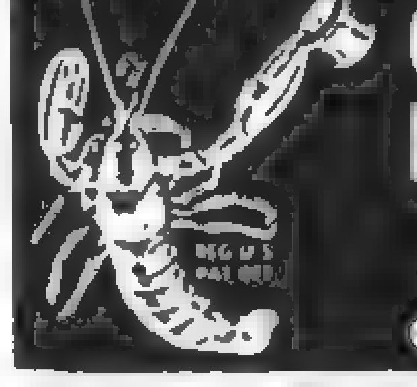

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Ocean-Clear
LIVE LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

1872
An Old Friend
WITH A NEW IDEA
Serve wine cocktails that are truly different. Add a dash of Abbott's.
Abbott's
BITTERS
SINCE 1872
BUY MORE WAR BONDS

MAKE IT A MILITARY CHRISTMAS

WITH BOOKS TO HELP *HIM* GET AHEAD IN THE ARMY

The Officer's Guide
Combat Aviation
MILITARY SKI MANUAL
WINGED MARS
PRINCIPLES OF WAR

He'll respect your judgment and appreciate your interest in his "duration" career, if your gift is a book or books bearing the "Military Service" imprint. That stamps them as authoritative and reliable, written or compiled by carefully-chosen experts.

Be a practical, helpful Santa Claus. Choose your Service Men's Christmas presents from the representative list of titles below.

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WORLD WAR II

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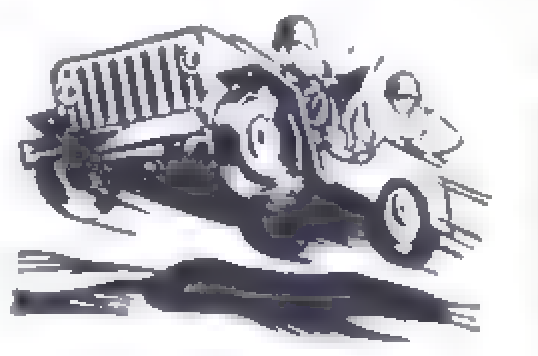

42. **HOW TO WRITE A MILITARY LETTER, by Corporal David Klein.** Complicated Army procedure explained and illustrated. Army punctuation, style and language. Shortcuts through Army Regulations. A natural for busy officers and company clerks. Illustrated. **$1.25**

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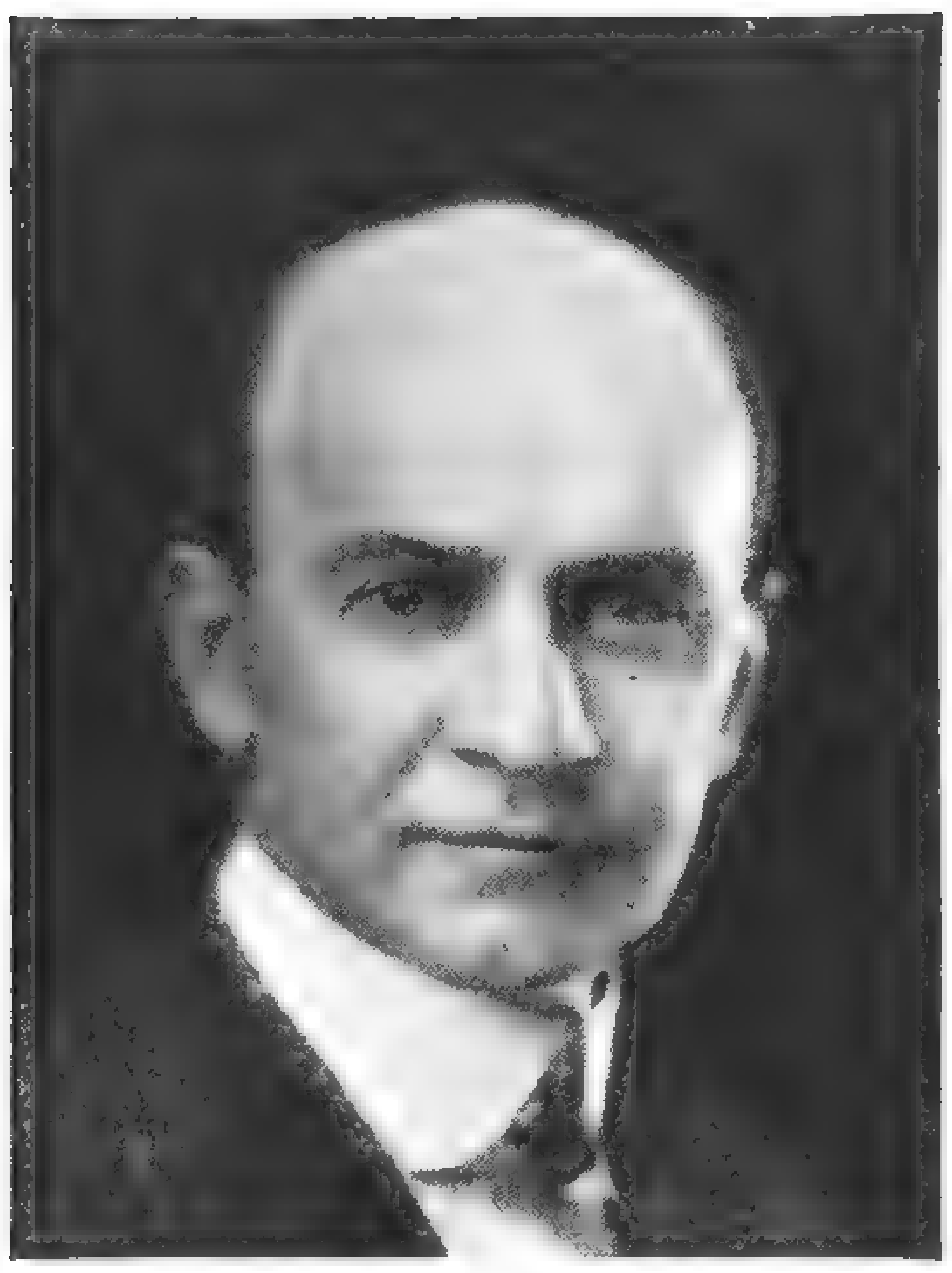
BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE



Arthur Poe

ARTHUR POE graduated from Princeton in 1900. He worked for the U. S. Steel Corporation at the Homestead Steel plant of the Carnegie Steel Company until 1904, playing on their football team. Then he went with The Quaker Oats Company at Peterborough, Ontario, and was later transferred to their Cedar Rapids plant, of which he is now manager. Other biographical information will be gleaned from *Little Man Bites Big Bulldog* on page 85.

•

MANUEL KOMROFF hopes no one will accuse him of encouraging absenteeism with his fictional piece, *Where the Shoe Pinches* (page 64).

•

JOSEPH SHORE, a private in the U. S. Army who may be overseas by the time this achieves print, says: "At the time of writing *A Mad Soldier Slept* I was an 'Interior Guard' on Angel Island. Because my poetry had been published in *New Directions*, the Army decided to make me a Civil Engineer, disregarding the fact that in civil life I had been an Army translator. At New York University they asked me if I liked mathematics. I said I could not even add —let alone substract. I said that whenever I added two and two and got four it made me very sick. The colonel said: 'Good! You are just our man.' After five months of $C^2 = a^2$ plus $b^2 - 2ab$ cos theta, I was delicately attached to a Q.M. Regiment. We are the guys who are supposed to wash the laundry with one hand and swing a tommy-gun with the other. I was born in Kiev in 1913. My earliest memory is of a German biplane being chased all around the sky by an Allied plane. Under the German impact, my family lived on one sack of millet seed for six weeks. At the age of eleven I came to this country and saw my father, a poet, die of cirrhosis of the liver. I studied at Cornell to be (consecutively) a farmer, concert pianist, bacteriologist and writer. My hobby is collecting two-dollar bills, an activity somewhat repressed since being in the Army. Any readers interested in furthering my avocation may submit sample currency to me."

Joseph Shore

•

RICHARD TREGASKIS, now covering the news for the INS with the British Eighth Army in Italy, stems from Elizabeth, New Jersey. During his undergraduate days at Harvard, he was awarded five scholarships, and his work on the Harvard Crimson got him a job on the Boston *American* as soon as he doffed his mortar board. After three years as a reporter, feature and special writer for the *American*, he joined the International News Service. There his knowledge of the Portuguese language had destined him for a job in Lisbon or Rio. But with the entry of the United States into the war, he was assigned to the U.S. Navy at Pearl Harbor, and accompanied the Marines in their first invasion of the Solomon Islands. He is twenty-seven years old.

Richard Tregaskis

•

SERGEANT BARNEY ROSS, who accounted for ten Japs in one night of fighting on Guadalcanal, is, at this writing, recuperating from malaria. He was born in New York's East Side as Barnet David Rosafsky in 1909. His family later moved to Chicago. It was in 1926 that he took up amateur boxing, and after three years of moderate success he made the Chicago Golden Gloves Team. As a professional he fought Al Santora, Jimmy McLarnin and Tony Canzoneri, winning the lightweight championship in the fight with Canzoneri. Then came the welterweight championship and he defended the title against Ceferino Garcia in a Carnival of Champions match. In 1938 he put up an impressive stand against Henry Armstrong. Under a cruel beating, he refused to take the count, sticking it out through fifteen rounds. He was awarded the Edward J. Neil Memorial Trophy as the man who did the most for boxing in 1942. That same year he entered the "Big Ring," by joining the Marines as a private. He was awarded the Silver Star for heroism in the Solomons.

•

ALAN HYND is a hard-bitten writer who has been batting out fact and fiction for eleven years, under as many pseudonyms, filling in his spare time with newspaper reporting and magazine editing. He says: "The most dough I ever made writing was a thousand dollars in four hours—the dictation, direct to a typist, of two four-thousand-word installments of a serial for *Liberty*." More startling than fiction is his espionage article, *Mr. Kono and Mr. Blake*, on page 98.

•

DR. ROBERT GOFFIN is the amazing factotum we told you about a year ago. He is a criminal lawyer, a poet, a checkers champion, a champion ice skater, an authority on genealogy and jazz. He writes and lectures about gastronomy, *The Loves of Empress Elizabeth*, and other assorted subjects. His mystery stories are well known too. He speaks five languages. And he's enthusiastic about the love life of spiders, eels and rats. He left Belgium, his native land, just before the Nazis took over.

•

MORT LUBY has been writing about bowling ever since he can remember. He is the co-author of *Set 'Em Up in the Other Alley*. His father, a pioneer in standardizing the sport, founded *Bowlers Bible*, the National Bowlers Journal.

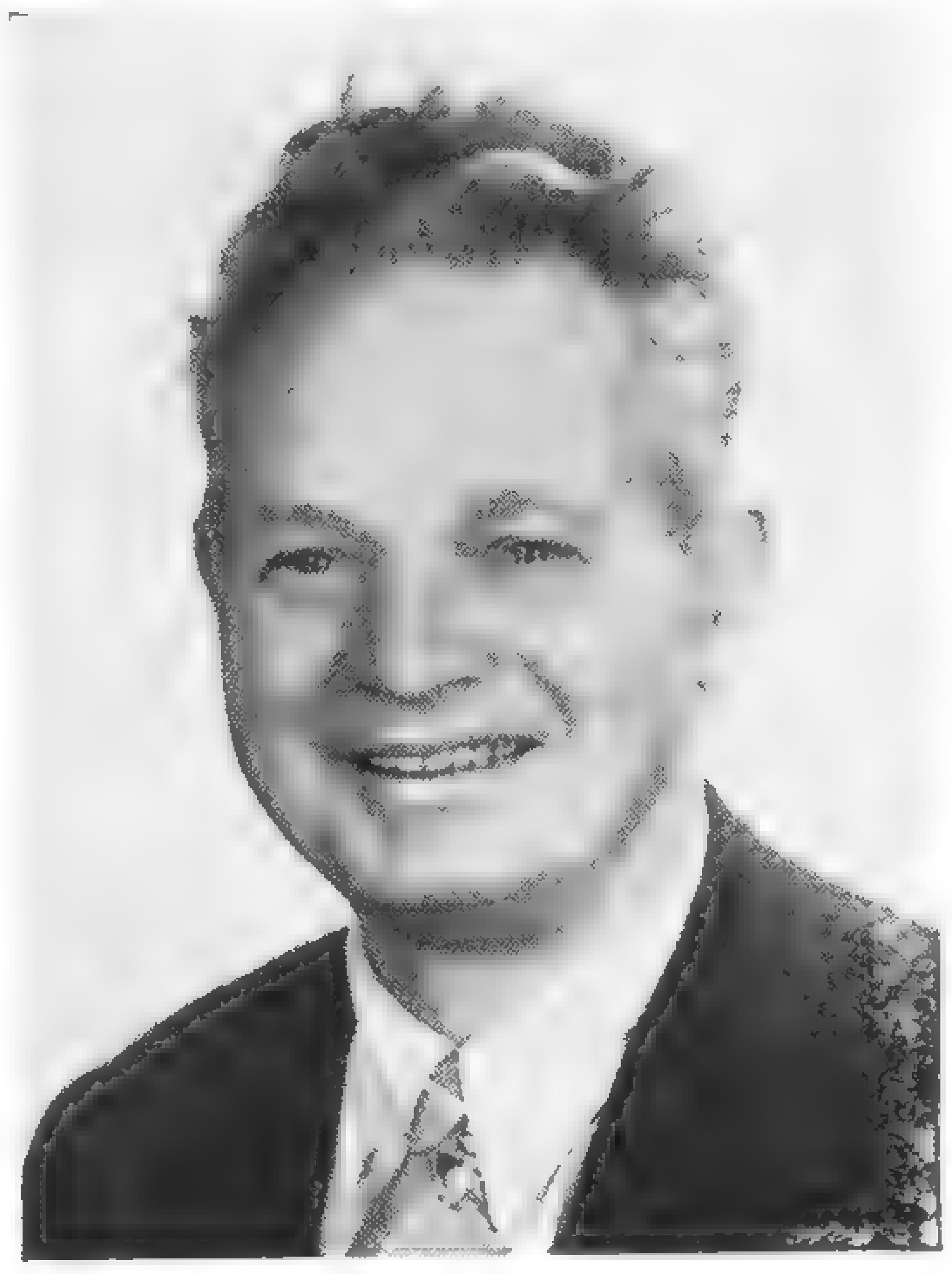
•

MICHAEL FLANAGAN says: "I am twenty-six years old and expect to remain that way at least until June 9th of this year. After being graduated from the University of Alabama, I was an aviation cadet for thirteen months, washing out of flight training and staggering through navigation only because my instructors felt that application such as mine should be rewarded. After completing the phases of combat crew training, our gang was designated a "model crew" and I am at present serving as a navigation instructor at Mountain Home. *Sinecure in a B-24* is the first story I have sold anywhere." Scooping the boys in the February, or jazz issue, he says: "My favorite band is Fats Wallers', though my favorite record is Artie Shaw's *Adios Marquita Linda*."

Michael Flanagan

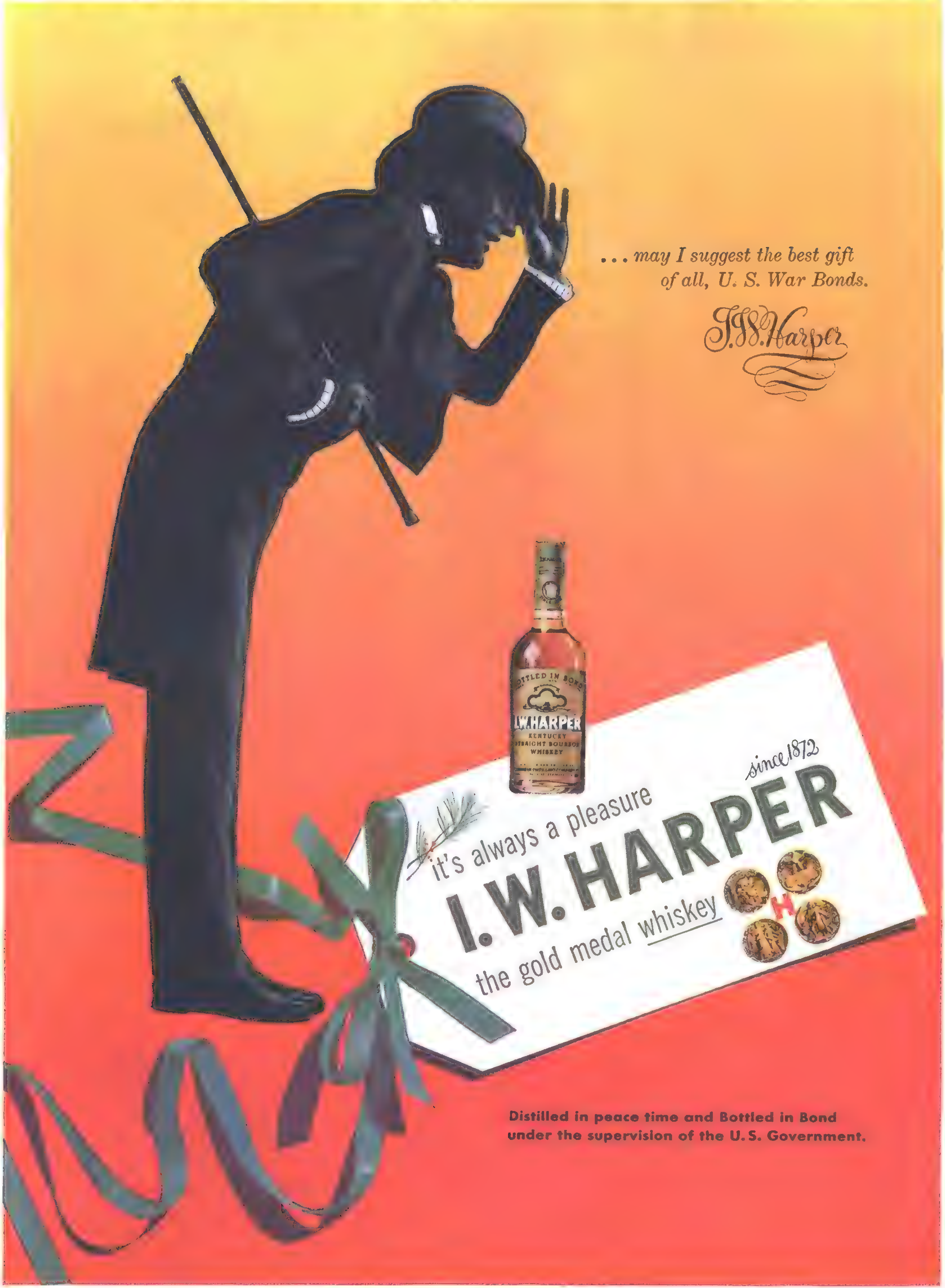
•

Zane Grey once told JACK TOOKER he could write as long as he lived about his personal experiences and never run out of material. To hear Tooker tell it, he cut his teeth on a six-shooter in Arizona, went to sea at twelve, and first saw the inside of a schoolroom when he was thirty. He was a hunter and guide in the Grand Canyon country, and his record is 54 lions taken alive and 257 killed. He has also killed nine grizzlies. Once, while hunting below the Rio Grande, Tooker had his jaw broken by a grizzly. For three months he fought bandits with his jaw held together by baling wire. One of a party of fourteen, he was the only one to survive. A comparatively mild story about bear hunting is *The Education of Mutt* on page 63. #



Jack Tooker

our distilleries are devoted to the production of alcohol for war use only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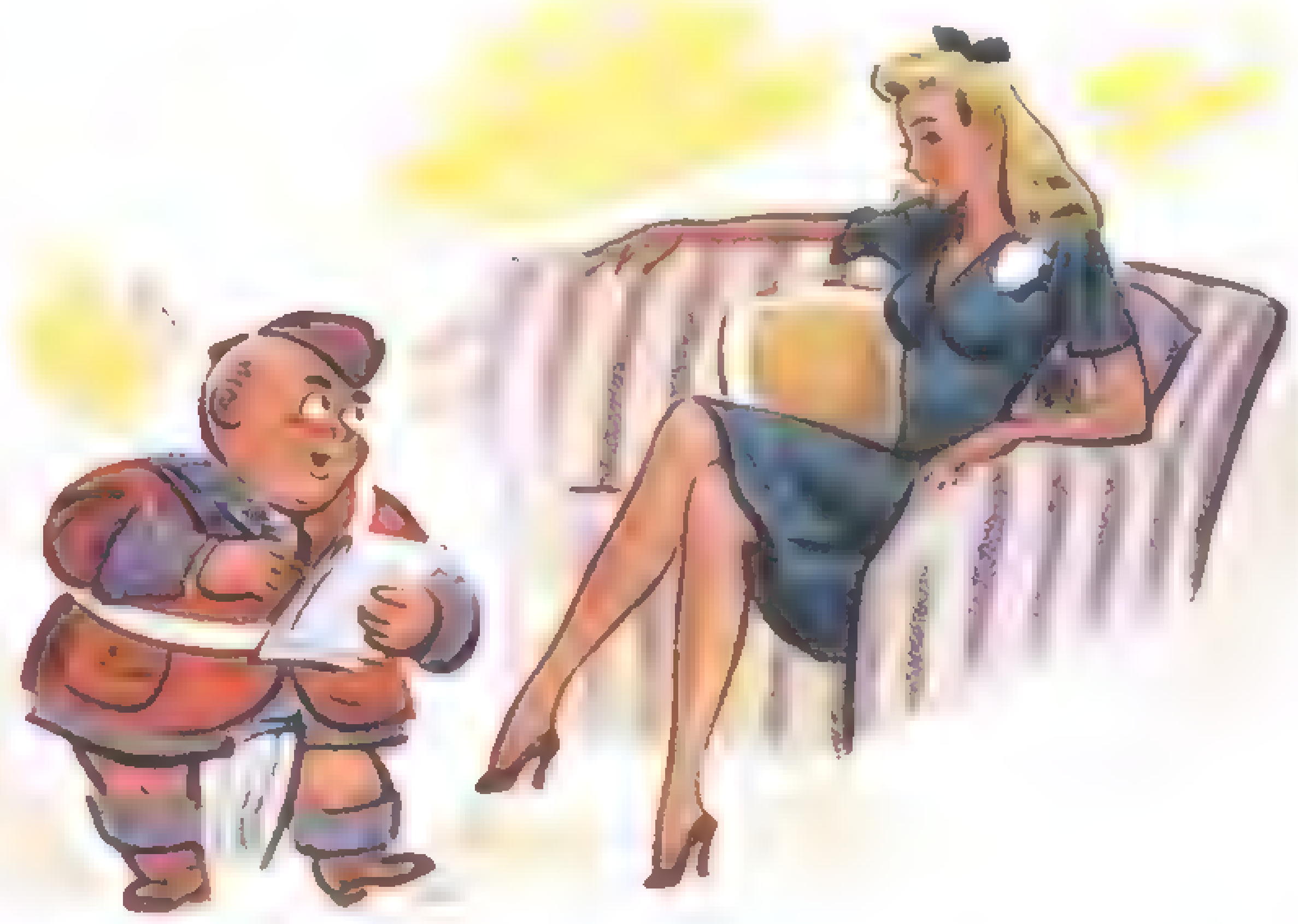

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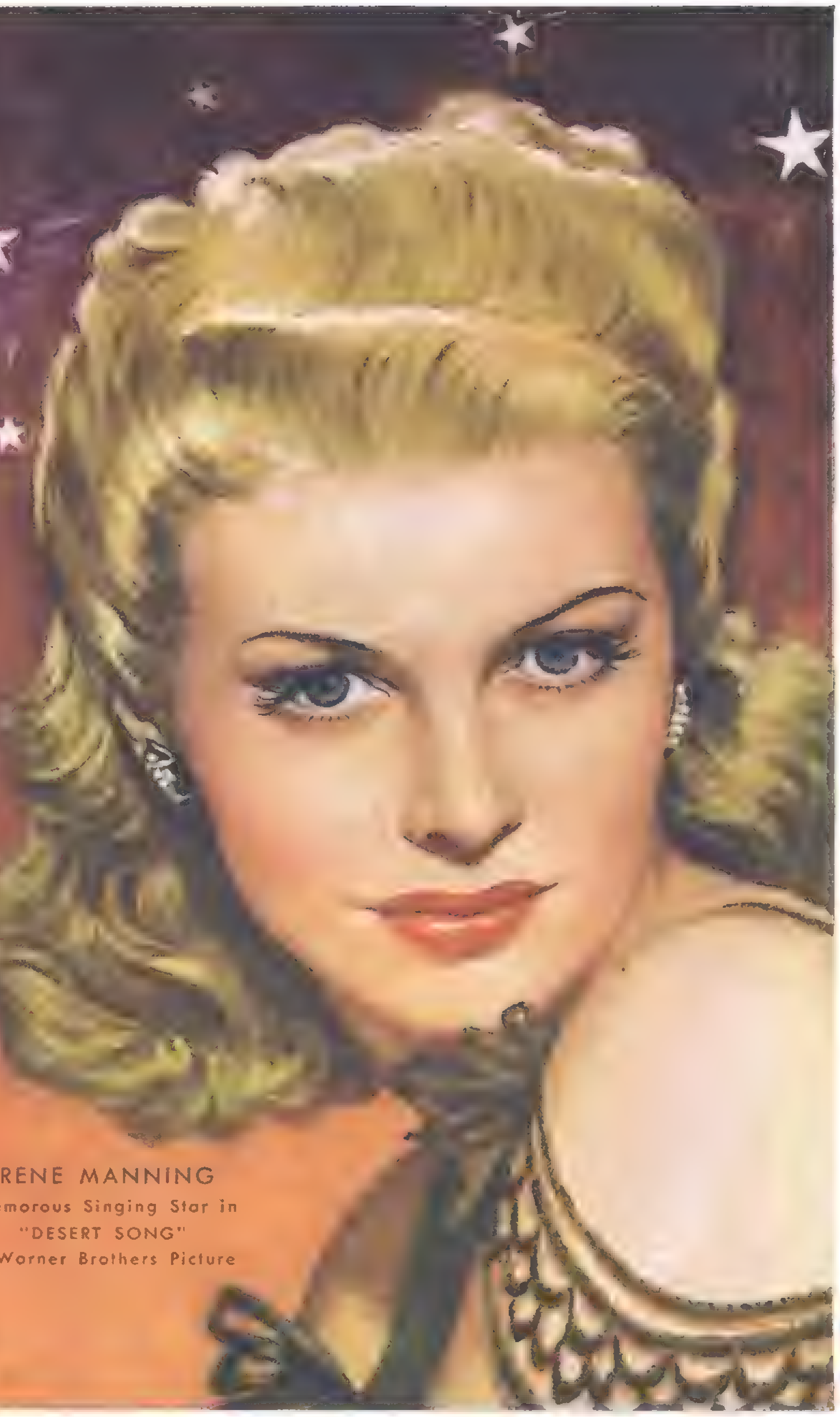
"Just let yourself go, Irene."

"Well, I prefer a sincere brunette with a sense of humor . . . a two-fisted man who can smile with his eyes and think with his heart."

"And must he look like a god?"

"Not necessarily, but I'd like him a bit fastidious in a man's own way and naturally well groomed."



IRENE MANNING
Glamorous Singing Star in
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A Warner Brothers Picture

Yes, all women seem to agree . . . a man who watches his grooming is a man they like to know. Such a man, for instance, as those who've got "That Wonderful Seaforth Feeling." And today, if you please, *that* is something any 'maid can give to any man for Christmas, in a set of completely masculine Seaforth Toiletries, to be found at fine stores everywhere.

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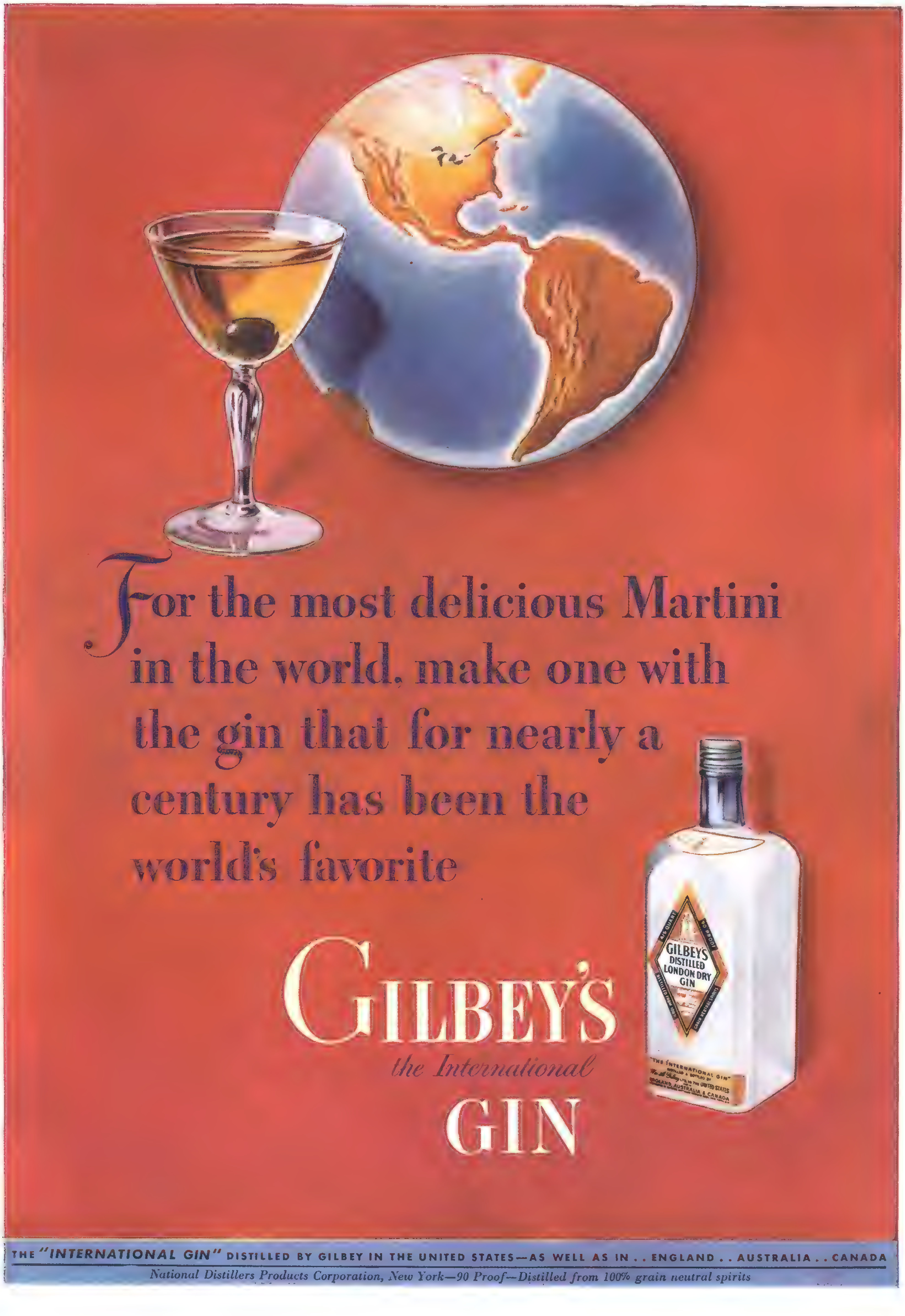
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Obsequies in the Grand Manner

Easily Baltimore's finest *Totsäufer*, Bortsch was in top form at the burial of Saloonkeeper Gustav Haubenschmidt

by H. L. MENCKEN

• ARTICLE •

When I was a young newspaper reporter in Baltimore, in days now romantically remote, there were a dozen Class A and Class B breweries in the town, and each and every one of them maintained a functionary who was known in the trade as a *Totsäufer*. This revolting NHG word, when clawed into the language of liberty and democracy, was commonly toned down to *collector*, but its literal meaning was *dead-drinker*, and that is precisely what a *Totsäufer* was. His business was to register grief. When there was a funeral in the family of a saloonkeeper, he attended it in mourning garb and wept with the bereaved. If the deceased happened to be the saloonkeeper himself, he not only wept but moaned and beat his breast; and if the saloonkeeper happened to be a man of mark—which is to say, a man who worked off anything above twenty-five half-barrels of beer a week—, then the *Totsäufer* had to put on a show of consternation, horror and despair which made the hullabaloo of the widow, however frantic, seem pale and phony. He was charged also, to be sure, with other duties. He was present *ex officio* at all weddings in saloonkeepers' families, and at all wedding anniversaries, birthday parties, christenings and confirmations, and in the intervals between them he even did some actual collecting, especially of sticker and absconding accounts. But his principal duty, year in and year out, was to go to funerals.

The expectation that he would carry out his office in a striking and even staggering manner was never disappointed, so far as I am aware, in all the years before Prohibition. The paper I worked for did not give much space to the obituary orgies of saloonkeepers, though it covered those of police captains, baseball players, and the more *distinguée* sort of fancy women; but I often went to them in my private capacity, if only to bathe myself in the voluptuous delight of seeing a real virtuoso of mental anguish perform. There were among *Totsäufer*, as in the other crafts, practitioners who were good and others who were not so good; and among the former there was a small moiety of what may be almost described as geniuses. One such, was Leopold Bortsch, of the Scharnhorst Brewery.

There was nothing in his aspect to reveal his incomparable mastery of his art and mystery. He looked, indeed, like any other *Totsäufer*. He had the same professional paunch, the same venous complexion, the same closely-clipped head, the same vestigial neck, and the same somewhat protruding eyes; he even wore the same fraternal-order emblems along his N 10 parallel of latitude, and the same balloon diamond on the ring finger of his left hand. But all that was only the outer shell of the man. Inside he was a furnace of talent beyond compare, and no colleague could touch him, or even approach him. When, standing beside the abyss of a saloonkeeper's grave, he rolled his eyes heavenward and began to throw off desolation, the effect was that of a great tragic actor saying farewell to the leading woman before being beheaded. When he moaned it was a rumble from the unfathomable sewers of Acheron. When he gasped and clutched his breast he seemed to be suffocating. And when his tears began to flow they came, not in drops, but in jets.

Inasmuch as Baltimore, in those remote days, was devoured by incessant murrains of typhoid fever, smallpox, cirrhosis of the liver and *mania a potu*, each with a high death rate, Leopold had to give such a show at least once a week, and sometimes as often as twice a day. It was thus easy to scoff at him as a mere ham, and at his heavings and gurglings as artificialities. Indeed, I am not one to deny (though my admiration for him as man and artist was unbounded) that there must have been occasions when his private emotions were only defectively engaged by the job in hand, and he had to depend, at least to some extent, upon his bald professional technique and momentum. But I am sure that there were plenty of other times when his secret heart responded fully to every plunge and tremor of his midriff, and he was scalded in sad reality by every tear that rolled down his nose. One such occasion I recall with great clarity over all these years. It was the funeral of a saloonkeeper by the name of Gustav Haubenschmidt, and it roared on in Loudon Park Cemetery for nearly the whole of a lovely October afternoon in 1901.

No one who knew both men, as I did, could doubt for an instant that Leopold's grief for Haubenschmidt was perfectly sincere. They were not only business associates of long standing, each with a high respect for the other; they were also intimate friends. Both were natives of the Lüneburger Heide; both had started up the road to worldly success as drivers for the Scharnhorst Brewery; both sang bass with the Rosenkranz Singing Society; both had substantial investments in the Carl Schurz Permanent Building and Loan Association; both were members of the Freemasons, the Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias and the Red Men; above all, both were conscientious freethinkers, and enemies of the clergy of whatever denomination. This last bond was the tightest of all, if only because the ideology under it isolated them in their otherwise happy family circles, for Mesdames Bortsch and Haubenschmidt were not only faithful Lutherans, but also more or less active in church work. If there had been sons in either household there might have been serious trouble in both, since the husbands and fathers would have made a natural effort to indoctrinate them with their own views; but Haubenschmidt had only five daughters and Bortsch had no children at all, so the question never became acute, for both put the mentality of women below rational scientific speculation.

Haubenschmidt died, one might almost say, in Bortsch's arms, for at the moment he collapsed behind his bar Bortsch was standing directly in front of it. There was no warning whatever; the poor fellow simply gasped and went down, carrying with him a shell of Scharnhorst beer that was in his hand. He was a large man and made a considerable clatter in falling, but he said nothing, not even "Ouch!" or "Help!" Was he actually dead? Bortsch dispatched a dozen loafers for all the doctors in the neighborhood, but every doctor was out looking at tongues, so he decided to rush his friend to the University of Maryland Hospital, only half a dozen blocks away. Unhappily, there were no ambulances in the Baltimore of that day, and all such work had to be done by patrol wagons. Three objections to calling one presented themselves. First, there was, as usual, no cop in sight, and only cops had keys to the call boxes. Second, there was some-

Continued on page 133

SANTA'S PALACE
SGT Ned Hilton

"The government decided that his wasn't a vital occupation"

Sinecure in a B-24

Between catnaps, the casual navigator of the plane explained such mysteries as pilotage, D. R., radio and celestial

by MICHAEL FLANAGAN

• FICTION •

BENNETT went out to the airplane before the crew arrived, and he could hear the navigator complaining to the others as he walked toward the ship.

"In the next war I'm going to be a gunner. To hell with carrying ninety pounds of equipment every time I ride around for a couple of hours. I don't see why you need a stinking navigator on a lousy mission like this anyway. All we do is drop bombs, and I'm in the bombardier's way. Why not let me sit this out, Skip?"

Skip, the pilot, refused and the navigator staggered on, groaning, until he reached the plane where he dropped his equipment and greeted Bennett. "Hello. Are you riding with us tonight?"

Bennett said he was, explaining he especially wanted to watch the navigator at work.

"You've got the wrong man," Ryan (the navigator) said. "I'm the lousiest navigator here. Half the time I'm sick. These airplanes bounce like a square-wheeled car on a rough road. For pilots or bombardiers flying's all right, but for humans it's no mode of locomotion."

He showed Bennett how to duck into the bomb bay and climb back into the waist where they would sit for the take-off. "Only decent place to be in the plane," he explained. "Generally I sleep here with the gunners, but I guess I'll go up in the nose tonight. Skip's afraid we're going to be making that crossing to Australia some day, and I'm going to find out I've been standing short and can't hit Christmas Island. In training here you have to keep within a 150 mile radius and a poor stinking navigator can't do much in that area."

The motors' roar precluded further talking, and the navigator sprawled on the floor and seemed to sleep till the plane was 1,000 feet up. Then he struggled to his feet and led the way along the narrow catwalk through the bomb bay and the tunnel below the flight deck to the nose. "They about forgot about the navigator when they built this damn Liberator," he shouted cheerfully. "In the 17 the navigator has a palace, but in this boxcar all he has is a sheet of wood for a desk and one stool which he shares with the bombardier. That's our lousy bombardier there," he indicated a smiling young man tinkering with the bombsight. "We're supposed to do bombing practice tonight so I'll let him have the stool. We can sit here."

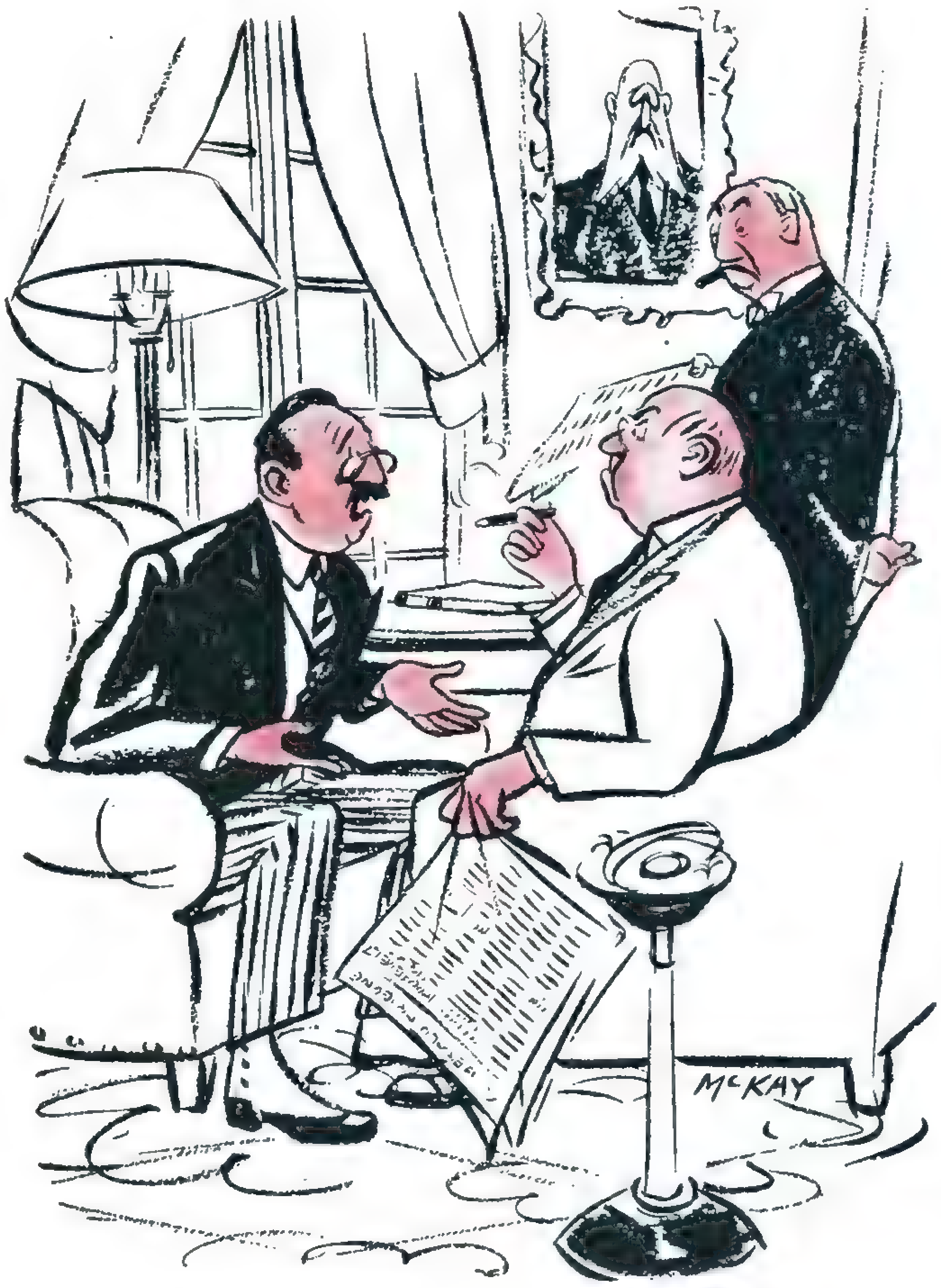
They climbed on the desk in the back of the nose and sat with their feet swinging, peering through the plexiglass enclosure at the misty night. "As you may know," Ryan explained, "there are about four kinds of navigation—pilotage, D. R., radio and celestial. Pilotage is like going on a cross country trip with a map. You find where you are by observing check points on the ground and locating them on your map. That's how you know whether you are on course. By knowing the distance between two check points and the time it took you to cover that distance, you get a ground speed—the rate you're going. You know how far you want to go so you apply your rate and get an E. T. A.—estimated time of arrival. It's a snap if you can see the ground and recognize what you see. Usually I can see the ground, but the recognition gives me trouble.

"In D. R., dead reckoning, you know the course you want to fly, so you try to keep the pilot flying that compass heading. You find out what your wind is by determining your drift on three or more headings by use of a drift meter and working it out on the computer. This is a computer," he said, holding up a lined card which slipped through a circular isinglass window with several numbered circles which revolved around it. "Applying your wind to your true airspeed (which you get by reading the airspeed meter and correcting the reading for temperature and altitude), you get a ground speed. Knowing your ground speed and the distance you want to go, you get an E.T.A. Simple, huh?"

Bennett nodded dubiously and Ryan continued. "Radio navigation is based on the fact that the radio compass will give you a bearing on a radio station. It will give you a line of position, L. O. P. we call it, somewhere along which you are. You cross two or more L. O. P.'s, and you have what we call a fix—that is you are at the point where the L. O. P.'s cross. It sounds complicated, but works nicely so long as the radio can be used. The English employ it a lot.

"Celestial uses the same principles as radio, but you get the bearing on a star. The bearing is found by determining the altitude (that is the angle made between the horizon and a line drawn between the star and the point the observer is shooting from) of the star and knowing the time at which the observation is taken. The instrument used to take the observation is called an octant or sextant. This is it." He fumbled on the floor and came up with a rectangular case which looked like a lunch box. Unsnapping the clasps he drew out a device resembling a camera. "This is what the Army calls an A-12 model. There are two others around which look nothing like this one, but serve the same purpose. There's a bulb inside which illuminates the image of a bubble which is cast on a mirror inside. You center the bubble in a circle inside which you can see by looking through this eyepiece. When you get the bubble centered you center the star inside it by turning this wheel on the outside, and then you are able to read the star's altitude off this vernier scale. I'll line up a star for you, and let you take a look at it." He hitched himself over on the desk until he could sight through the glass dome above it and twisted the sextant's outside wheel, then handed the instrument to Bennett. Looking through the eyepiece, Bennett saw the hazy image of a bubble and a speck of flowing light which he guessed was the star.

"The star's Vega," Ryan said, replacing the sextant in its case. "According to the weather man there's a front moving in. I'd better do a little follow-the-pilot in case fog moves in. The bombing is over for the night and Skip will probably just cruise around. Follow-the-pilot is sort of backward D. R. By reading the compass and



"The way I feel about it the tradition is broken anyhow—let him run again!"

applying deviation, how much the compass is off because of magnetism of the plane; and variation, how much the compass is off because it points to magnetic instead of true north; and drift, or how much the wind blows us off course; you find out where you're going. You know the time you've been flying and, by applying wind to true airspeed, your ground speed so, by distance equals time times speed you know where you are at."

Bennett nodded, then silently watched Ryan read the compass and the dials on the instrument board and enter the readings on a sheet of paper he called a log. The weather kept fairly clear for forty-five minutes, then fog rolled in with startling suddenness, completely obscuring the ground. Bennett heard a voice in his earphones, "Navigator from pilot, navigator from pilot. Where are we at?"

Ryan replied, "Navigator to pilot, navigator to pilot. Give me a minute. Can you get the beam?"

"The radio's out. You find out where we are and give me a heading in. I don't like this fog."

"That's the way with pilots," Ryan complained to Bennett. "They go flying all over the damn sky, and expect the stinkin' navigators to get them home. Skip is a hard man to lose while he can hear that beam or see the ground, though. Well, I'll have to guess at our position." He studied his calculations, gnawed on his pencil and then with a device he called a plotter, which looked like a combined rule and protractor, he drew a line on the squared chart he had spread out beneath him. He then worked for a while with his computer and, using a pair of dividers to span off the distance, made a mark a good way down the line. "I figure we're right around in here," he explained. "I'll try to get a celestial fix to see if I can get my position a little more accurately." Pressing a button he spoke into the microphone strapped around his throat. "Navigator to pilot, navigator to pilot. Say, hold the wagon steady a minute will you, and I'll see if I can get a fix."

Getting the pilot's assent, he drew out his sextant and unstrapping his wristwatch he handed it to Bennett. "Here," he said, "you take the time for me. Tell me when the second hand is on the minute, and when it comes around to the minute again. I'll shoot for that time and average the results."

Bennett obeyed and watched Ryan shoot three stars and note the results on scrap paper. Ryan then pulled two volumes from his briefcase, *The Air Almanac* and *H. O. 218*, made some more calculations, and, using the plotter and a triangle, drew five more lines on the chart. "There's the fix," he said, pointing to a small triangle where three lines intersected. "Theoretically the lines should meet in a point, but they never do, so you take the center of the triangle. The fix coincides pretty well with the point my follow-the-pilot showed me, so I guess we're right in around there. I haven't had a chance to get my wind, but the metro winds (information the weather man gives you) is pretty accurate so I'll use that."

Ryan figured some more on his computer; then, picking up the microphone he called up the pilot. "Hey, Skip, the course in is about 176. One seven six. Got it? That's the mag heading. I've got an E. T. A. of 2353. Two three five three. That's forty-eight, forty-eight, minutes by this clock. Got it? Well, don't let down before then because Operations will be very mad if you smash their airplane on those damn mountains."

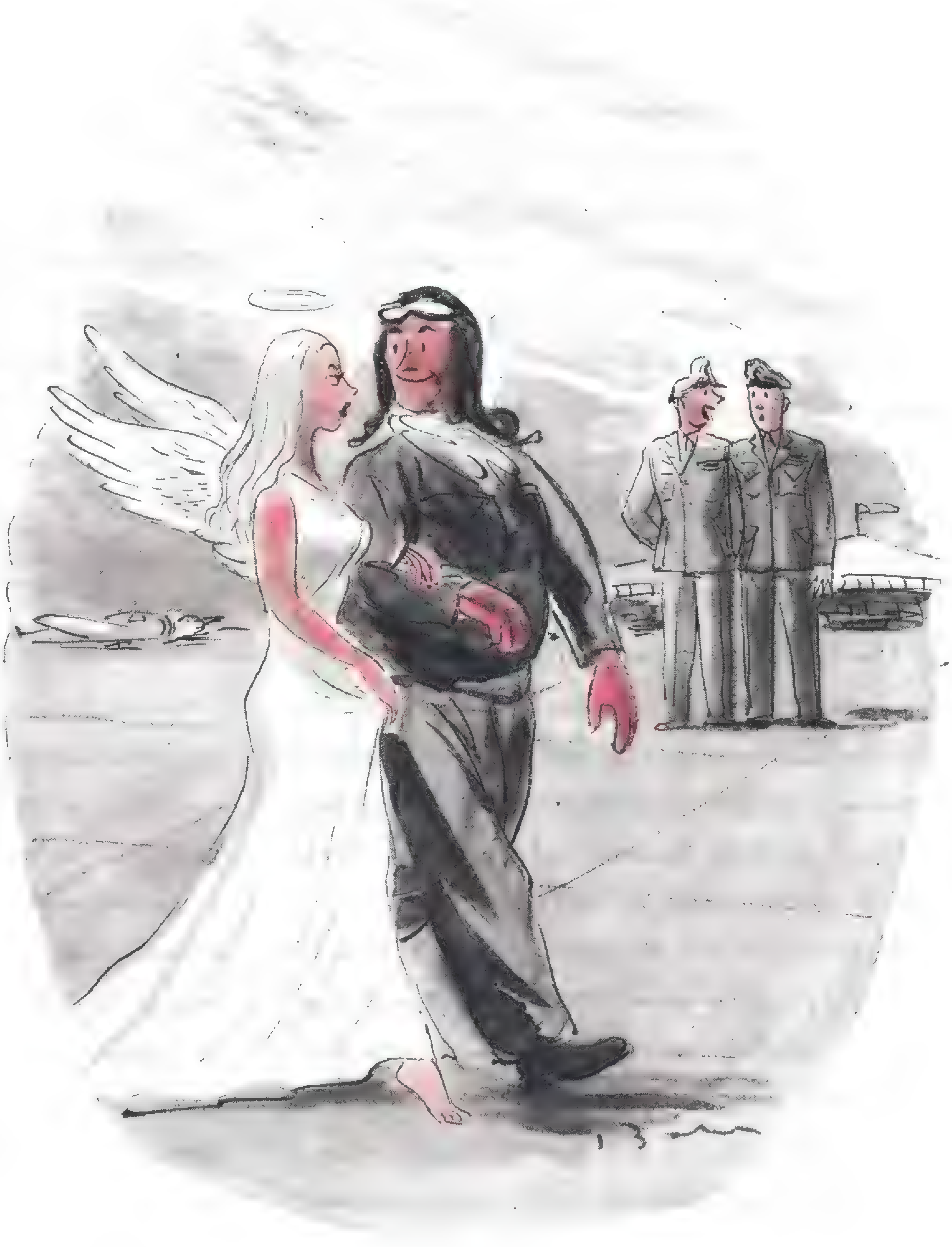
Ryan pulled up the headset, took off the throat microphone and said, "I hope that's figured out all right. If he starts letting down, and he's not over the field, he'll be annoyed. There's nothing I can do except take more shots; and that would just confuse me. Let's go to sleep."

Half an hour later Ryan stirred and sat upright again. He peered outside at the fog, shrugged and said, "Well, at least I haven't got airsick. He ought to be getting down pretty soon."

Exactly at 11:53 p.m. Bennett could feel the plane circling. At about a thousand feet they hit a rift in the fog, and he could see a yellow beacon flashing at regular intervals.

"I guess that's the lousy field," Ryan said with no particular satisfaction. "I can never recognize the damn thing, but Skip always knows when he's home. We'd better clear the nose for the landing."

A few minutes later the plane glided in gently with only a squeal of tires and Ryan, now stretched out again in the rear compartment, sighed contentedly. "Well, thank God we're down again without my heaving. I sure hate riding in these goddamn airplanes. I don't see why the navigator has to go along on these bombing missions anyway. He sure doesn't do a goddamn thing up there." #



"Captain Gilgore set a new altitude record today"

Christmas Eve for Private Dill

The possible thoughts of a soldier from Centreville, U.S.A. now with X Company of Engineers in Palestine, December 24, 1943

by **PAUL GALLICO**

ARTICLE

“Gee, it’s Christmas Eve back home. I wonder if it snowed. They’ll be having a tree, Mom and Pop and Sis and young Jimmy. Maybe after supper Mary’ll come over for a while and help Mom wrap presents. I guess they’re thinking of me as I am of them. . . .

“Wouldn’t they be surprised if they knew where I am tonight—right where it all started. Funny, when you’re back home you don’t think about it so much—Christmas Eve, the night Christ was born. It happened right here, maybe not far from where I’m standing. I’d like to be back home with them, but maybe I’m lucky to be here where everything began. It makes you think—all kinds of things you never thought before. . . .

“This is the night when Christ was born . . . He lived right here. Men saw Him and heard Him talk. Maybe He once stood where I stand. . . .

“I used to think they made up those pictures of Bethlehem I used to see around Christmas, but they looked just like it looks here now, just the same as it was a couple of thousand years ago when Christ first saw it, the same hills and sheep and trees, the same kind of old plow. Christ could have walked under the same moon. . . .

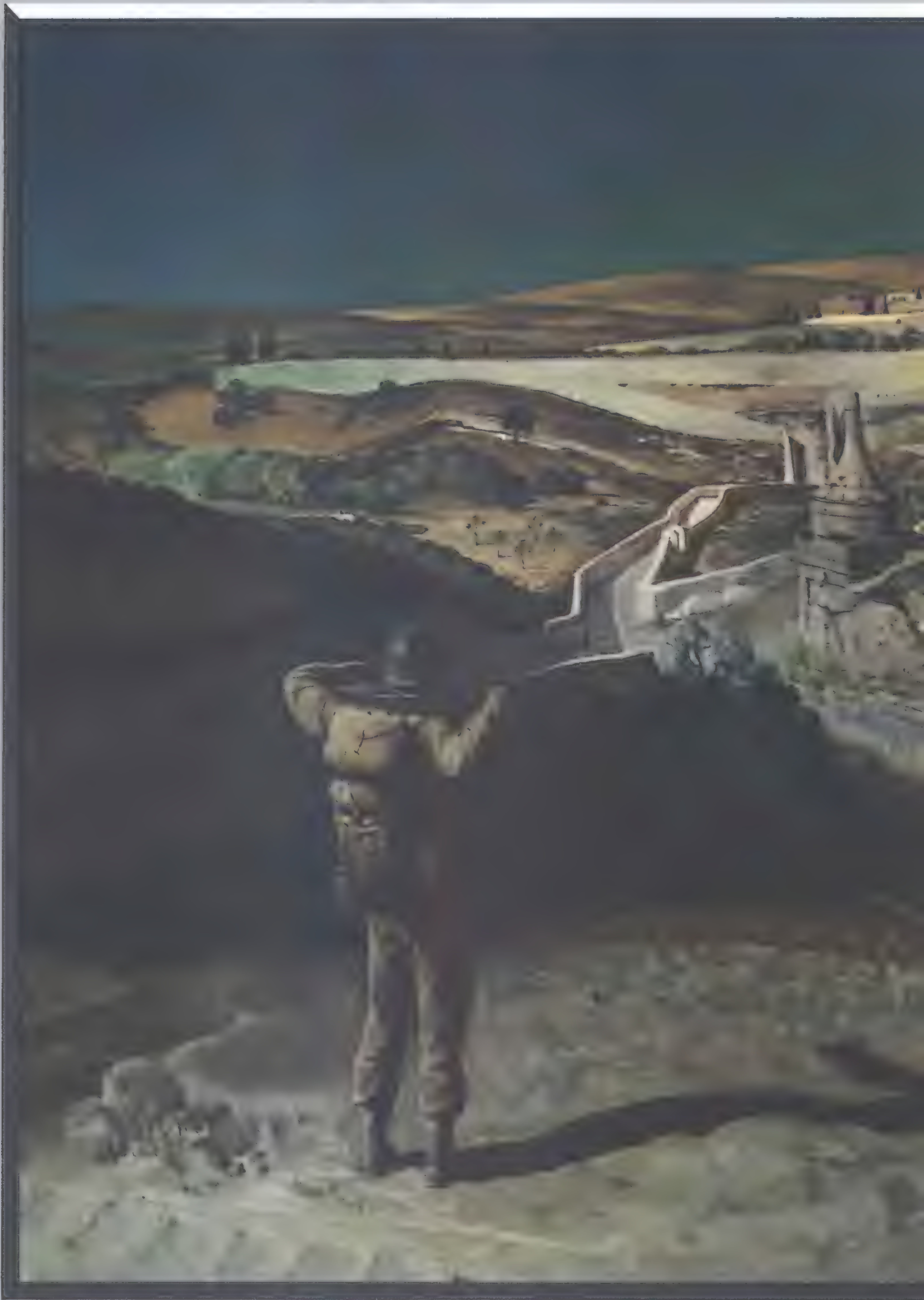
“He was a good guy. He wanted everybody to be on the square and give his neighbor a decent break. I guess maybe that’s really what we’re fighting for, why I’m here. This is where it started. Maybe He walked right in these hills one night, thinking those kind of thoughts. What a long way it is from Centreville to here, and yet back home we’ve never forgotten those thoughts He had and the words He spoke. That’s what they taught us to live by, and I guess if you learn to live by something you’ll fight and, if you have to, die for it too. . . .

“He had enemies in those days too, all the guys who weren’t on the level, but full of pride and power. Funny, how it’s the same guys who are His enemies today. You got to be on one side or the other. The guys we’re fighting are against everything He stood for. All He wanted of folks was to be decent and act decent towards one another; for the strong to look after the weak, not to rob, or cheat, or get puffed up with money or power. . . .

“The guys we’re fighting say He was all wrong, that the strong were meant to steal from the weak and persecute and torture them, and that’s what they’re going to do. I guess that just about puts us in His army, and on His side. . . .

• • •

“I wish I was home tonight, with Mom and Pop and Sis and Jimmy and Mary, but maybe I’m glad I can be here, too. There’ll be a lot of my kind of Christmasses again, after we’ve won. And when I’m there with . . . Mary, and maybe my own kids, I guess maybe I’ll understand a whole lot more, what it means, because of my being here tonight. I don’t guess I’ll ever forget being here on Christmas Eve looking at it just the way it was when Christ lived here, and came and walked at night and thought His thoughts about us, and living together with other men, and how we ought to be . . . square and decent towards one another . . .”



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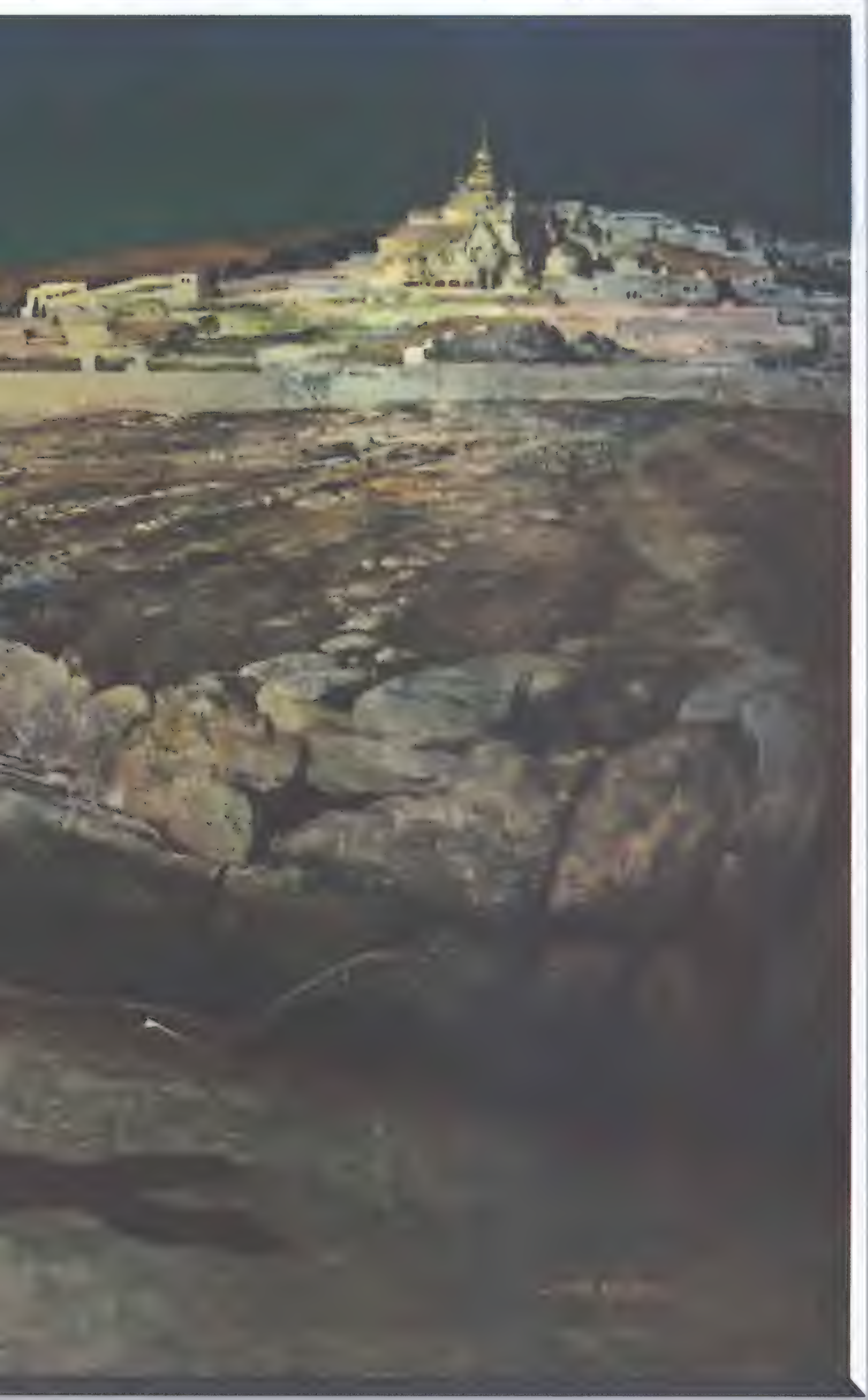
IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD,



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1943 *by John Falter*

Goldwyn's
CONSTANCE DOWLING
Hurrell Photograph

A Mad Soldier Slept

Langley had always kept free of the women in San Francisco since it was for women that soldiers went AWOL

by **JOSEPH SHORE**

FICTION

THE first guard relief woke Langley up for duty. The week's biggest bunch of soldiers, filled with booze from San Francisco saloons, waited on the pier. Saturday nights the second relief pulled most of the work on the garrison boat that took the soldiers to town. Langley wondered how much trouble the drunks were going to give him.

The soldiers staggered, stumbled, crept, and were hauled up the gangplank. Every soldier sober enough to find the right steps guided a less clear-minded buddy. Every two soldiers strong enough to walk upright dragged a third, whose spirit still hovered over a bar on Market Street.

Langley cajoled and browbeat the soldiers into going to the back cabin. Two offered to fight him, while one stationed himself in front of the officers' cabin and ate peanuts like a thresher, strewing shells all over the deck. Langley ordered him below. As soon as the peanut eater's buddies translated the order for him, he too disappeared below.

As the starting whistle blew an MP ran a prisoner up the gangplank. The MP was a tall, pink-faced kid with a six-shooter in his holster. He seemed lost and begged Langley to give him instructions.

"Take the prisoner down the hold," advised Langley. "I'll come down as soon as the boat starts and tell you what to do."

Rounding out one beat, Langley came down to the rear cabin, where he found the MP and the prisoner in a corner. A tight knot of soldiers watched the MP demonstrating the wonders of his six-shooter. "Out in the desert that's all we use—revolvers. Not automatics like they use here."

Langley and the MP compared the mechanisms of the revolver and the automatic pistol. Then the MP drew Langley aside and came to his point.

"Think you could tell me what sentence this guy can expect? I got him out in the desert. AWOL seven months. He seems like a good guy. There was a girl, you know . . . Maybe if I say a few words for him it'll help. . . ."

Looking at the tall MP's pink, hairless face, Langley did not wonder that the prisoner had been able to convince him that he was a good guy. Well, maybe he was a good guy. His reason for going off had not been different from that of other good guys in the guard house.

"Yes, I think it might help if you put in a good word for him," Langley agreed. "Here's how it is: it all depends on whether a guy was caught or gave himself up. I had a couple of prisoners out on the garbage truck detail a few days ago. One went off for eight months, but he turned himself in. All he got was six months. The other was caught after three days, traveling in the wrong direction. He got a couple of years. Of course, he had a few other counts, but that's what weighed most, that they caught him. . . ."

The young MP looked at Langley miserably.

"Well, this guy, see, he gave himself up. That's what I'm going to tell them! He gave himself up! Where's the officer I tell that to?"

Langley looked him over quizzically. Yet, who was he to throw cold water on the kid's desire to make it easy for the man he'd been sent to catch? He only hoped the kid wouldn't perjure himself.

The prisoner, a small, blond young fellow, looked at him diffidently. His eyes were not yet empty of the dream that had led him AWOL.

Langley spoke to the MP. "Turn him over to the Officer of the Day on the Island. When you hand him the papers, tell him what you told me. Tell him the prisoner gave himself up. Talk fast and plenty, because the OD is a busy man."

"Thanks," whispered the MP, staring at Langley with moist, disconsolate eyes.

"Thanks," echoed the prisoner.

At the Island pier, Langley got off for a minute with the MP and the prisoner, and reported to the OD. He watched the kid wind himself up for his tale of how the prisoner had given himself up after all. He wished he had time to watch the OD's face when he heard this fantastic angle.

The night had not deepened to black. A metallic moon threw the sun's rays back to the earth's dark side, so that the bay waters seemed drained only of the sunset's yellows and reds. The cut water swelled away from the boat's prow gently.

As the boat was passing Alcatraz, Langley peered through the glass into the civilians' cabin, where the girls returning from the sergeants' dance laughed and told each other tales.

The city of San Francisco lay before him like a stunned crab, forever amazed that its weak body possessed the magnificent claws of its two superb bridges. A city settled by the saintly Padré Junípero Serra, father of the California Missions. A cosmopolitan city that felt more like Cherbourg or Riga than anything American, but whose buildings looked like Brooklyn. A coddled city, on which authors had bestowed a romantic past. A live, a wind-swept city with abundant sunshine, which inspired landscape architects had velveted with green. A feminine city.

The fish-perfumed breeze glued a dank kiss on Langley's lips. A gust of wind tugged at his sleeves and collar.

Someone opened a window in the civilians' cabin. The girls' laughter reached through Langley into the furthest nerves of his body.

"God," thought Langley, "it would be awful to be forbidden to see this city. Not to hear the laughter of women! There is nothing I want in Frisco. No woman waits for me when I come in on a pass. But not to be able to go there! The men lose their heads sometimes and go AWOL over women. But I leave women alone. It is hard, but I leave them alone!"

Men in olive drab left the ship on the San Francisco side and men in olive drab made the trip back to the Island. Langley herded them into the rear cabin and lined them up in single files as they got off. And he shook them out of drunken stupor when they failed to hear the docking bell. Between rounds he slept in the crew's quarters.

* * *

A few days later the Provost Sergeant called out three prisoners for Langley to "chase" on the incinerator detail. Two were old garrison prisoners, with only a few days left to serve. The third was the small, blond charge of the Arizona MP—Private Derain.

Langley "chased" the men along the road skirting the mountain side, till they reached the trail leading off to Stone Point. The prisoners plunged down the path, Langley sliding and hopping behind them, the weight of his shotgun making an obstacle race of his descent.

Gasping and exhilarated, they all stopped before the incinerator. The old prisoners began to prod the pile of paper and garbage, shaping it up for the firing.

"Well, what's your sentence,

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AMERICAN BEAUTIES, WESTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Constance Dowling

CONSTANCE DOWLING'S career as an actress has leaped and bumped from a walk-on part in *Quiet City* to a walk-off part in not-so-quiet Hollywood. The walk-off: the romantic feminine lead in Samuel Goldwyn's new musical, *Up in Arms*. Being both romantic and feminine, as any fool can plainly see, Miss Dowling bids fair to walk off with at least an armload of the honors in this Danny Kaye-ism. Actually, she started this acting business when she convinced her parents that her late hours were due to a night job as telephone operator; a good act, for it was a year before they got her number please and yanked her bodily out of the chorus line at the Paradise on Broadway. Still determined, she went from usherette at the Belasco to first-name terms with the big fry of the theatre to walk-on parts in the legits to a collection of *bravos* on newsprint to a Horace Greeley with Mr. Goldwyn. And all in four years, which brings her up-to-date and farther west than she's ever been before. (Yonkers was an earlier outpost.)

She has a passion for gold bracelets, exotic food, the samba, Shocking perfume and Spencer Tracy. She says, "I like a man who's daring, intelligent, understanding and who has a strictly non-malicious sense of humor. When I call for daring in a man I don't mean that he should try to kiss me ten minutes after the how-do-you-do's. My kind of daring is in standing by your convictions no matter what six-figure-salaried big-wig frowns on you."

On her scratch list are the perennial juvenile, and the man with a one-track mind. "But after all," she says, "what's the use of trying to make up rules on men? They're all fascinating, every one different. And what's a bad trait in one is a charm in another."

And that, ye philosophers of the punch-bowl, is why this part-Russian, part-Irish settee sylph says, "I like variety."

Vital Statistics: *Height:* 5 feet 5 inches; *Weight:* 112; *Bust:* 34; *Waist:* 23½; *Hips:* 34; *Thigh:* 29¾; *Knee:* 13; *Calf:* 12½; *Ankle:* 7⅛; *Birthday:* July 24; *Hometown:* New York City; *Hobbies:* dancing, art-collecting, walking.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRELL

Marriage Is a Partnership

Tired attorney finds the trouble is not that men don't understand their wives but the wives don't understand marriage

by ANONYMOUS

• ARTICLE •

I am a lawyer. In fact, I'm a lawyer "of good repute," which means that I make over 12,000 dollars a year and never make political speeches for "radical" candidates. In my youth I dreamed of out-talking William Jennings Bryan; I defended Leopold and Loeb fifty times, each time more brilliant than the last. But the dream came home to roost as anticlimactically as the world champ carrier pigeon who took off grandly for the national cross country but came limping home the same night asking for aspirin and an ice pack. Not dramatic murder trials, but divorce cases, are paying my bar bill this month, as before.

The routine is as familiar as the letters my son writes from college about his allowance. A woman, very often sent to me by a personal friend who told her I would "help her out," comes to my office. She is apt to be grimly cheerful at the beginning, but will work herself into sobs by the time she's finished her story. Sometimes she is vengeful, sometimes long-suffering, but whatever her attitude towards what divorce will get her out of, or into, she has always "had all she can stand."

All she can stand of marriage, of course, but according to her story, of her husband, for almost every female candidate for a divorce thinks marriage is dandy—with anyone else but her husband. I have seen client after client shake her skirts of all those things which allegedly made her miserable, and within the year get married again, expecting from this second union exactly those things she had failed to find in the first. She rarely realizes that the trouble might lie in the nature of marriage, rather than in the nature of the beast she married. And as for women sincerely believing that the fault lay with them—I've handled divorce cases for twenty years and I'm still carrying the lantern.

Admitting it for strategic purposes—yes. A woman will admit anything if by so doing she achieves what she wants. When it's the husband who asks for the divorce, the woman often says, "It was all my fault. I know better now." But if, despite tears and promises, the divorce goes through, she rationalizes around to the point where she has been suffering and "putting up" with this and that for years; by the time the case comes up, she will be glued to the martyr's seat, looking appropriate.

Whether it's her fault or his, or just the high altitude, the basic reason for feminine discontent in marriage is not the man, but marriage itself. She really didn't know what marriage was, so when the universe folded up like a picnic cup she looked around frantically and pointed at the only other human being on the scene—her husband.

Well, what *is* marriage you ask, blowing the head off your stein of lager. In its simplest terms, marriage is a legal way for a man and woman to live together. It has the advantage that people don't ask questions and you're apt to get an occasional good home-cooked meal out of it, besides.

The bride-to-be has some very definite ideas about marriage, gleaned from the over-female short stories written by women for women's magazines; from the hide bound superstitions and ivory-castle thinking handed down faithfully, somewhat like a bad recipe for scrambled eggs, from mother to daughter; fostered by the moving pictures and the gentlemen of the fourth estate who know better but make a profession of telling people what they want to hear. The Man is always a "swell-fellow." He is generous and jealous and he "doesn't like to see her with the wrong kind of people." She realizes that it is her duty to be "attractive"; to her girl friend she says "seductive," and talks about black chiffon nighties for, although she looks much better in white, someone has told her "what men like." She assumes that He will turn his paycheck over to her every week because "women are more practical than men." She is conscious of her superior intuition and of her virtue. She believes women are long-suffering, and admires their nobility. Of course, she confides to her father and mother, who believe "Harry is really getting a good wife," that she will soon get Harry to change his job. He isn't going to stay in that dirty machine shop very long. He is going to "get somewhere in the world."

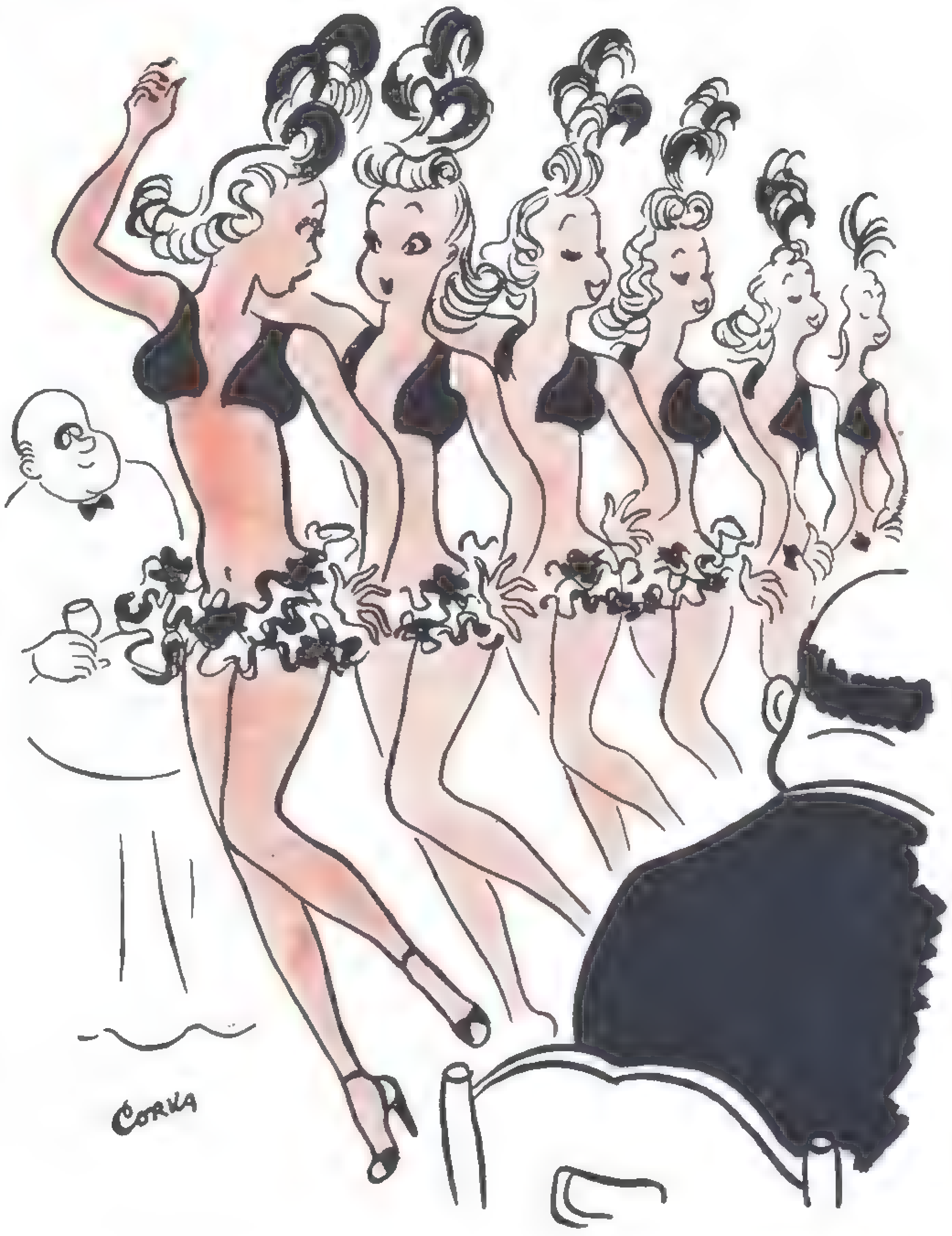
Perhaps I make her sound silly, but can she help it? These are ideas she reads, hears, grows up with. They are a kind of sexual folklore. What will she and her fiancé get out of marriage? Why, she would answer with amazement, they will be "happy."

He, on the other hand, has very few ideas about marriage and they are all moored to a cloud bank. He thinks she is pretty and sweet and a swell kid though determined as hell when she wants to be, her mother is that way, but "she'll get over it when we're married and settled down." He could think of two or three functions he expects his wife to perform, some of them more vivid to him than others. But he says little about the matter for he has been reared in the native American tradition that men are taciturn and inarticulate.

So far so good. But divorce hops onto a broomstick and starts hovering overhead about the time the wife says that "marriage is a partnership."

Marriage is *not* a partnership. It is a legal contract between two persons governed not by their individual whims but by a definite system of rights, privileges, powers, immunities for each party and correlative duties, absences of right, liabilities and disabilities. In other words, each person has to deliver a certain amount of goods but there's nothing even-Steven about it. Almost any woman understands that marriage does not bind her to support the family, but otherwise she believes "everything is fifty-fifty and any two people with reasonable intelligence can, if they work at it, make a go of their marriage." While she is waiting for compliments on her liberal thinking, he simply smiles and backs into that naïve masculine belief that "everything will be all right," thus avoiding thinking at all.

The law of domestic relations



"He used to sigh and say, 'If you could only cook'!—and now he moans, 'If you could only type!'"

which, in the making of marriages, usually has to pinch-hit for Heaven, was founded in the Middle Ages. In those days male and female serfs and villeins consorted happily together without any legalization of their marriage. The law sanctified any union; in fact, it regarded serfs with indifference because unlike freemen, they had no civil or political rights, and no real property in which the State would be concerned. Of course, the Church was establishing its practices in marital affairs at this time, but in the history of the legal marriage contract, that is a side issue.

As far as the State was concerned, matrimony was an institution for the convenience of the male. It was a system whereby a man's legitimate heirs were recognized and his property handed down. The ownership of land was particularly important because it was only through owning land that a man enjoyed "rights"; therefore by lining up a man's legal heirs the marriage laws were closely connected with real property law. Adultery was an offense against the State not because it was a sin but because it corrupted the line of descent with non-union heirs. Only women adulterers were punished—as a matter of fact the attitude that what a man does is nobody's business has not entirely died out, though nowadays adultery by either party is grounds for divorce.

A man "took unto himself a wife"—and that phrase really meant what it said. He did not enter into a partnership; he entered into an agreement with a woman whereby she performed certain duties and he performed others. All property was his. His authority over the children was superior to hers and whatever happened, he had a right to their custody. He also had custody of the family purse. He was liable to punishment for any of his wife's wrongdoings but he also had the right to punish her; in fact the exact dimensions of the stick he could use were established by law.

Common law has changed, though the beautiful adequacy of wife beating has not. Whenever common law fails to handle a situation statutes are passed to modify it—for example, divorce is controlled entirely by statute. Twentieth century marriage laws differ greatly from the medieval laws which ranked women with chattels—somewhat higher than the scullery utensils but well below a man's horse.

But they have not changed as much as you might think. Legally the man is still head of the house; he has the right to choose the domicile; the right to determine what education shall be given the children (subject to state statutes on school attendance); the right to the services of his wife and of the children until they are of age; the right to control the expenditure of his money, subject to his obligation to maintain the home; the right to custody of the children in the event of divorce provided that he is not shown to be unfit; and various other rights too often classed with the theory that vaccine made from cow's blood will make a man grow horns and moo.

The wife is under no obligation to support her husband or the children during his lifetime. She is not required to take in sewing or become a welder when they are having a hard time of it. If he is unable to support the family, he has breached the contract and she is entitled to sever the relationship. If she does, he must support the children; even if he is relieved of his obligation to support her by showing in court that she is guilty of wrongdoing, he must *still* support the children. There is no hell hot enough nor water high enough to relieve him of that duty.

On her part, she is legally bound to make a home for him—*wherever he wants that home to be.* She must perform her so-called conjugal duties, though her manner of doing it doesn't have to be satisfactory to him if it is satisfactory in the eyes of the law. If she locks him out of the bedroom he has a legal right to sue her, but very few husbands in this country have ever been man enough to do it. And in some states, such action is prohibited.

Does this make marriage a "partnership"? Certainly not. Stripped of moonlight and roses, marriage is simply a legal agreement—if you don't like the terms, you don't have to sign the papers. A man and woman don't enter marriage alone; right behind them, a third party to the whole business from the first wink to the last sob, is the great hulking quantity of the State. The marriage contract cannot be entered into without the State's consent. Even in common law marriages, the State is there to say yeah or nay. Nor can marriage be dissolved without permission of the State. This ever-present Third Party never refers to "happiness," never considers marriage a "partnership," never dallies in dreams or "ideals." The

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"It was love at first sight—and then he put on his glasses!"

Fehme, Fortune and Death

In *The Thousand Year Conspiracy*, Paul Winkler exposes the century-old plot of the Junkers to demoralize Germany

by ROBERT W. MARKS

ARTICLE

It is fashionable these days to ask, "What's wrong with Germany?" and to make proposals for the eventual disposition of the German people, the way Dean Swift once made his "Modest Proposal" for the solution of the population problem of Ireland. "I have been assured by a very knowing American . . ." Swift wrote, "that a young, healthy child well-nursed is at a year old a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or broiled; and I have no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee or ragout."

Although far from the conclusions of this school of socio-economic thought, cosmopolitan Paul Winkler, journalist extraordinary, tycoon publisher, and author of a significant work, *The Thousand Year Conspiracy*, has made a trenchant contribution to an understanding and solution of the age-old problem of Germany.

"Hon. old adage cockeyed—Lightnings strike more than once in same place!"

Winkler discloses the sensational fact that behind the bombast and fustian of Nazi pronouncements lies a sinister plot which has been smoldering for centuries. The plot is one of a small group of robber barons and their Prusso-Teutonic descendants for world domination. Sword and fagot and rope; Bismarck, the Hohenzollerns, and Hitler—all have been successive tools in their hands. Aided by a secret punitive arm, the *Fehme*—which was and is a kind of sauerkraut version of the Ku Klux Klan—these conspirators have ruthlessly assassinated or cowed every German who stood in their way.

Unless we understand the true nature of this fact, Winkler argues, we will never cope successfully with the Teutonic menace. For just as the former Kaiser was a figure-head, to be swiftly disposed of, once his usefulness was at an end, so will Hitler and the Nazi gang go.

The Allies thought they had disposed of the German problem once the monarchy was destroyed; once a "democratic" republic was set up. This, holds Winkler, was a tragic delusion. The long arm of the Fehme began to strike again. One by one, the leading German democrats were bumped off.

The Fehme terrorized Germany during the Middle Ages. When Germany became a republic, it again sprang to life. "The warlike atmosphere dear to the Teutonic Knights," Winkler holds, "was equally desirable to heavy industry, the logical supplier of munitions." He finds it curious that an alliance exists today between "the present-day Junkers and the heads of Westphalian heavy industry: these two groups are present-day descendants of men who participated in the two German institutions whose traditions most directly oppose Western civilization, the Teutonic Order and the Fehme."

The principal aim of the Fehme terror was to liquidate, one by one, the leaders of the young German Republic.

A variety of small, apparently innocent organizations, Winkler argues, became executors for the restored Fehme. "Through their good offices, hundreds of democratic leaders were put to death." But in the democratic nations outside Germany, "no attention was paid to these murders because they were considered a German 'internal affair'!"

Two main organizations supervised the assassinations, the *"C" Organisation (Consul)*, and the *Rossbach Organisation*. Responsible to them were hundreds of smaller groups, many masquerading as athletic, social or professional clubs. Key assassination groups included such names as German Wrestling Bund, German National Lawyers' Bund, Bund for a Better Life, German Society for Rural Relief and Local Care, German National Youth Bund, General German People's Turnverein, Society of Friends of German Art, Bund for German Public Teachers, and so on.

During the three and a half years which followed the "appeasement" of the Allies by the "sacrifice" of the Kaiser, some 354 democratic leaders were known to have been murdered by the Fehme. One of the first of these was Rathenau. The assassinations went on with monotonous regularity; and in only two of the 354 was any punishment handed out to the assassins.

The cynicism with which the Fehme murders were conducted is reminiscent of Southern law as applied to the members of a lynch mob. Take the case of Count Arco, who assassinated Eisner, leader of the Bavarian Left, was one of the two men in the whole list of Fehme crimes to be given a sentence.

Convicted by a court in January, 1920, of the murder of Eisner, the count was sentenced to death. This was quickly commuted to life imprisonment. The "life" term was interpreted as meaning light work on a farm near the prison. Four years later, he was not only set free, but appointed director of the *Sueddeutsche Lufthansa*, one of the Reich's major aviation companies.

The men assigned to carry out the Fehme murders were in almost all cases army or navy officers or former officers. The kill itself was considered a privilege—something reserved for a lineal descendant of the ancient Knights of the Order. The C Organisation consisted chiefly of naval officers; the Rossbach Organisation, founded in December, 1918, by Lieutenant Gerhard Rossbach, was an army affair. The C Organisation concentrated on the liquidation of major political figures; Rossbach took lesser lights, and formulated blueprints for Germany's secret re-arming.

With brilliant sleuthing, Winkler has uncovered Junkerdom's plot, traced its wayfarings, and sounded a solemn warning. The warning is this: Good People of the Peace Table: Don't think you have wiped out the menace of Prussia when you have wiped out the Nazis. Once before, and as uselessly, you expunged another front, the Hohenzollerns. The Prusso-Teutonic corps is like an iceberg—only a fraction of it is visible; and until you have destroyed it all, you have destroyed nothing of its menace.

* * *

Winkler, as the earlier paragraphs have implied, is a remarkable fellow. He started his career as a French-Czech-Hungarian polyethnic, polyglot biologist; he hit his stride as the largest newspaper syndicate operator in all Europe, and the second largest magazine publisher in France; he is now an American author-publisher-entrepreneur-syndicatist.

He became a journalist, he argues, because he felt like an art dealer who awoke one morning to find his living room looking like the Flea Market. "Since I had no inclination and no gifts for politics and had no other course of action open, the only way of preparing to clean up this mess—the world mess—was to write about it."

A man of high-octane dynamism, he plunged whole hog into

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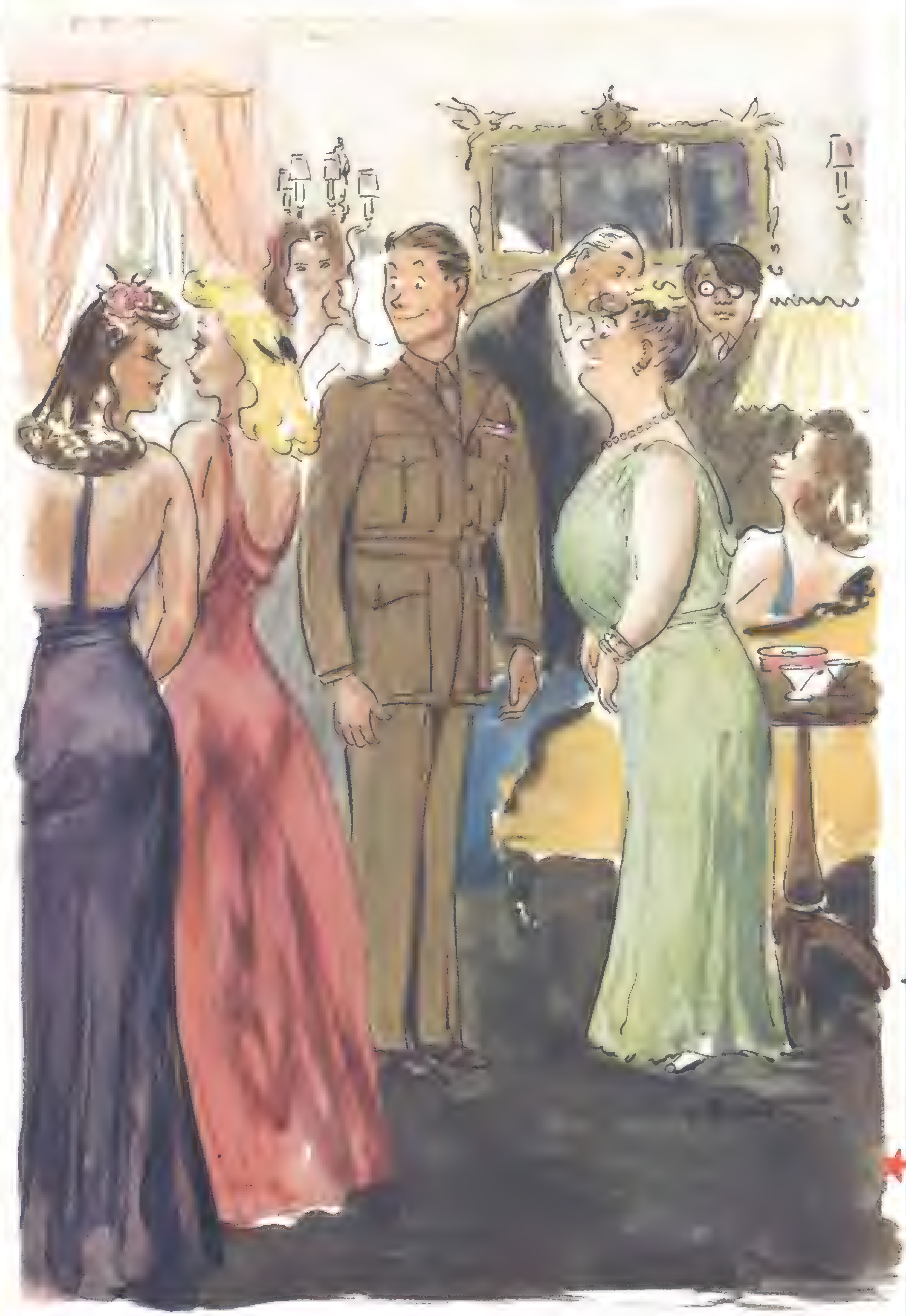
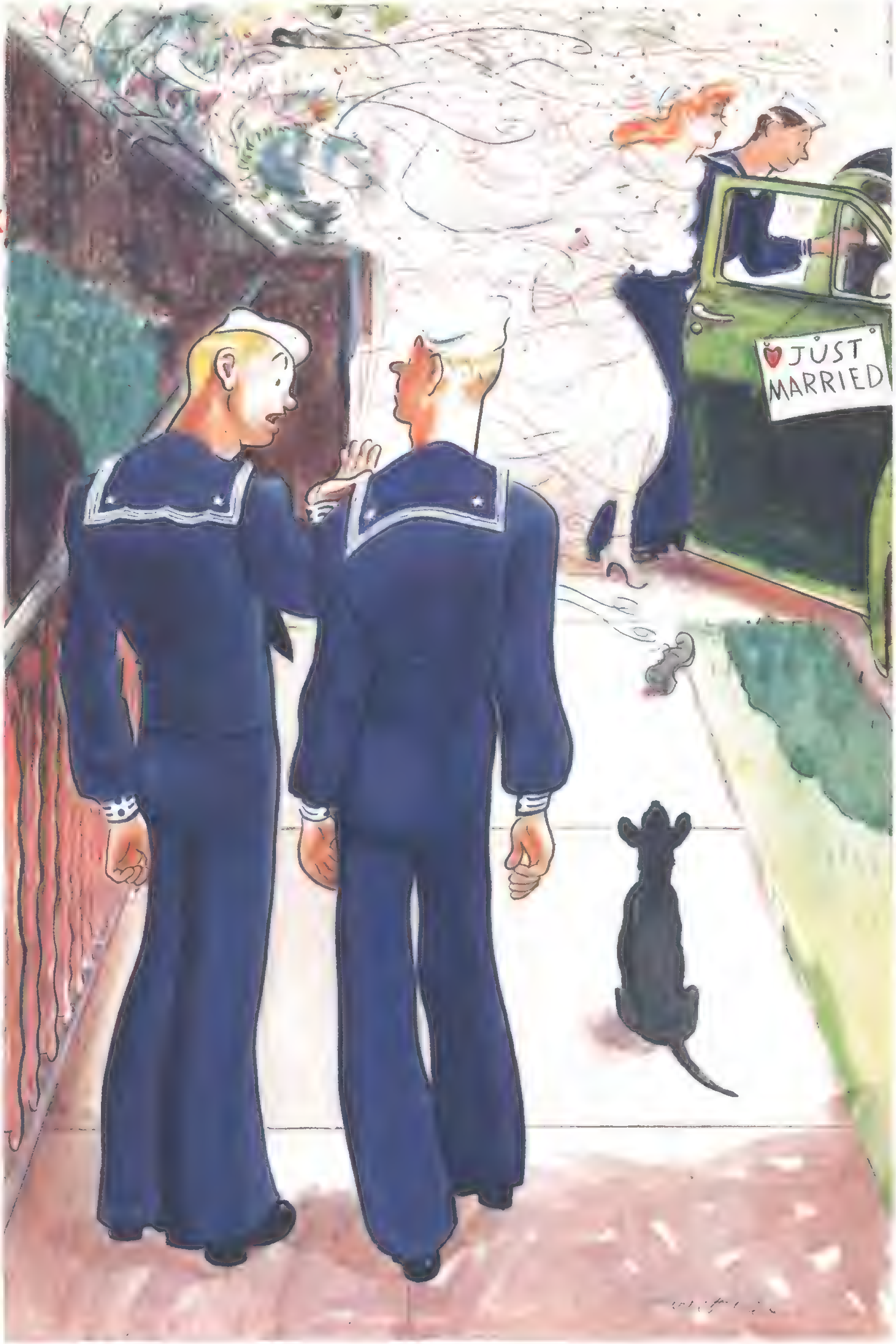
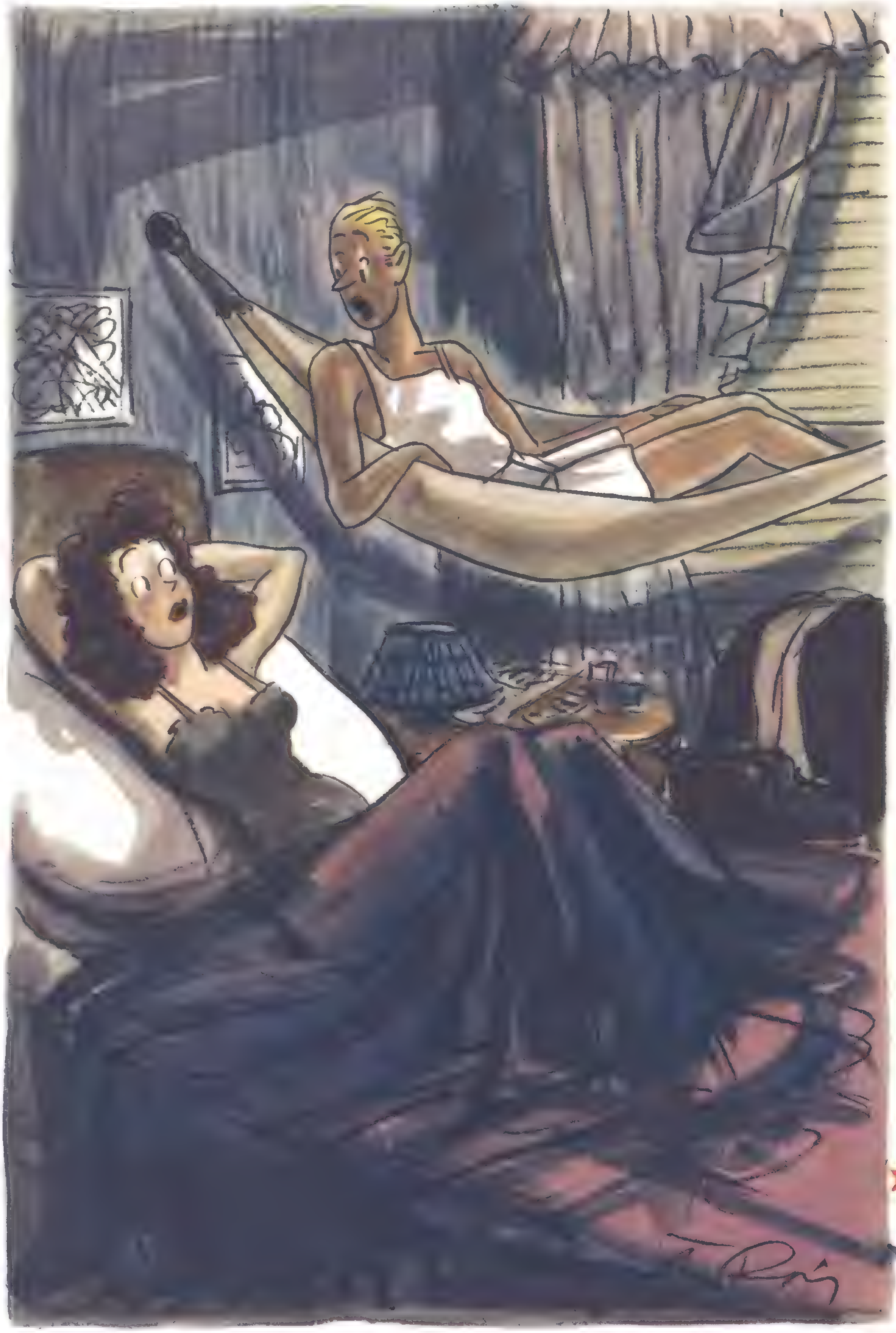


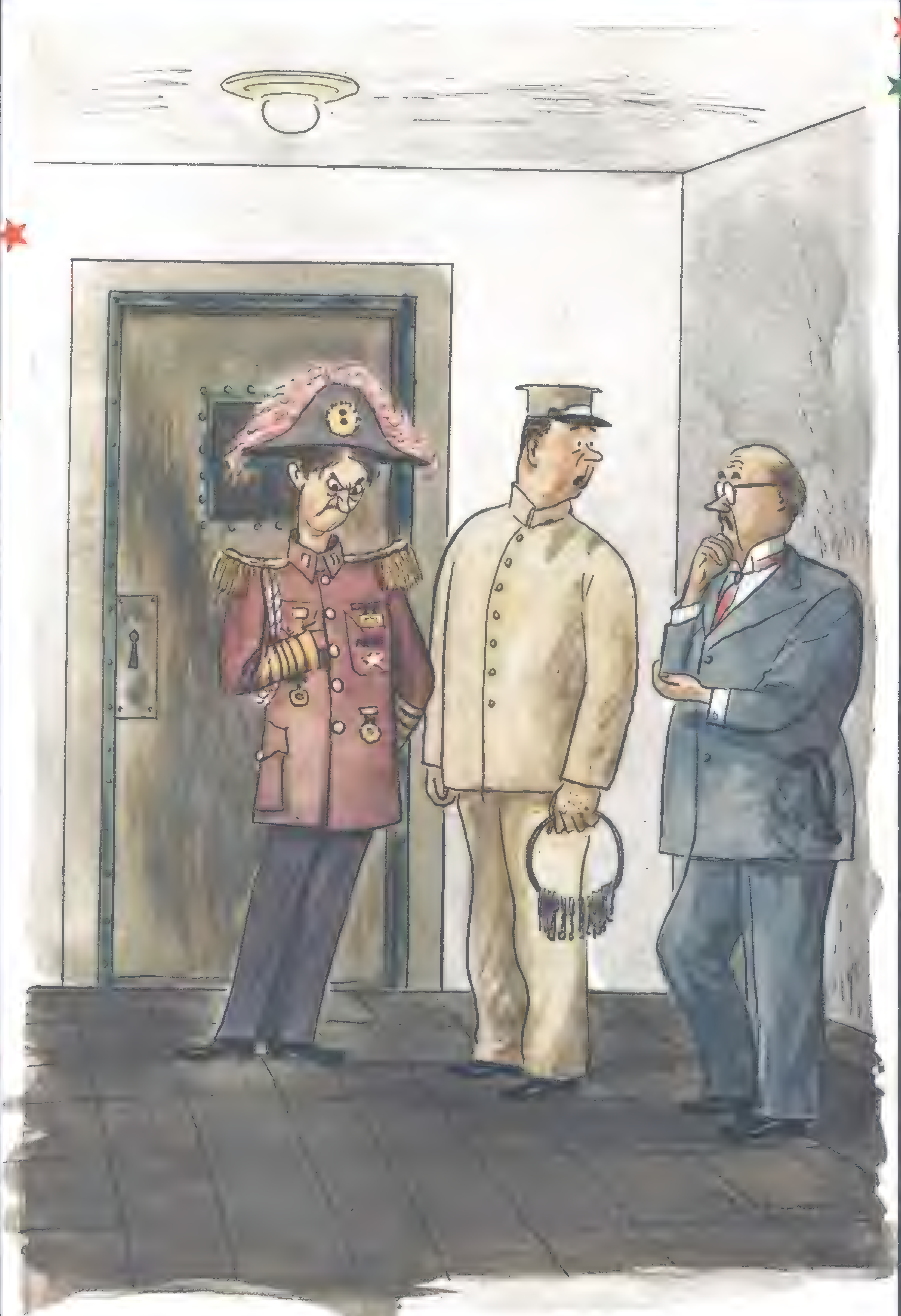
"This must seem pretty dull to you after Tunisia, Captain"


JUST MARRIED

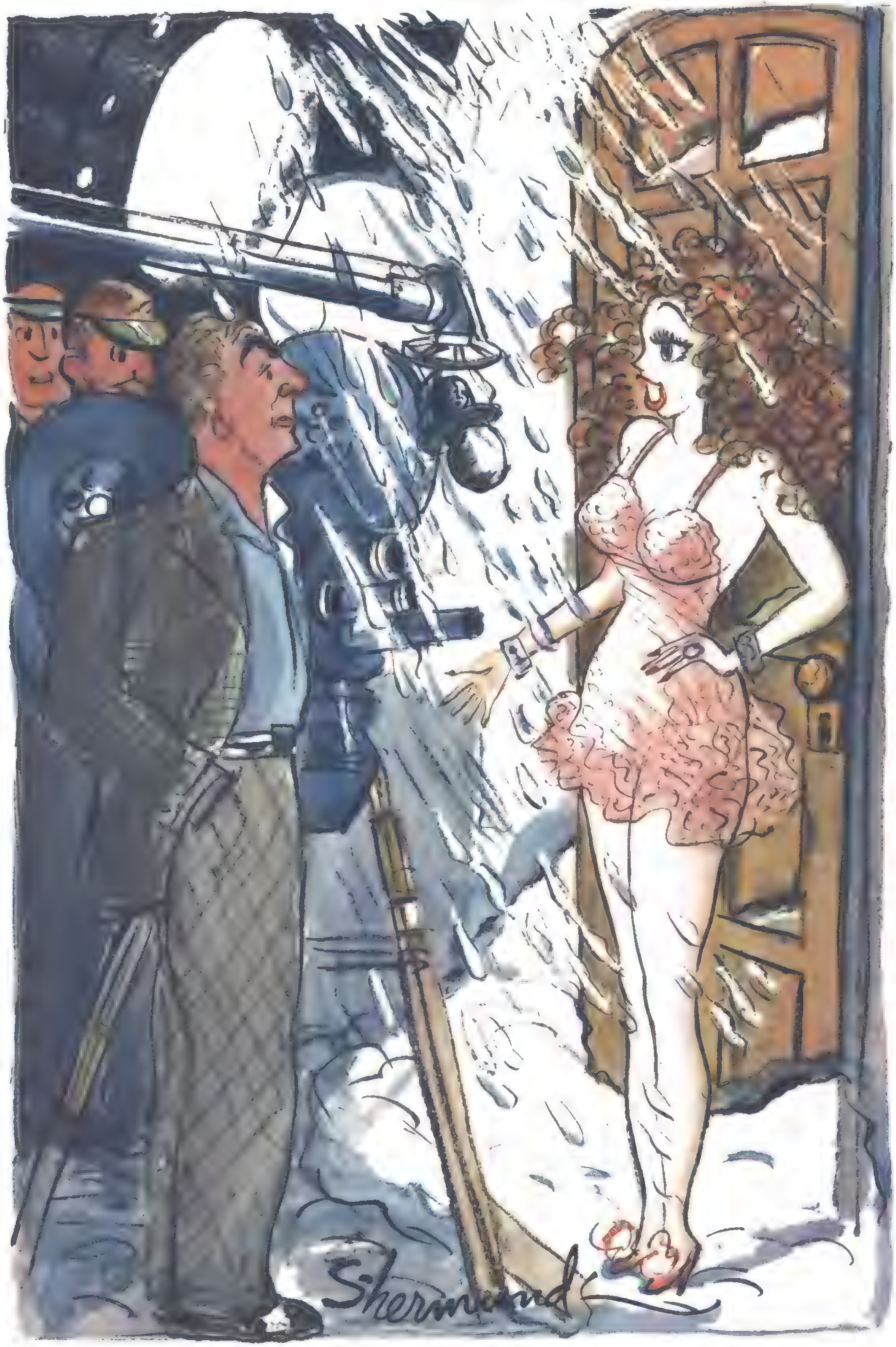
"Oh, well—if you wanna go to extremes, getting a girl is easy"



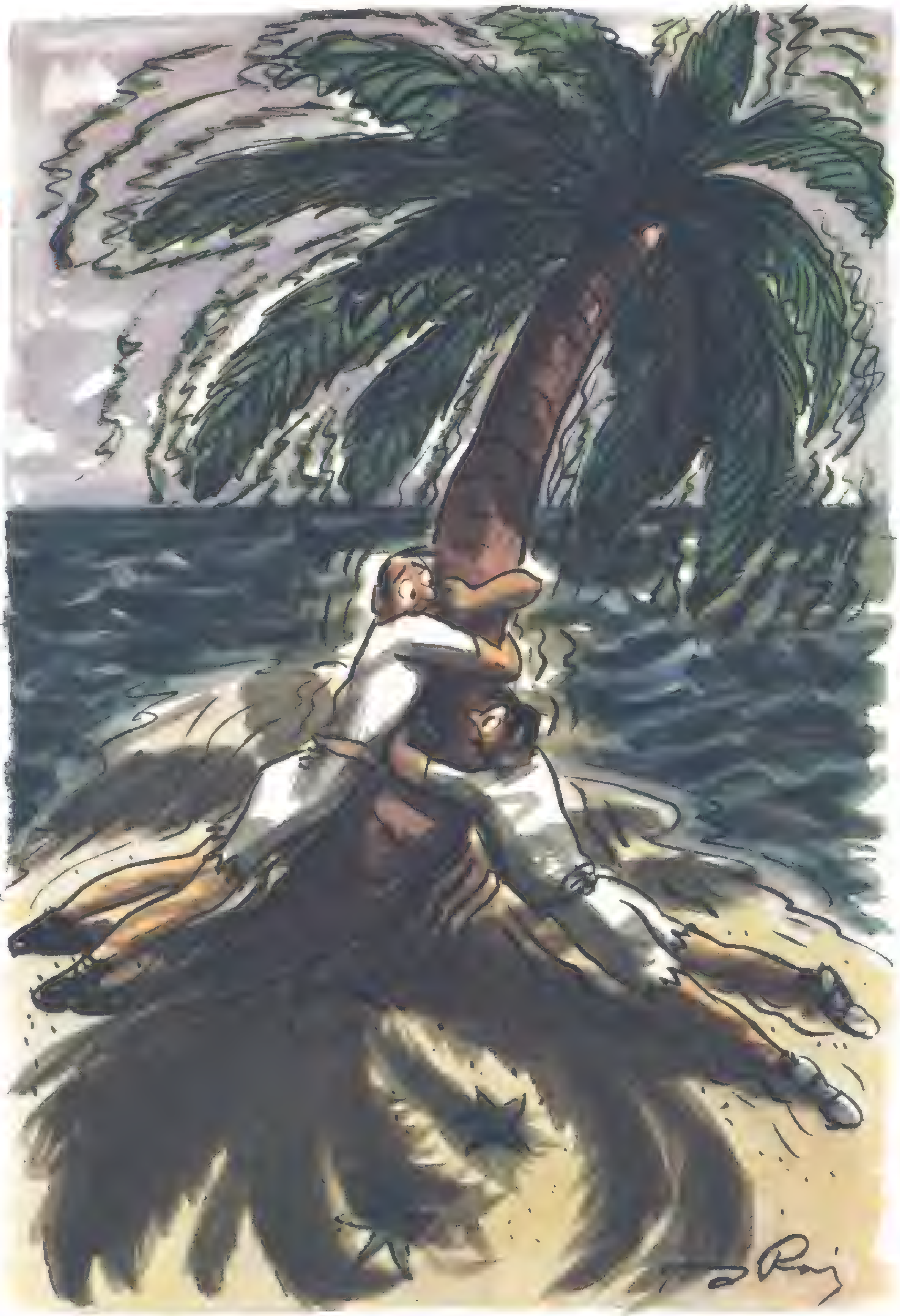
"No doubt in time I will learn to like beds again, wifey dear"



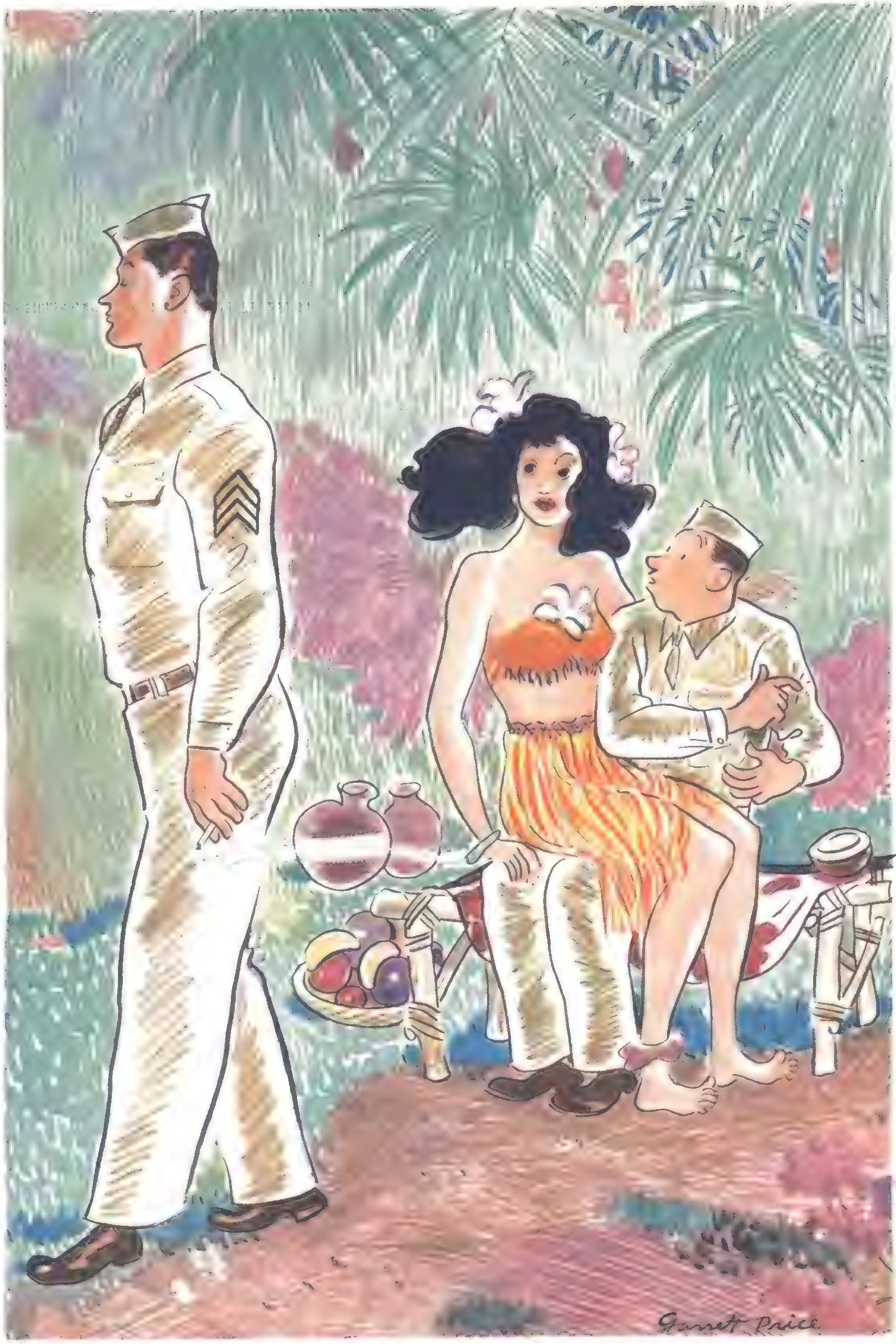
"Oliver is a new type—he thinks he is a cover on Time *Magazine"*



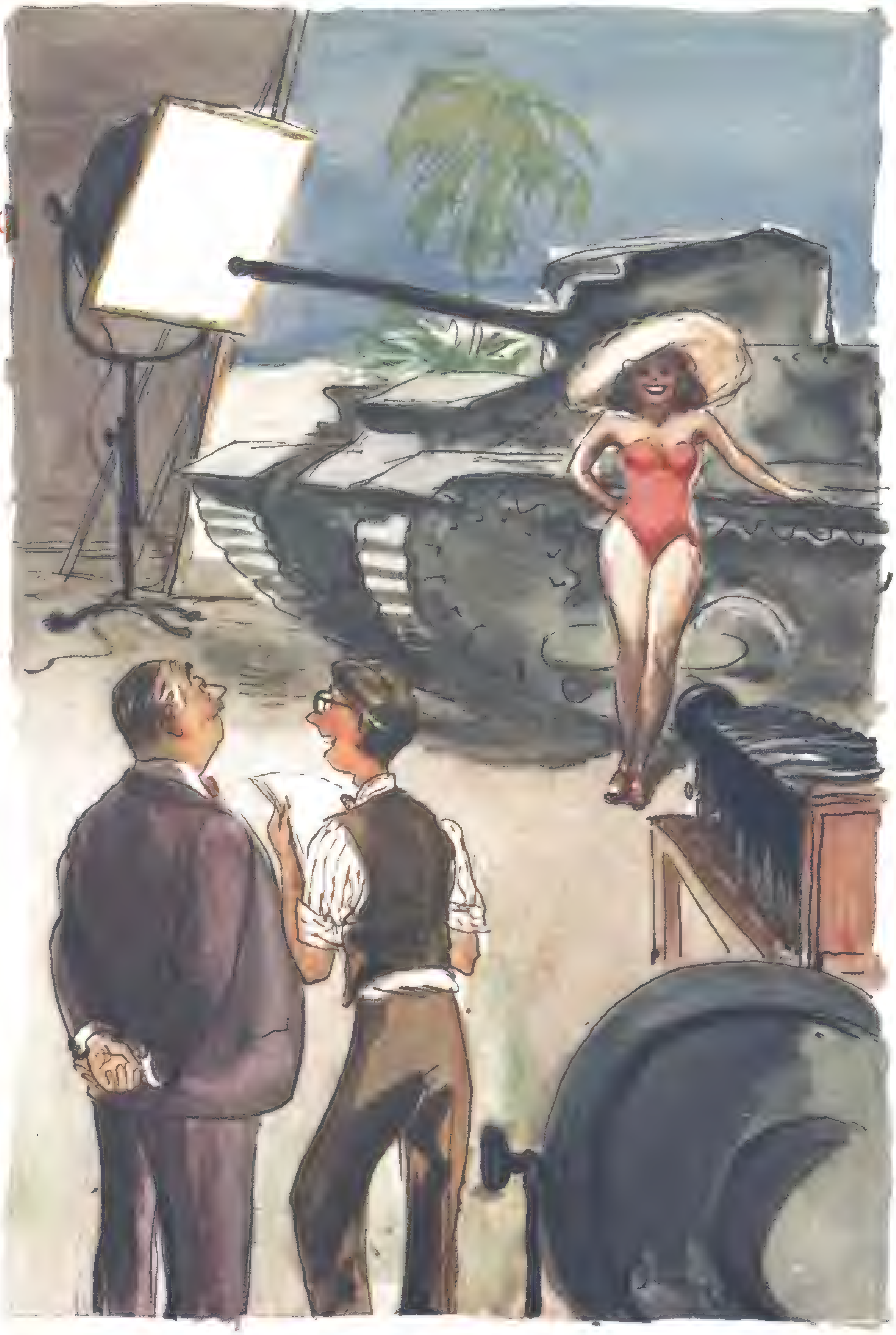
"I'm sorry, Mr. Maloney, but I just can't imagine any man putting me out"



"It's either an earthquake or my wife has found out about that girl in New York City"


Garrett Price

"Those stripes on his arm—why, they mean he's a married man"



"The copy tie-up is terrific, chief, get this—'Strong as our Army, strong as our tanks—Ace High Swim Suits for girls of our Yanks'"

The Education of Mutt

The cowboys had ridiculed the idea of using their favorite pet to hunt bear, especially that outlaw, Old Grayback

by JACK TOOKER

• SPORTS •

OLD GRAYBACK was one of the worst stock-killing grizzlies that ever roamed the foothills of the Rockies. He had rarely been seen, but his huge tracks found beside many cattle carcasses were unmistakable. As he grew older and was much hunted he became a man killer.

A prospector's body was found in a box canyon near Bixter Mountain. Beside the man's body was his empty rifle. The bloody tracks were those of Grayback. He had been wounded but the next spring, a cowboy hunting strays met him in Hell's Canyon where the bear had killed a cow. Spurs and a fast pony saved the rider's life.

That year in July two men left Williams, Arizona, carrying their blankets to go to Jerome to work in the copper mines. They met old Grayback and his mate. The men were poorly armed, but they managed to kill the female bear. Grayback killed one man and the other lived only long enough to tell what happened.

A combined reward which totaled more than a thousand dollars was offered for the grizzly.

Grayback was next seen on Bill Williams Mountain. Eighteen storekeepers and clerks from Williams turned bear hunters and, armed with about every kind of gun manufactured, left their respective homes and climbed the mountain.

God was kind to them. They didn't find the bear, but one of them was accidentally shot through the foot. That man now lives in San Diego, California.

Later, seventeen sheepmen went after old Grayback. One of them told me, "The few of us who did actually hunt, prayed we wouldn't find the bear, and we didn't."

Old Grayback always made good his escape in Sycamore Canyon. No pack of dogs had ever been able to stop and hold him long enough for the hunter to overtake them. Every bear hunter in the country with nerve enough to hunt grizzlies had made at least one attempt to get Grayback. I hunted him for almost a year in company with S. H. Johnson, the best bear hunter I ever knew. He had hunted stock-killing bear and lions for the Box Cross Cow outfit for many years.

That winter Bear Johnson retired from hunting, because of his age and defective eyesight. I had noticed that the old man had trouble finding his sights when shooting in dark timber or shaded spots. He knew better than any one that he would only need to miss a cornered grizzly once. He gave me his entire bear hunting equipment, which included three No. 6 grizzly bear traps. He also insisted that I get one or more small fox terriers to use on bear. He said fox terriers are game to the last breath and will hold a bear where larger dogs fail. I had a lot of respect for the old man's judgment, and ordered a dog.

When the terrier arrived, the children promptly named him Mutt. He was supposed to be grown, but he acted like a puppy and could get into more mischief than any dog I ever knew. He was forever chewing up stockings, gloves, socks and hats and digging up garden and flowers. His favorite pastime was to wallow in carrion and then roll on the dining room rug. But he was so affectionate that we always forgave and loved him.

I hoped that he would acquire some sense and develop into a grown-up dog before spring, when I took him to the ranch where he made the acquaintance of my pack of lion and bear dogs.

About this time, a friend gave me a large brindle dog of uncertain ancestry. His head and general build indicated a bulldog strain and his record as a killer of dogs also was a sign of that.

I dislike quarrelsome dogs in a pack, but the man insisted that he would tackle any animal and perhaps, some day, save my life. Against good judgment I took him. I named him Sontag, for a California bandit.

Red, my lead dog, was a big powerful hound, one-quarter Redbone and three-quarters Bloodhound. Red was a gentleman among dogs, and led Zane Grey's pack many times. Sontag let Red alone but whipped every other dog in the pack except Mutt, who stayed out of reach of the brindle bully.

A feud developed between Mutt and Sontag. Mutt did everything imaginable to tease the big brindle dog and could always dart through a crack in the fence to safety.

During the winter we killed several stock-killing lions. Mutt had a good nose and would often forge out ahead on a hot trail. When a lion took to a tree, Mutt would try desperately to climb after him. Sontag showed very poor trailing ability, but after all, he was a fighting dog.

I had, at the time, no orders for live lions and instead of roping and taking them alive, I shot them. Hence, there was no opportunity to judge the fighting spirit of Sontag and Mutt. They both, however, would wool and chew on the lion until I approached.

Mutt seemed all out of place as a bear dog. The cowboys ridiculed the thought of using a home dog on bear, especially on old Grayback. Mutt devoted so much of his time to teasing and tormenting the brindle bully that he forgot to play his usual tricks on the cowboys and became a special favorite with them.

Spring came and the Bar Cross sent word that Grayback was at his old tricks again.

This time he was making his kills in the Lonesome Pocket country where he could, with a short run, get over the rim into the Sycamore Canyon. It did not look too promising to me—then I thought of the brindle bull. I believed that Sontag would either stop the old grizzly or get killed trying.

Hunting stock-killing grizzlies was dangerous work, especially alone, so I offered to split the reward with any bear hunter who would go along, but it seemed that nobody had lost any stock.

There was no time to lose if we were to pick up the bear track at the kill just reported. So I took Curley Emmet to take care of the pack horses and Jim Hall, who wore glasses a quarter of an inch thick, to do the cooking. Curley had a 32 Special. Hall had a 35 Remington Rifle. They were both good shots but were not engaged to be in at the kill.

It was a motley pack of nine dogs that left Williams, Arizona, that spring morning. There were five hounds including Bill, Red, Skinner—a spotted southern coon hound, Blue—a blue-ticked Kentucky dog, slow but true, and Jake, a good old black and tan hound. Dan and Queen were Airedales and fighting fools. The last two were my newest additions—Sontag and Mutt.

The dogs had not been out for some time and wanted to forge out and hunt for any lion or bear tracks, but I wanted none but old Grayback's trail. We finally got them under control, all except Mutt. First he treed a squirrel,

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ANIMAL FARM
O'Malley

"He's sold and we gotta wrap him as a gift"

Where the Shoe Pinches

The rightful owner of these shoes, he reasoned, was a gay blade who drank a lot and who had a foreign name besides

by MANUEL KOMROFF

▪ FICTION ▪

If it hadn't been for this rationing business, Mark would never have admired that pair of shoes in front of Room 323. For shoes are just shoes. You buy them new and when they are old you throw them away. One thing you do not do. You do not steal shoes.

And Mark Fuller had never stolen anything in his life. Only those smart shoes that he saw in front of Room 323 seemed too much. They had been put out to be shined by the porter. At first glance they seemed good shoes. At second glance they seemed just about the right size. The third time he looked at them he really admired them. But it was not until the government announced that shoes were something rare that temptation grew into crime.

The theft took place at the stroke of midnight. He heard the bell from Bridgetown, eight miles away, faintly tolling as he unlocked the door of his room and crossed the hall in his socks.

Mark sat on his bed and examined the shoes carefully. They were perfect. "If they don't fit," he said to himself, "I can put them right back." He tried one on. His foot went in quite easily—a little snug but plenty long enough. Then he put on the other and stood up. Somehow or other he seemed taller and he breathed in deeply. He felt good.

In order to keep feeling good and to drive bad conscience away with a stick, Mark lit a cigarette and reasoned, "First of all, he's a bum. He drinks. Then he must have three or four pairs of shoes, all in good order. Then too, he can always get time off and drive into Bridgetown. He is a salesman for a tool company and he makes plenty in commissions. And the women just fall for him. Almost every night he buys them drinks at the Palace Bar. And twice a week he puts on his tuxedo and those soft silk pleated shirts. And those two handsome girls who were waiting for him in the hotel lobby last week, they were not Brookfield girls. They must have been from Bridgetown. They were a pair of fine-looking girls. Nothing cheap or common about them. All this and one thing more, he has a foreign name: Walter Schreiber." With this last bang he shut the door against swelling conscience and removing the shoes, got into bed.

Before he fell asleep he thought of his last outing. Four months ago it was, when he was forced to take a day off to go to Bridgetown to buy himself a warm overcoat and some heavy underwear. When this scene vanished he heard the metallic beat of the factory machines. This steady flow of sound was punctuated now and again by the noise of the emery grinder surfacing a piece of steel. He heard the noise but he did not see the shower of sparks. A few minutes before the alarm clock rang he was up. For a moment he had forgotten all about those fine shoes, but glancing down, he discovered them. He washed, shaved and dressed quickly.

The shoes made him feel quite different. He looked in the mirror. There he was, not bad looking. His face had a jolly ruggedness. But the tie was not right. He got out his newest suit and brightest tie.

When he came to the lunchroom for breakfast, Charlie, the waiter, remarked: "Looks like you're going to Bridgetown this fine spring morning."

"No."

"If you were going that way I could take you in the station wagon."

"Thanks. I'm due at the factory."

"Kind of dressed up for work."

He ate his breakfast and walked out to the bus station. The shoes made him feel taller and somehow more important. He was about ten minutes early. He walked leisurely and drank in the morning sun. Scent of spring earth filled his nostrils, but the sound of the factory echoed in his ears.

Suddenly he turned and went back to the lunchroom.

"What time are you going, Charlie?"

"Now. Changed your mind?"

"Sure. I better go along. Nice day and it's been four months since I've been off. A fellow needs a day off now and then."

"Bet your life. Let's go."

As they were driving along toward Bridgetown, Mark was very anxious to confess about the shoes. The thing was on his tongue at every moment.

Finally he could not help saying: "Did you ever steal anything, Charlie?"

"Oh, hell! Why bring that up?"

"The weather is so warm I'm reminded of the time I was a boy and stole some apples and ran home." All this was a lie. Mark had never stolen apples when he was a boy. "When a fellow takes something," he continued, "does he always remember it?"

"Oh, hell. He just forgets about it." Charlie shrugged it off.

"Completely?"

"Sure. You forget you stole it. Like the fellows who stole this car three years ago. They just borrowed the car and intended to bring it back. That's the speech their lawyer gave the judge. The judge said, 'Six months.'"

"But if it was only a tire?"

"Oh, that's different. Show me a good tire with good tread and the right size and I bet the devil himself would get behind me just to give me a push."

As the car raced on, Mark glanced down at the shoes and to himself he said: "Hell, why did I do it? Perhaps I better go back now." But the car raced on.

He left the station wagon and wandered slowly along the street, pausing now and then to look into shop windows. He bought himself some pipe tobacco and walked out to the park.

Here he sat on a bench beside the pond, and smoking his pipe, watched a duck and her brood. The yellow, fluffy ducklings remained close to their mother's side. It was a tender scene. And all nature seemed to unfold with gentle kindliness in the warm sunshine. But then, glancing at the shoes on his feet, he thought: "What a skunk I must be!"

Looking up he was surprised to see two handsome girls, the very same who had been waiting in the lobby for Schreiber a week ago. They stood at the edge of the

SGT HIL-TON
LUNCH ROOM
10% EVERY PAY DAY

"Well, gentlemen—shall we join the ladies?"

pond and were feeding crumbs of bread to the little ducks. He left the bench and came to the water's edge.

"About how old do you think the little ones are?" he asked.

"Three or four days," said one of the girls with a smile.

"Do you feed them every day?"

"No. Today is the first. We are usually at work at this time."

"Excuse me, but did I not see you about a week ago in Brookfield? In the lobby of the little hotel?"

"Yes, we were waiting for Mr. Schreiber. Do you know him?"

He looked at his shoes. "We have our rooms on the same floor. We know each other by sight."

"He's very nice," said one. "And when he comes to Bridgetown he often comes to this park. He sits on a bench, just as you were doing. Sometimes he sits on that very bench."

"When we came by we thought for a moment it was he, didn't we?" said the other.

"I suppose you see him often?" said Mark.

"Once or twice a week. Mr. Weathermore draws up all the contracts for his tool company."

"Who is Mr. Weathermore?"

"He's our boss. Only this week he's in Washington and we have time off."

"Funny thing," broke in Marion. "Just about this time last year Mr. Schreiber blew in and Mr. Weathermore was away and Alice and I brought him over to this pond to feed the ducks. That was the day we had that picnic."

"Well, today would be a very nice day for a picnic," Mark added.

"Oh, no, Sir," Marion said quickly. "We were not suggesting."

"In fact, I had the nerve to do the suggesting," said Mark.

Marion laughed. "He talks just like Mr. Schreiber."

And Alice added: "Your pipe tobacco smells the same. I bet you smoke the same brand."

"I don't know," said Mark, a little astonished. "I just bought this package of tobacco. I never tried it before."

"I could say something else," said Marion. "Mr. Schreiber has a dark red tie with almost the same design as yours; and he wears the same kind of shoes."

At this moment Mark could have broken down and confessed all. He glanced at their faces and smiled. "It is a mere coincidence," he said.

By this time all the bread had been scattered on the water. Mark feared that these two fine girls would say good-bye and be off. He was tempted again to confess and tell the whole mad truth about the shoes.

But instead he said: "You know this is my first day off in months. Last December I came into Bridgetown to buy an overcoat and ever since then, even Sundays, I've been working in the factory. I am foreman for a small division and it has been a long grind. But a fellow needs a day off once in a while and a little companionship too."

"No girls in Brookfield?" asked Alice wistfully.

"No," he said boldly. "Nothing there but the old hotel."

"It is an antique," said Marion. "Mr. Schreiber told us they still put the shoes in the hall at night for the porter to shine."

"Yes, they do," he said quickly. "But I certainly picked a nice day to come away from that old hotel. Could we have lunch? Or if you only could rise to the occasion, we could perhaps have that picnic."

"He talks just like Mr. Schreiber," said Alice, and laughed.

"But we don't even know your name," said Marion, inquiringly.

"If Mr. Schreiber were here now, he would introduce us. He would say: 'Girls, this is my pal, Mark Fuller.' And then everything would be all right. So it is all settled. We have a picnic."

"Nothing fancy," warned Marion. "We just get sandwiches and fruit and milk, and perhaps you would like a bottle of beer?"

"I don't often take beer in the middle of the day, but today I might."

"Funny thing," said Alice, "Mr. Schreiber only drinks occasionally too."

They walked toward the business section of the town to gather the food for the picnic. Several times Mark looked down at his feet. The shoes had been to these very places where now they were walking. Could it be possible that the shoes had led him into all this? Can leather form a habit? If so, where is the punishment, for certainly a deed such as he had committed needed some penalty.

By the time they got back to the park and selected a sunny spot near the golf course it was noon.

"You know," said Mark, "this is really the nicest thing one could do on a warm day. Especially when one has been cooped up all winter. Working so steadily without a let-up is not good. It's apt to do things to you."

"What kind of things?" asked

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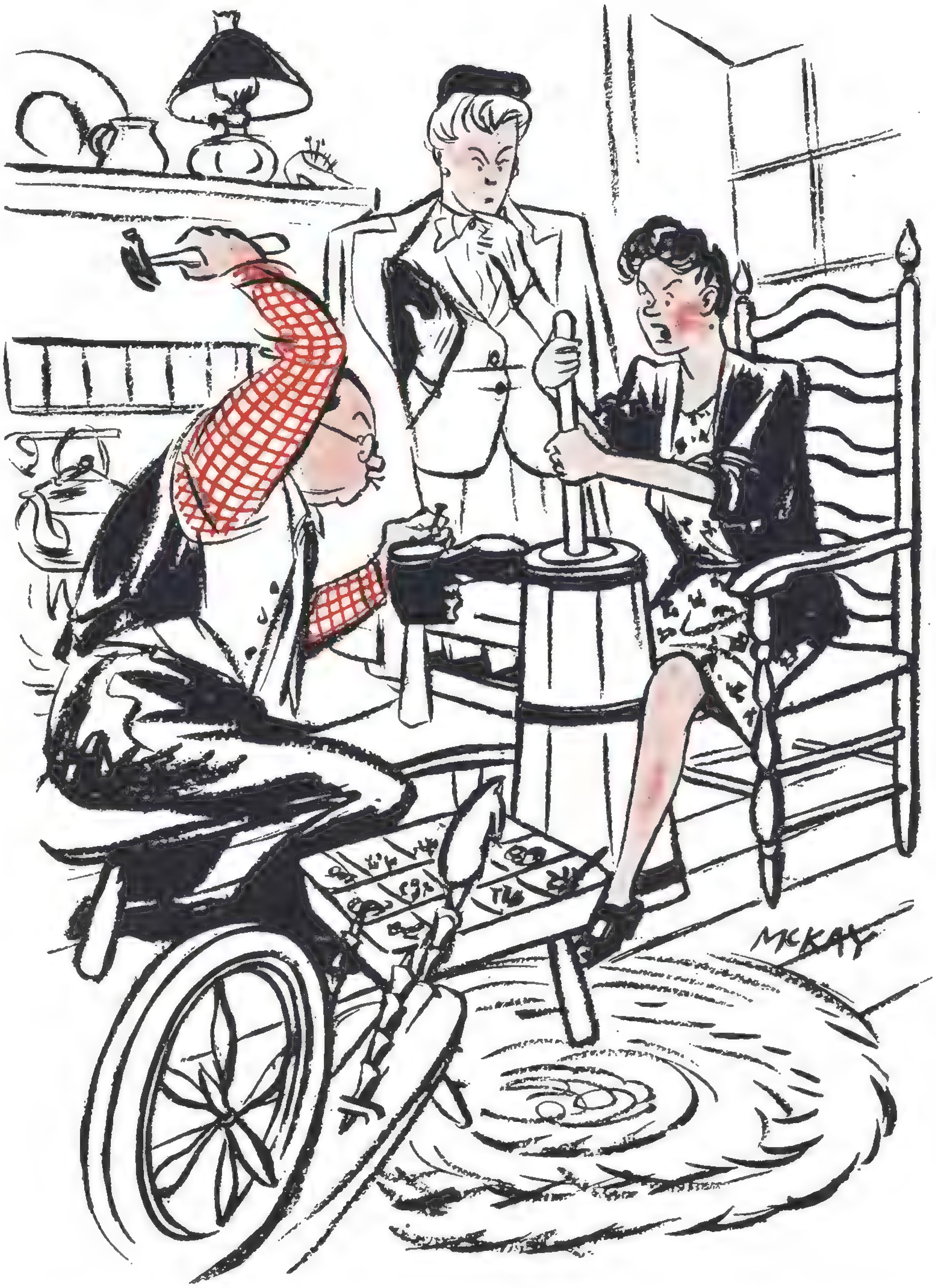

"We never thought we'd have to use these antiques when we bought them"

Some Tunes Depart from Limbo

Cliff Jackson, Tony Sbarbaro, Georges Brunis, Art Tatum, Brad Gowans, and Lionel Hampton recall forgotten airs

by ROBERT GOFFIN

• ARTICLE •

For a long time now I've been meditating on the injustice which runs rampant through the world of jazz. I have known almost all the jazz tunes published since 1918. Some of them re-enter night-life briefly from time to time, played by some orchestra or other, and then sink back into oblivion. Many worthy tunes never rise from limbo at all.

The idea of repairing this injustice has always appealed to me and so now, without further apologies, I'm appointing myself a sort of appellate judge and proceeding with the case. Years ago in talking with Benny Carter—or was it Billie Holiday—I recited a long list of titles and hummed some of the tunes which I considered worth reviving. At that time I quizzed several friends and decided that memory is an incompetent servant, for the result of the inquiry was a hodgepodge of dissenting opinion. Then I asked several amateurs, who had good memories, to put their minds to the matter. Their confusion was utter. So this time I decided to proceed differently. I would make up my own list of forgotten tunes, and submit it to several musicians.

Needless to say I had great fun in digging the tunes up. Most of them are at least a quarter of a century old. Each one was a faraway memory. Each one brought back some forgotten orchestra. Now I can trace exactly how this or that one arrived in my own field of vision. I know that I heard the first one played by Louis Mitchel and Sidney Bechet: *I'll See You in Cuba.* I know that as a soldier in 1919 I went on a special junket to Liége just to hear a new orchestra directed by Arthur Briggs, and for a whole evening lapped up a song called *Dapper Dan.* I returned especially to Ostend around 1920 to hear Billy Smith's band, an English outfit which was on its first continental tour and drew crowds with the song *Rosy Cheeks.* But what's the use of describing the sentimentalities which flood back into my memory? There must be among Esquire readers some sensitive souls who occasionally relive the past, some old gentleman who will say to his wife, "Remember, Margie, we used to hear *Some Sunny Day* the year before we were married. It was at a ball at Santa Fe, in 1918. That's when we fell in love . . ."

I would be happy if someone remembered the *Choo Choo Blues, Red Head Gal, Sunny Jack, Sweet Sixteen,* or *Nashville Nightingale,* for at the examination to which I submitted them, not a single student knew them, and they are great tunes. I remember *Sweet Sixteen* with emotion, but I am not sure about the title and when I sang the tune to Brad Gowans he claimed he remembered it only under a much coarser and older title! It was the theme song of the Georgians; if Frank Guarente hadn't been dead for several weeks, or if his fine trombonist, Buck Weaver, should read this article . . . either would know what I'm trying to say.

I'm Going South was the hit tune of the best small orchestra I heard around 1924—the Lido Venice. I remember only that Nathan was the name of its violinist and Davie was the banjoist (for the banjo was still played in those days). I've tried repeatedly to remember who their excellent trombonist was, who sang with so much rhythm. The other day at Bangor, Maine, I finally discovered his name. But it was too late; Benny Russel had been dead for four years.

I should add that I made up my list without the help of any catalogues or jazz histories. There are other tunes which I don't know and still others I can't remember except as musical odds and ends which are definitely (as far as I'm concerned) on oblivion's brink:

I'll See You in Cuba
Nobody Knows What a Red Headed Mama Can Do
Loving Sam
Cherie
Chong
Red Head Gal
Aunt Hagar Blues
House of David Blues
Heading for Louisville
Dapper Dan
Rosy Cheeks
Choo Choo Blues
Home in Pasadena
Nashville Nightingale
Hard Hearted Hannah
Sunny Jack
Copenhagen
Some Sunday Morning
Tickle Toe
Bright Eyes
Tell Me
Sweetheart
Love Tales
I'm Going South
Coal Black Mammy
Sweet Sixteen
Aggravating Papa
Love Nest
Maybe
Rose of Rio Grande
My Sweetie Went Away
Down Among the Sleepy Hills of Tennessee

These are the thirty-two forgotten masterpieces which I nominated for revival. The next step was to submit them to the best jazz amateurs of my era.

The first man I visited was Cliff Jackson, the pianist. He played with Duke Ellington and had his own orchestra, "Cliff and his Crazy Cats" in the good old days of the Cotton Club. He knew most of the songs, though I had to remind him of a few melodies. Some of those I listed he had forgotten completely. I asked him which five he considered the very best and the most worthy of being brought back to life. He didn't hesitate very long and here they are, in order of his preference:

Sweetheart, I'm Going South, I'll See You in Cuba, Aunt Hagar's Blues, Hard Hearted Hannah. This is my idea of a wonderful selection. But my inquiry wasn't ended. I asked the veteran jazzmaster if he remembered some forgotten tunes worthy of revival which were *not* included in my list. Here are the five he gave me:

Has Anybody Seen My Corrine?
Draften Blues
Red Hot Mamma
Hesitating Blues
When the Midnight Choo-choo Leaves for Alabam'

As luck would have it I made the acquaintance of Tony Sbarbaro, known by his friends as "Spargo." He was the drummer of the best small orchestra that ever was—the Original Dixieland Band, the first such band in history. Time—1917. I didn't have to change my questions. Sbarbaro knew better than I all the tunes he had beaten for twenty-seven years. Here are the five he would still give top rating:

Sweetheart, Aggravating Papa, Love Nest, Hard Hearted Hannah, and *Home Again Blues.* For the five tunes not included on my list, he chose: *Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey; Walking the Dog, I'm Sorry I Made You Cry, Memphis Blues, I Wonder Where My Sweet, Sweet Daddy Is Gone.*

An echo of New Orleans' heroic era came back to me when I talked to Spargo and it carried on with Georges Brunis, whom I class first among trombonists and who was a big success in "New Orleans

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THE ESQUIRE CANTEEN

Featuring Rosario and Antonio

In these days of international speculation it might be well to pause and remember your Latin fiesta. Rosario and Antonio, the young Spanish dancing stars on the opposite page who set the audience at Angel Lopez's Havana-Madrid to exclaiming *"Olé!"* will help you—with staccato heel beats, rhythmic castinets, fiery abandon, and whatever else it is that incites a flamenco dance to riot.

To the kids from Seville, jitterbugging is the American blood brother of flamenco dancing, their own gypsy form of making with the feet. And if you doubt that these two remarkable people, with their panther-like grace and whirling turns, contribute something functional to good neighboring, listen to their own interpretation. It seems a jam session is just a hair's breadth removed from a *gitano* gathering in a smoke-filled Spanish cave or a candle-lit café. "The jitterbug and the gypsy have the same temperament," says Antonio, the male member of the team, who is twenty and a first cousin of Rosario. "The jitterbug doesn't know the words *think* and *try.* He knows only his feeling—and this he pursues. The jitterbug is the true American gypsy."

The kids from Seville have been dancing since they were seven and six. Their biography has some bright highlights. At twelve and eleven, they danced before the Queen of Spain. Since then they have danced all over Latin America, and for the past two years, since they have been in America, they have been stopping the show in *Sons O'Fun,* at the Waldorf-Astoria and, more lately, at the Havana-Madrid night club.

Antonio is still single, lives with his mother and sister, but Rosario is married to Silvio Masciarelli, the team's musical director, and is the mother of Rafael, a curly-haired young man of three with a mind of his own. Antonio does not believe in banks and keeps his money in a trunk. He already has lost 7,000 dollars in this continental manner. As of this writing, he still has all of his share of the proceeds from their 4,000-dollar-per-week stint at the Havana-Madrid, less reasonable expenditures, War Bonds and taxes.

ANTON BRUEHL PHOTOGRAPH

CHAMPION DRUMGANNON DREDNOUGHT

(The Pointer)

Color Photograph
by HENRY WAXMAN

Crimmins, King of the Pins

The cocky ex-factory worker uses a tight hook and has a sixth sense for jumping alleys and meeting the game's vagaries

by **MORT LUBY**

• SPORTS •

There's been a lot of garrison finales in all branches of sports but the photo-finish staged by Ned Day and Johnny Crimmins in their 90-game title bowling match last December is still fuel for the hot-stove leaguers and will live in the memories of those who saw the tussle as the outstanding pin event of all times. It went down to the very last frame.

Day, the stylist, was awarded the match over his Detroit rival, though Crimmins knocked down the most pins. This may sound a bit screwy to the some 16,000,000 keglers who have learned to believe that in bowling it's the fellow who knocks down the most pins that gets the nod, but the tables were reversed in this title scrap and many of the wagers placed on Day still remain unpaid. Both bowlers won 45 games.

Crimmins outscored the ex-match champ 17,679 to 17,649. Furthermore, Crimmins averaged 196.39 to Day's 196.09. Yet "General" Crimmins was runner-up in the two-man field. Why? Because of a peculiar scoring system which back-fired.

The match was held at the Servicemen's Center in Chicago on twelve new alleys installed in the Auditorium Theatre. The Auditorium seats approximately 3,700 and was world famous years ago and many renowned opera singers appeared there. Many folks cherish fond memories of the place and when it was in danger of closing made efforts to raise money to keep it going but were unsuccessful. Along came the Chicago Bowling Proprietors and subscribed 50,000 dollars to install twelve alleys for the servicemen. It was selected for the All-Star pin tourney and the Day-Crimmins match.

Louis P. Peterson came up with the idea of allowing one point for every fifty pins knocked down, (2) a point for each game won and (3) an additional point for out-totaling an opponent, though losing the series on games won and lost.

Crimmins started his final game with a strike, spare, strike, but in the fourth frame encountered the 3-10 "baby" split, which he failed to convert. Day had spared, struck and then spared until the seventh frame under the pressure. He tossed a strike in the eighth and repeated in the ninth to hit 203 while the General, unable to strike after the third inning, came in with 178. Final totals showed 17,679 for Crimmins against 17,649 for Day. Day retained his title only because he had picked up an extra point in the third block, when he lost on games won and lost but out-totaled the challenger. He was out-scored for the 90 games but still won!

Following the match, Day lost his title in the All-Star to Connie Schwoegler of Madison, Wisconsin, entered the Navy and later received an honorable discharge. He has joined forces with Harold Lloyd, the film comedian, who is one of the nation's outstanding bowling fans, and now has two pin palaces in Los Angeles and Santa Monica.

Meanwhile, Crimmins carries on. He operates almost wholly by instinct. Gifted with a subconscious "feel" for doing the right thing at the right time, Johnny is able to sense at that last instant before releasing the ball just where his line to the pocket is and what he should do to keep his ball on that line. He might commit an occasional miscue in his stance and approach, but once he toes that black line his unfailing intuition invariably takes over. Maybe he'll increase his speed, impart a "lift" to his ball, "float" it, or just roll it lazily . . . whatever it is, he does it with some kind of witchery in that last split twinkle and, withal, maintains an accuracy that is downright amazing.

At once a rousing egomaniac and something of an introvert, Crimmins is as incongruous as they come. Stick a bowling ball on his calloused thumb and stand him at the business end of a pair of lanes and he is "King" Crimmins—greatest everything in the land. Cocky, confident, unbeatable. But get him in a mix of humanity—a neat trick—and he goes into reverse.

Crimmins is acutely aware of the fact that he is not overly popular as a personality and has acquired something of a persecution complex. About as subtle as a fast boot in the pants, Johnny cares little for the feelings of other people. Says and does what he feels and thinks, and you know what Dale Carnegie can do. This lack of hypocrisy—engendered by the iron which gets into the mind from a life-long struggle with adversity—has gained him nothing but chronic eight-ball trouble, especially among bowling contemporaries.

Well, one of the things that happened is that Johnny Crimmins was the "Bowler of the Year" in 1942—16,000,000 strong and the kid from the other side of the tracks, who caught up with a dream, is Mr. Big. He was accorded that distinction by the National Bowling Writers' Association of America, an august and authoritative body who required little deliberation on the matter.

For thirty years now the game has been the very essence of life to Crimmins. He has lived and breathed bowling ever since he was a skinny, gangling, sixteen-year-old towhead, spotting young logs at Lou Quier's two-alley haunt on Toledo's LaGrange Street back in 1913. Three years later, in 1916, he switched his allegiance over to Louis Michalak's five-alley spread. He was nineteen at the time and working as a coremaker in Burt's Foundry. It was at Michalak's that Crimmins first started to "go" as a bowler.

Crimmins soon grew to be one of Toledo's foremost trundlers. How could he miss? He spent practically every nickel he could get on conscientious practice, literally living on the alleys. He'd scrutinize the better bowlers, plagiarize whatever he thought might help his own game. Having time for nothing but tenpins, and abetted by some inherent quality, he flowed naturally into a bowling craftsman . . . cultivated a keen sense, acquired a sharp touch.

The alley-wise punchinello was thirty-one years old, toting averages of 213 and 218, when he left Toledo and came to Detroit in 1928—fifteen years ago. It all checks, as Crimmins says he is forty-six.

A fairly rugged and tough looking customer, saluted by grateful bowling writers everywhere for contracting his name from Kreyzminski, Johnny stands just under the six-foot mark and weighs around 170 when things are going good. He is built lean and hard.

Soon after he came to the Arsenal City, Crimmins abandoned the big, looping bender he was rolling. The snap and full turn affair worked nicely in a small house where one was familiar with every board in an alley, but was decidedly impractical in a strange environment. So he evolved his present tight hook—an easily adjustable delivery that is at home on all alleys. He "kicks" his ball now with an upward flick of the wrist just as he releases it. This gives him a slender arc covering only five or six boards, with just enough "stuff" to carry high and

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THE POINTER

Champion Drumgannon Drednought owned by Mr. and Mrs. L. Richard Field. The pointer came by his name in a simple and direct fashion. He pointed his game (the first gun dog so far as can be ascertained to stand point) and thus he came by his name. This pre-dates the era of wing shooting, so pointers were used to locate and point hares. There are those who say that the pointer originated in Spain, coming thence to England during the reign of Elizabeth. There the dog was streamlined by cross-breeding with the old southern hound and the foxhound. It was the Duke of Norfolk who drew up the rules for "coursing." The hare was persuaded to leave cover and the greyhounds, or shock troops, then took over. Early in the eighteenth century, with wing shooting coming in vogue, the pointer came into his own. Stories of this dog's incredible devotion to duty include the old mossbucket about the pointer who pointed even unto death. There is also the anecdote concerning Clio, a bitch belonging to a Mr. Lee. This remarkable dog scented a nest of partridges just as she was clearing a gate. Two hours later her master found Clio, her front legs on the ground, her hind legs on top of the gate, still pointing. Lee, a practical fellow, first got the partridges and then relieved Clio with a well-merited rubbing down. . . . The pointer is a large dog, usually weighing between forty-five and fifty-five pounds. He comes, handily, in several color combinations, the background being usually white, with patches of orange, black, lemon or dark red. He has a long, wide skull, heavy eyebrows, and soft, long ears which lie close to his cheeks. He hunts by scent, and accordingly his nose should be broad, and his nostrils wide. His highly competitive spirit makes him perfectly at home in field trials. The stiffer the competition, the bigger the gallery, the better he works. Perhaps this lack of self-consciousness is a throwback to the old days when his disposition was a little edgy and he didn't take too kindly to correction in his work. Today he is sweet-tempered and amenable up to (begging your leave) a point. But it is that same independence of spirit which makes him go to town against all comers in the field.

—CHASE HERENDEEN

The Denton Mare

Sam Bass was a fellow you couldn't trust in a race, and no horse had ever won against his sorrel mare

by **EDWIN LANHAM**

• FICTION •

THE mule-eared rabbit cleared a clump of cactus in a long, stiff jump and shot off at an angle. Clay almost lost his seat as the black filly wheeled to follow. The rabbit dived into the mesquite and Clay pulled the filly in. He laughed and said aloud, "Honey, you could beat the Denton mare."

Tom Drew rode alongside the filly. "Son, how many times have I told you not to run your horse after jackrabbits? You want to break her wind?"

"This little filly just likes to run, Pop." The horse held her small head high, and Clay stroked her foam frothed neck. "Pop, she's part antelope. I bet you she could beat the Denton mare."

Tom Drew shook his head. "No horse ever beat that Sam Bass mare. I seen her run last year."

"I wish I could see her."

"I heard Sam Bass say yesterday that he'd sold her."

"You saw Sam Bass?" Clay asked excitedly. "You mean he's here in town?"

"He was yesterday."

"I'd sure like to see him. Gee, why did he ever sell the Denton mare? Why, she's the fastest horse in North Texas—except Honey!"

Tom chuckled. "Son," he said. "How'd you like to run your little filly in a scrub race?"

"Gee, Pop! You mean it?"

"Kinkead thinks a lot of his long-legged bay, and he wants to make a match. There'll be some races Saturday."

"Give us a chance at him, Pop. Oh, let Honey race him!" The filly caught his excitement and spun on her heels.

"You got to have a stake, Clay."

Clay took quick inventory. All he had to call his own were his star-topped boots and his saddle. He said, "I'll put up my saddle."

"All right. I'll allow you twenty dollars on it. I'll put up the cash for you. But remember, if you lose you're bareback."

When Saturday came Clay had the filly ready under a post-oak tree long before the race. He saw J. P. Kinkead, the storekeeper, holding the big bay near the start of the quarter-mile straightaway.

Clay had to admire the bay, beside which his filly seemed immature and delicate, as Tom Drew led her to the start. Jeff Rogers, the starter, waited, gun in hand. Clay stroked the filly's neck. She was trembling, waiting for his shout. Clay watched Rogers and saw his left eyelid twitch just before he pulled the trigger.

Clay leaned forward and felt the drive of the filly beneath him as he shouted, "Come on, you Honey!" The line of horses beside the track was a blur that quickly came to focus at the finish line ahead. The filly's hoofs drummed over the line and he was out on the prairie, in the open, and the big bay was three lengths behind.

Tom Drew waited for him under the post-oak tree. Clay laughed and cried, "It was easy. Pop, I told you she was fast enough to beat the Denton mare."

Tom smiled and went to get his horse. Clay slid to the ground. He rubbed Honey's broad forehead and put one arm around her neck. He was embarrassed when a low voice said in his ear, "Nice little filly you got there, bub."

A slim young man came into the shade and walked around the filly. He felt her knees, appraised her chest and hocks. "What do you want for her?"

"She ain't for sale," Clay said.

The man's dark eyes had a teasing expression. "Don't blame you. What do they call you, boy?"

Clay sized him up through narrowed lids as he fondled the filly's tapering muzzle. He said, "Clay Drew."

"I'm Sam Bass."

Clay stared. "Sam Bass!" He went around the filly to get near the slim young man. "Say, Mr. Bass, did you see my filly run? How would she make out against the Denton mare?"

"She'd give her a race. You got a quarter horse here, boy."

Clay grinned and called to his father as he came up, leading his dun horse. "Pop, this here is Sam Bass."

"I know Sam," Tom Drew said.

"He says Honey is as good as the Denton mare."

"Get on your filly, Clay, we got to go."

As they rode home Tom said, "He's got a great love of horses, Sam Bass, but he ain't in a class with his mare. They say down Denton way he poisoned a horse trough once to win a race."

Clay chased no more jackrabbits on the filly. He staked out a quarter mile on a level stretch of prairie and began to train her. Several times Sam Bass rode out from town to watch and one day Tom Drew drove past in a wagon while Sam was there.

"I came out to help the boy train," Sam Bass explained. "He's a right smart rider."

Tom looked at Sam. "This is a cattle ranch, not a racing stable. There'll be no more races."

Sam Bass smiled. "That filly is a race horse, and it would be too bad not to run her. Say, I run onto a feller in town this morning wants to make a match. Says his horse can outrun anything in Texas."

"I bet he can't outrun Honey," Clay said.

"That's enough, Clay." Tom Drew frowned. "I'm on my way to town and I won't be back to supper."

Tom Drew did not return until late. Clay sat up in bed and called, "I'm awake, Pop."

Tom opened the door. The lamp in his hand outlined the rueful smile on his face. "Son, I set you a damn bad example," he said.

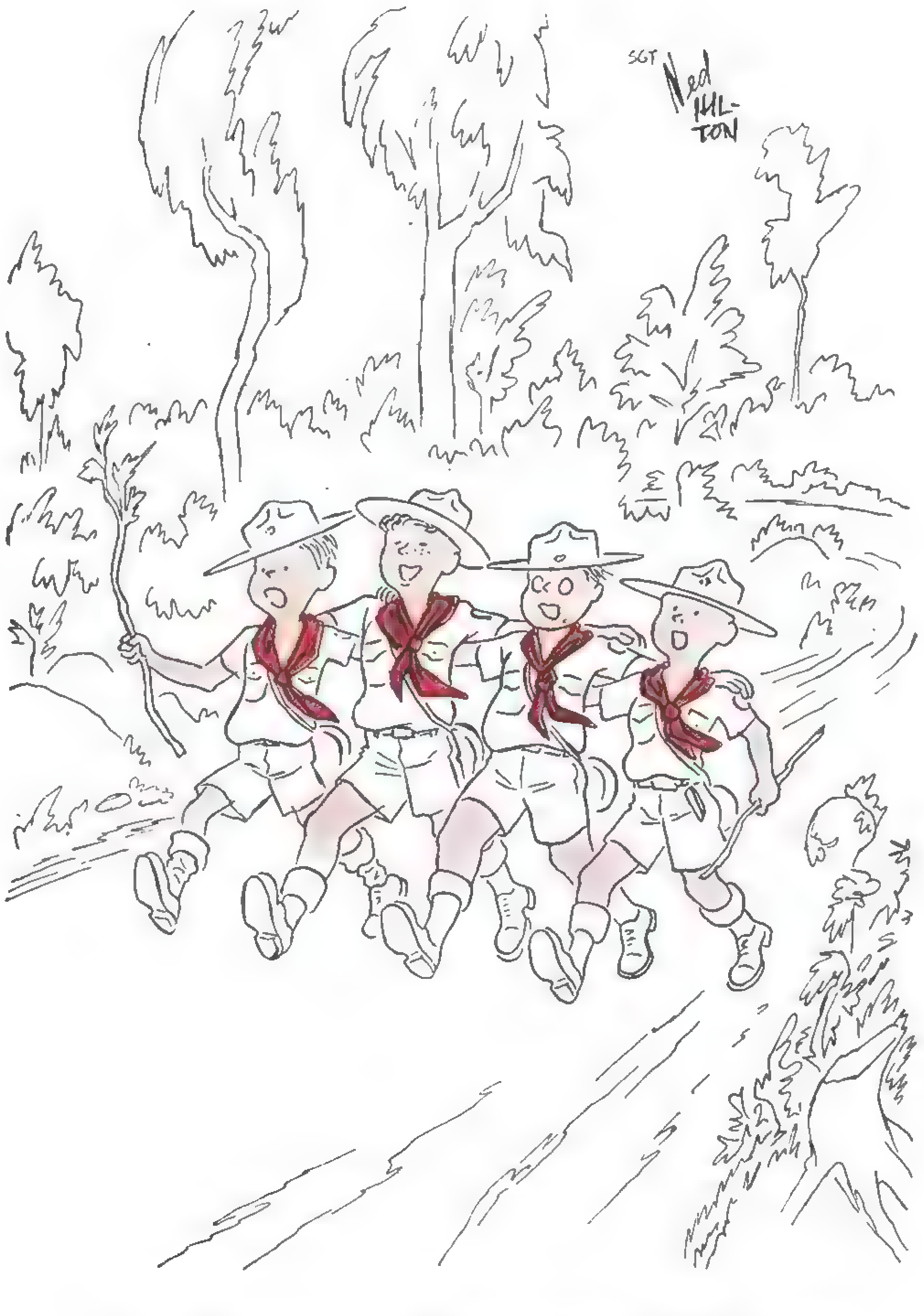
"What, Pop?"

"There was a feller in town talking mighty big. Feller from San Antone named Joel Collins. Talked about a horse of his and Sam Bass put in about your filly and first thing I knew we'd made a match for a week from Saturday and a mighty big bet. Thousand dollars to be paid at the bank at the end of the race."

"Yippee!" Clay sat up in bed. "Pop, we'll win it. Honey will sure win that race."

"She's got to win it, Son," Tom Drew said.

When the race day came Clay knew that Honey was ready. The tremendous driving leap of her start, so important in a quarter mile race, was drilled to perfection. When he took her to the



"From the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli"

track he kept her under the trees by the creek and sat on a stump watching the crowd.

Tom Drew came to him a few minutes before the race, his eyes hard. "Clay, that's the horse you're going to race, that sorrel mare."

She was small, quick-moving, and a white hind foot caught Clay's eye. A short man in a dusty black hat held her halter.

"You got a big bite to chew," Tom said. "I've seen that sorrel run. That's the Denton mare."

Clay stared, and his throat tightened. "You sure, Pop?"

"See that nigh hind foot. That's the Denton mare, all right."

"Pop, I'll ask Sam Bass."

"He's on his horse down at the finish line." Tom slumped down on the stump, shaking his head. "Sam Bass tricked me into this match, Clay. It was him took me around to see Joel Collins. Him and Joel are partners."

"Pop, we can beat her," Clay said. "Honey is better than ever, and you ought to see how fast she gets away."

Tom looked up quickly. "Son, you give me an idea. You can ride like an Indian. Rip that saddle off the filly."

"Ride her bareback?"

"Yes. That Denton mare was always slow starting. Over at Denton, Sam had a mound of dirt couple feet high to help her get away, and a colored boy who rode her bareback."

Tom Drew took the saddle from the filly, helped Clay to her bare back and led the horse to the starting line. Joel Collins was a small man but he outweighed Clay by fifty pounds and the mare had a saddle to carry as well.

"Hey," Collins said. "Nothing was said about riding bareback."

"Nothing's going to be said about it now," Tom Drew said in a steely tone. "You can slip off your saddle if you want."

"How about it, Jeff?" Collins said.

The starter shrugged and gave Collins a hostile glance. "The kid can ride naked if he wants."

Collins hesitated, then grinned. "Hell, this mare can't be beat. I'll keep my saddle."

Clay knew a trick himself he had said nothing of, even to his father. In the other race he had noticed Jeff closed one eye *before* he pulled the trigger.

Clay's knees pressed the filly's sides. He could feel the gathering of her muscles for the start and he watched Jeff's left eye. He saw the slight twitch of the eyelid.

"Come on, Honey!" he yelled, and his shout was lost in the crash of the gun. But he had a head-start and the sorrel was in the dust at Honey's heels.

Clay's head was down so far that the filly's mane whipped his face. Halfway down the track he heard the sound of the sorrel's hoofs. The mare was creeping up and Clay saw her bleached mane flying at his shoulder. She was all the horse they said she was.

Joel Collins was using his quirt, and the finish line was close ahead. The black and sorrel necks were stretched out together. They were nose to nose. Clay's cheek nearly touched the filly's ear as he shouted, "Honey, beat that mare!" and he felt her drive forward, then they were over the line.

He heard whoops and saw the judges waving as he turned back. He rode slowly up to them. J. B. Kinkead was beating his saddle-horn. Clay was afraid to ask, and his voice trembled, "Who won?"

"Boy, you had her by half a length. I never seen such a drive as that filly put on at the finish."

"Clay!" His father galloped up, waving his hat. "You done it, Son! You beat the Denton mare."

All at once Clay could talk. "It wasn't only the start, Pop. We won the start but we won the race, too. We was all even and Honey pulled ahead and won."

Then Kinkead's voice rose above the clamor. "The Denton mare? Where is she?"

"Why, she ain't stopped running," Tom Drew said. "He don't aim to pay off."

Clay saw the sheen of the sorrel's hide far away. And beside her ran another horse.

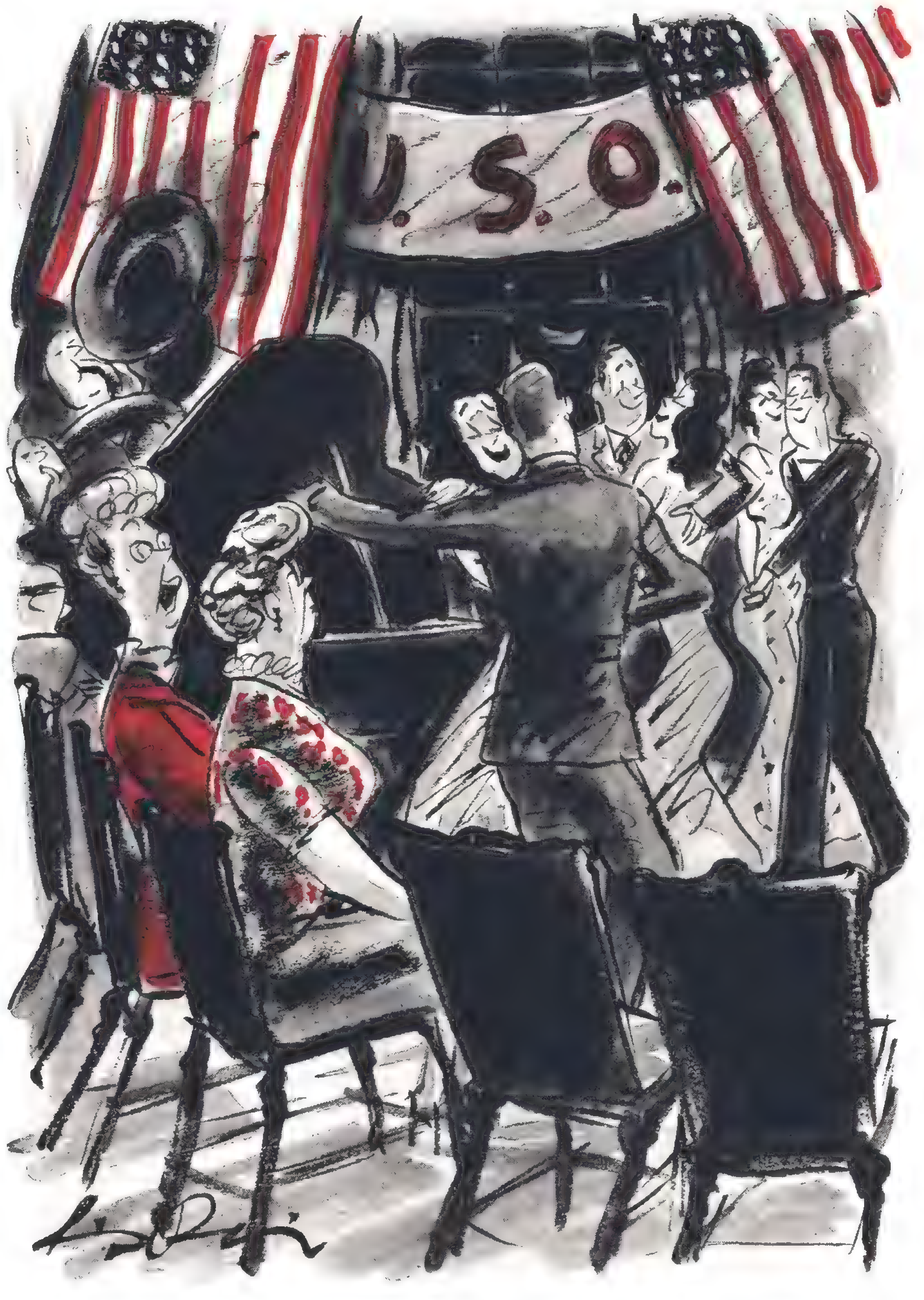
"It's Sam Bass with him," Tom Drew said. "I guess they was afraid of the filly all along, and planned to keep going if the mare lost. Well, no use taking after 'em."

"Pop, what do we care?" Clay shouted. "Honey beat the Denton mare!"

As they rode home together, with Honey on a halter beside Clay's cow pony, Tom Drew said, "Clay, you were born knowing about horses, but you got to learn for yourself how some men are made. I reckon you've had your fill of horse racing now."

"I don't know, Pop. I'd like to race that mare again, all even. Honey beat her, but we had to use some tricks ourselves." His eyes shone proudly. "But I know Honey would win again."

"Clay, I reckon you learned something," Tom Drew said, and his eyes held a prouder light than his son's. ⌗



"They're playing Good Night, Ladies—looks like we're still batting zero, Emmy"

Where There's Life

Highlighting the saga of Bob Hope and company as they played to soldiers in Sicily, Africa, England and Iceland

by **SIDNEY CARROLL**

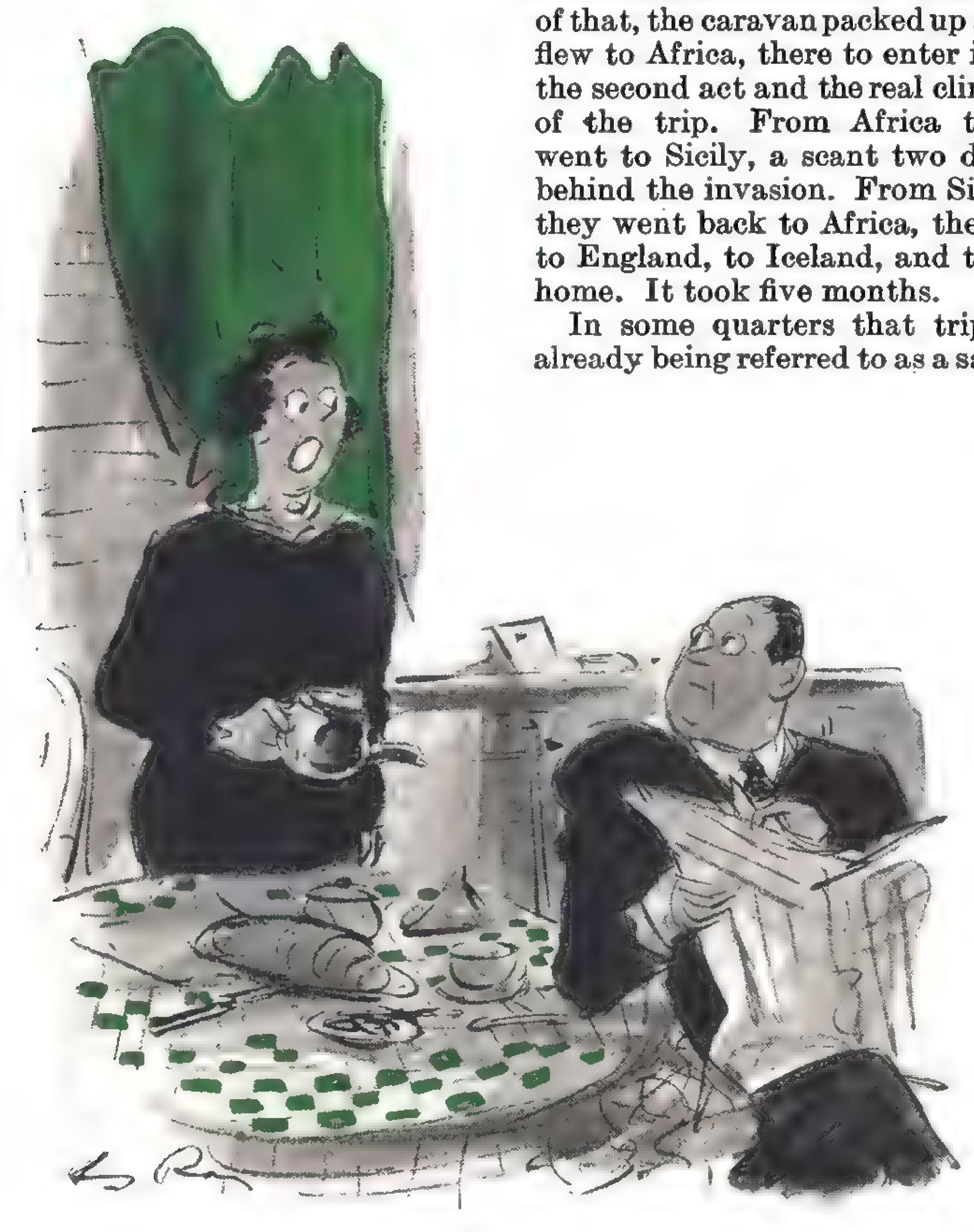
•ARTICLE•

The show itself was a simple affair. Hope would get up to what you could safely call deafening applause. He would make some humorous remarks. You know the kind:

"I put two bucks on the nose of one of Bing's horses. The horse ran as if he were balancing it."

"Crosby was going to join the show but one of his horses is dying and he wanted to stick around. It'll be the first one he ever saw finish."

He would clown around on his own, then introduce the other members of the cast. He introduced Tony Romano, who played the guitar and sang. He introduced Jack Pepper, who sang, cracked jokes, acted as general sort of stooge for Hope. Then there was Frances Langford. Besides representing her sex in those desert wastes, Miss Langford sang some songs, entered into humorous conversation with members of the cast. There was no line of cuties, no chorus. It was a good show.



"Do you suppose Mrs. Roosevelt is travelling all over the world hunting for a cook?"

To its audiences, it was the greatest show ever seen on land or sea. Each audience was scattered over the landscape. There would be, usually, about 8,000 onlookers, a makeshift stage, the usual amplifiers and a mike. The men would pack together with just enough elbow room for laughter. If the show was given in the daytime, the hot desert sun would be the spot and footlights. If it were a night performance they might work under the glare of an anti-aircraft searchlight. Romano was the one-man band. Sometimes, if the men knew that Bob Hope was coming, they would improvise a band and give a sort of welcoming concert. But while the act was going on Romano and his guitar were timpani, woodwinds, string, and brass. The sky was the proscenium; the desert was the backdrop.

In the beginning, the caravan of four travelled through the British Isles playing to American and British soldiers. After two months of that, the caravan packed up and flew to Africa, there to enter into the second act and the real climax of the trip. From Africa they went to Sicily, a scant two days behind the invasion. From Sicily they went back to Africa, thence to England, to Iceland, and then home. It took five months.

In some quarters that trip is already being referred to as a saga, and rightly so. A trip is merely a trip; a saga is related by straight blood lines to something called adventure. And it is impossible to discuss this saga without waxing—at the very least—lyrical.

You have to go back a little bit. You have to go back to the fact that Bob Hope has been entertaining the soldiers of this war longer than any man in his trade. He has been doing it, to be precise, ever since the first numbers for the draft were picked out of that bowl in Washington. Now there is an abnormal thing about Hope. He is what the psychologists call an "energist," or one who seems to possess unfailing reserves of the magic motive power. In another field, Eleanor Roosevelt has the same kind of constitution. She too can start squandering her energy reserves at break of day and still have enough left over for a trip to Memphis at two the next morning. This energism is simply an inability to get tired. The scientists say it may have something to do with hormones, or fluctuations of the pancreas. Actually, it is as much of a miracle as the burning bush. Hope never burns out. Starring on a radio show is a full-time job for most radio stars. Starring in motion pictures is a full-time job for most motion picture stars. Playing two or three benefits a week, and two or three camp shows besides, is certainly a full-time job for any man. Hope manages to do all of these and play golf in between. And he is never tired.

It is not nervous energy because he is not nervous. For proof of that you have the simple fact that in a land where everybody's nervous system is constantly at death grips with the alimentary canal, and the stomach specialists work on three full shifts, Hope still has no ulcers. If there is any way of explaining this miracle it is simply that Hope has incredible powers of relaxation. He can close his eyes in the middle of a conversation and go to sleep. He can leave a party in the midst of the festivities, go up to his room, nap for five minutes and pick up where he left off. He comes out of it, rubs his eyes, combs his hair and says, "Let's go!" Once he was riding in a jeep over a clay road in Tunisia. Jack Pepper sat next to him. "I was bouncing like a rubber ball and losing everything I'd ever eaten in my life," says Pepper. "But when I turn to look at Hope, the guy is fast asleep!"

Nobody in the trade even approaches his record for entertaining men and women in the service. There is no way of determining the exact number, but a short time ago a member of the Hope entourage buried himself under pencils and paper and came up three days later gasping for air and stating that Hope had appeared before 5,000,000 ladies and gentlemen in uniform.

It is hard to decide which damsel in distress Hope has served with greater distinction—Thalia or Sweet Charity. All his professional life he has been giving benefits, and his professional life goes a long way back. It goes back to the time he sang for pennies in the streets of Cleveland, to the years when he was a hoofer, a singer, a dancing instructor. It goes back to the days when he was travelling in small-time units like the *Jolly Follies* and playing the crumb joints, the scum joints, the cuff parlors, the sawdust cellars. All during those lean and hungry years he managed to sniff out the benefits and give them everything he had.

When Fortune finally smiled upon a honkytonk hoofer named Lester Hope and began to boost him up the ladder, he continued to sniff them out. Even when he was making a lousy 350 dollars a week on Broadway he was making a hobby of benefits. In the good old Depression days in New York, when Hope was beginning to make his mark, Sunday night was benefit night along Broadway. On Sunday night you could walk the hardened arteries of the Main Stem from Shubert Alley to the fringes on Columbus Circle and find a dozen benefits going on at the same time. If you stuck your nose into all of them, one at a time, you would see a comic named Bob Hope playing every one. Every Sunday he laid his life down for the Elks or the Orphans.

When Hope came to Hollywood he was not an overnight sensation. He made "B" pictures—so many of them, he says, he began to get fan mail from hornets. He was getting nowhere in a tremendous hurry. He was a flop in pictures and his options were always ready to drop with dull thuds, but he never turned down a benefit.

Months later, when he suddenly turned out to be the top comedian of motion pictures and the No. 1 funny man of the air—

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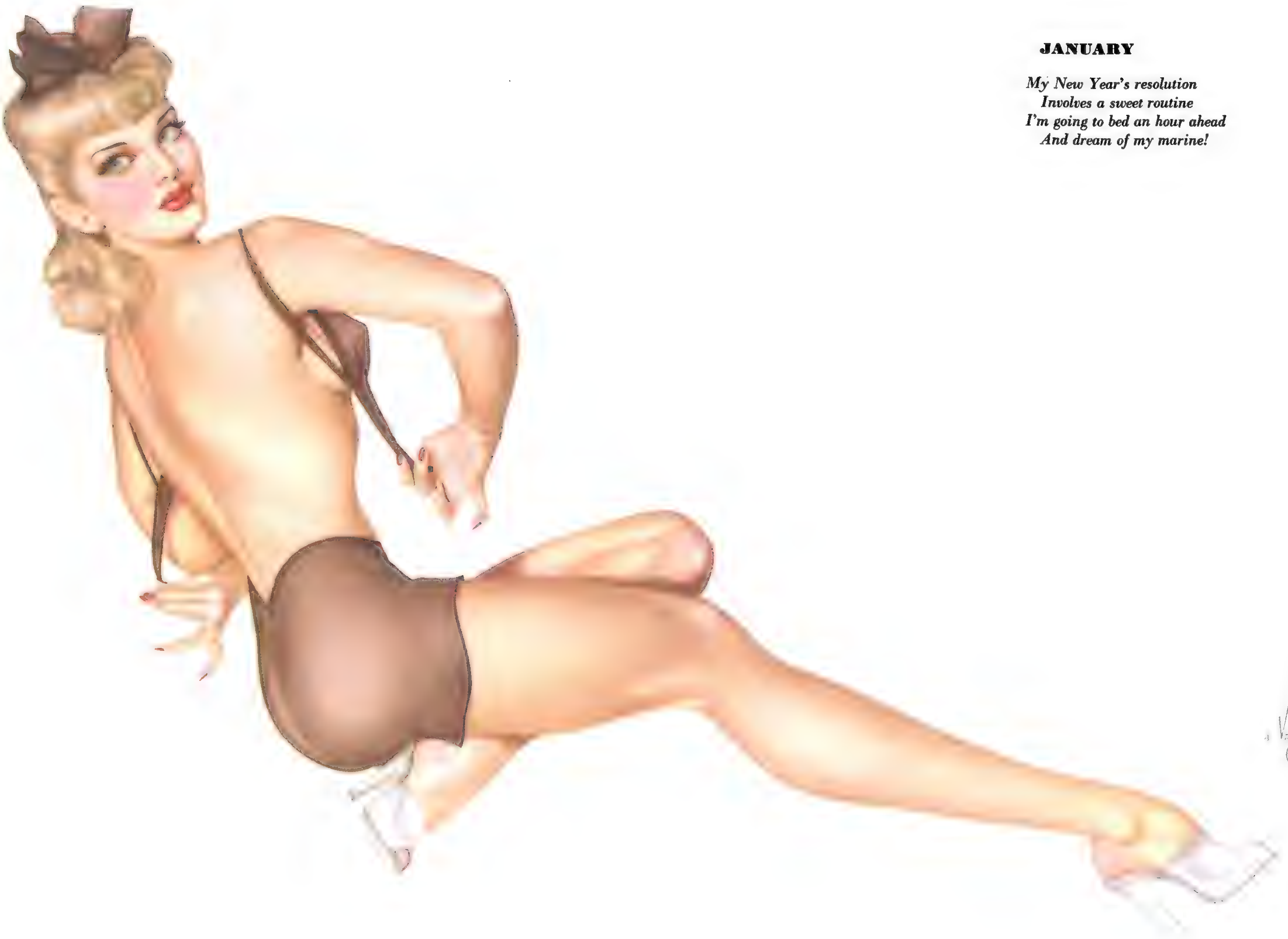
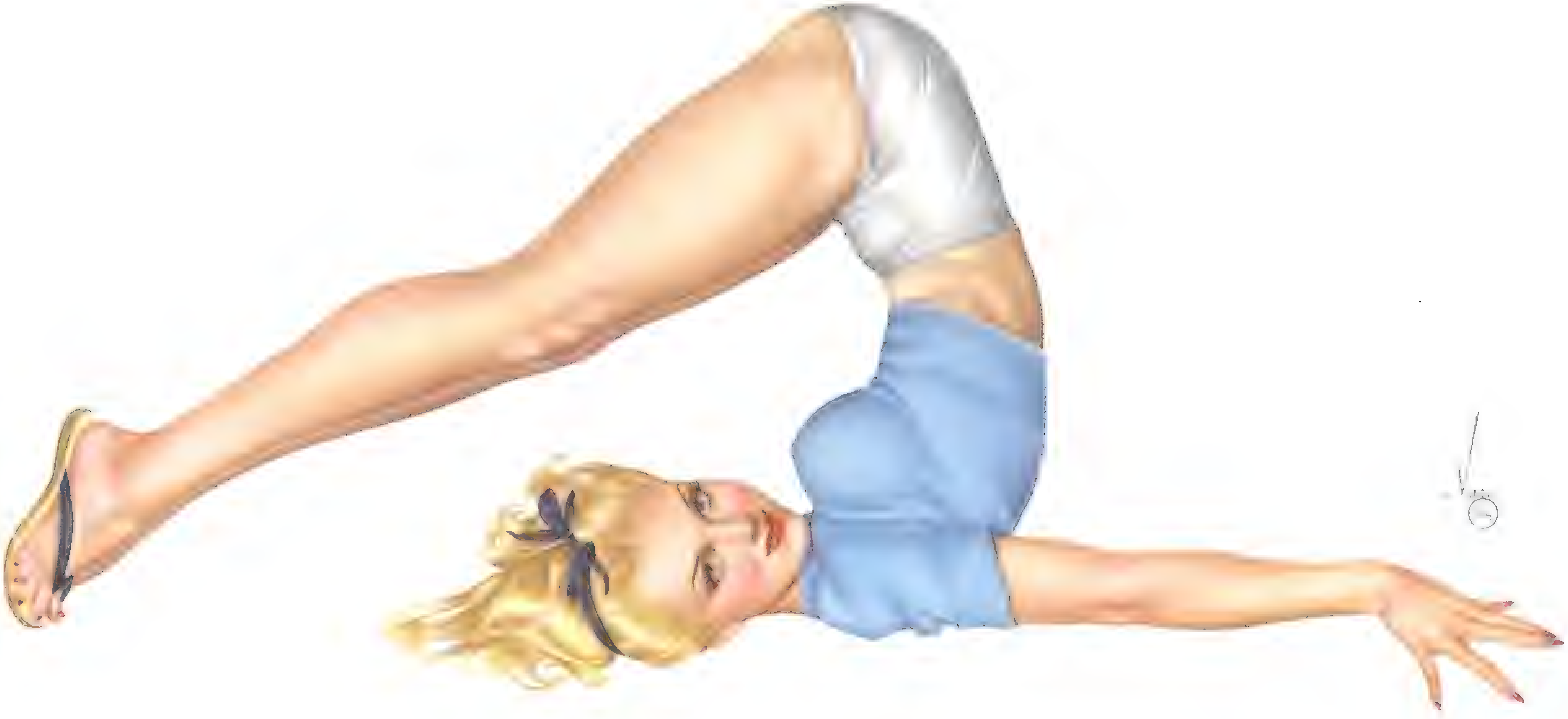


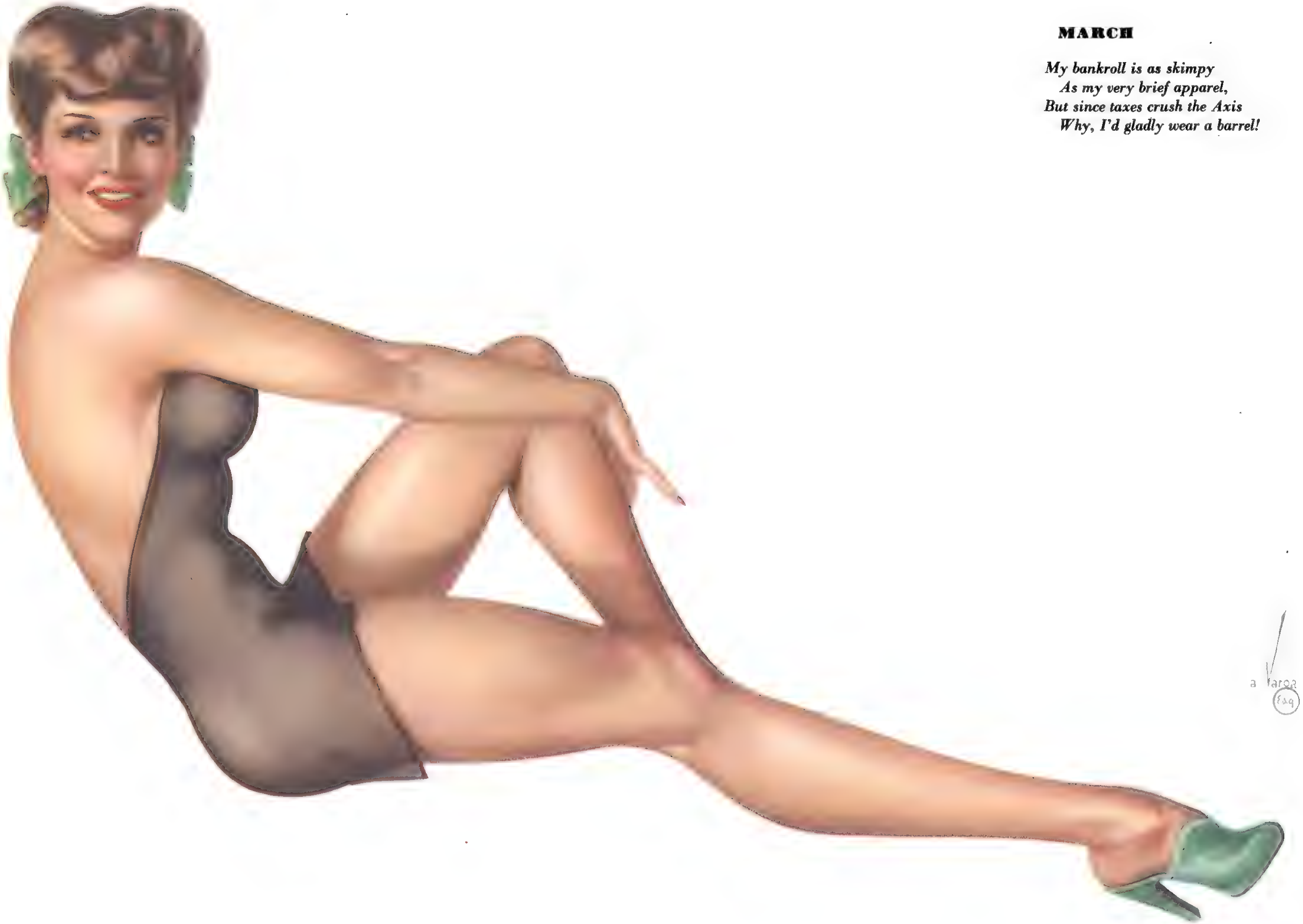
JANUARY

My New Year's resolution
Involves a sweet routine
I'm going to bed an hour ahead
And dream of my marine!

FEBRUARY

I'm learning some commando tricks.
For keeping fit, they're dandy,
And when you men come home again
They're apt to come in handy!



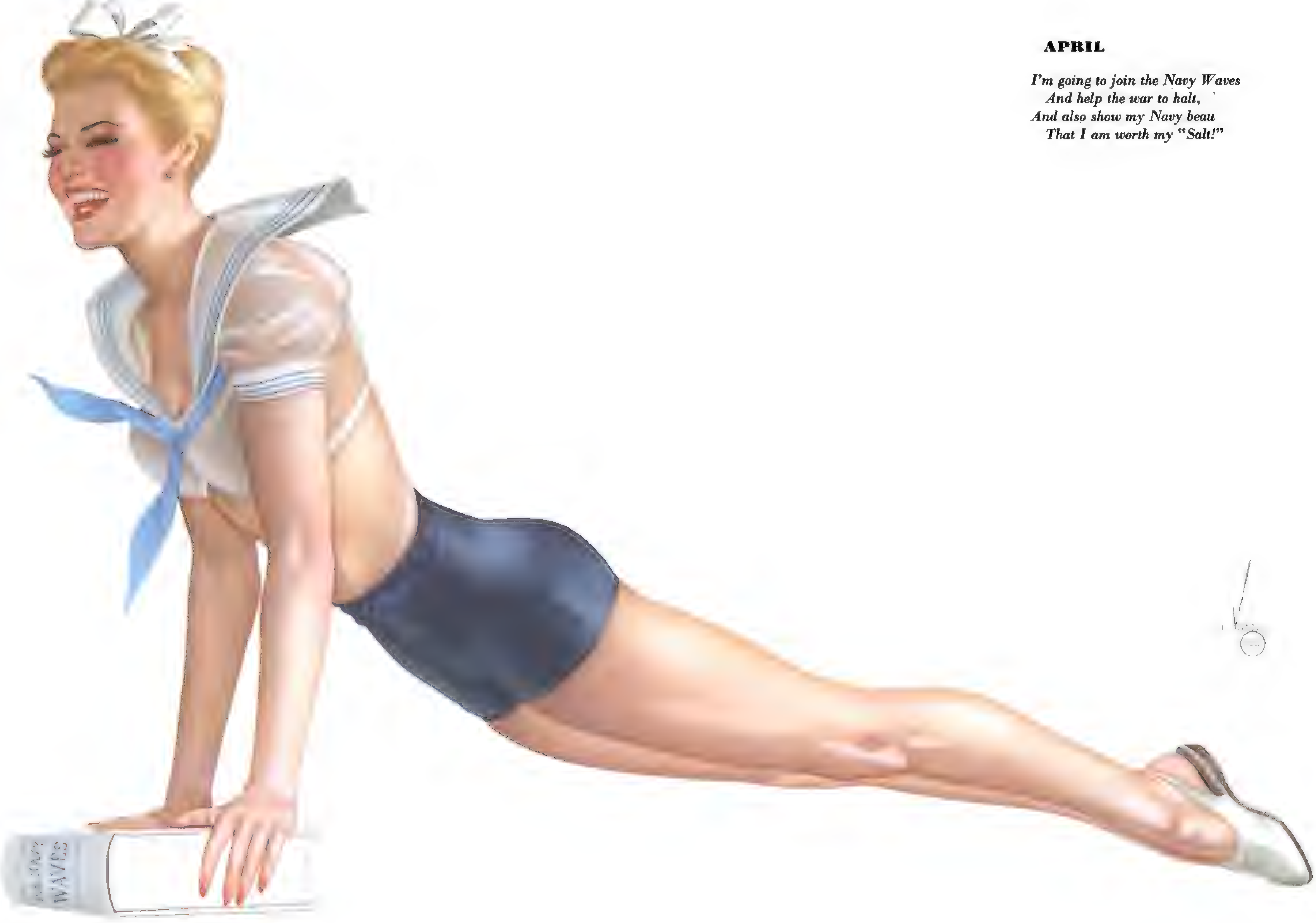


MARCH

My bankroll is as skimpy
As my very brief apparel,
But since taxes crush the Axis
Why, I'd gladly wear a barrel!

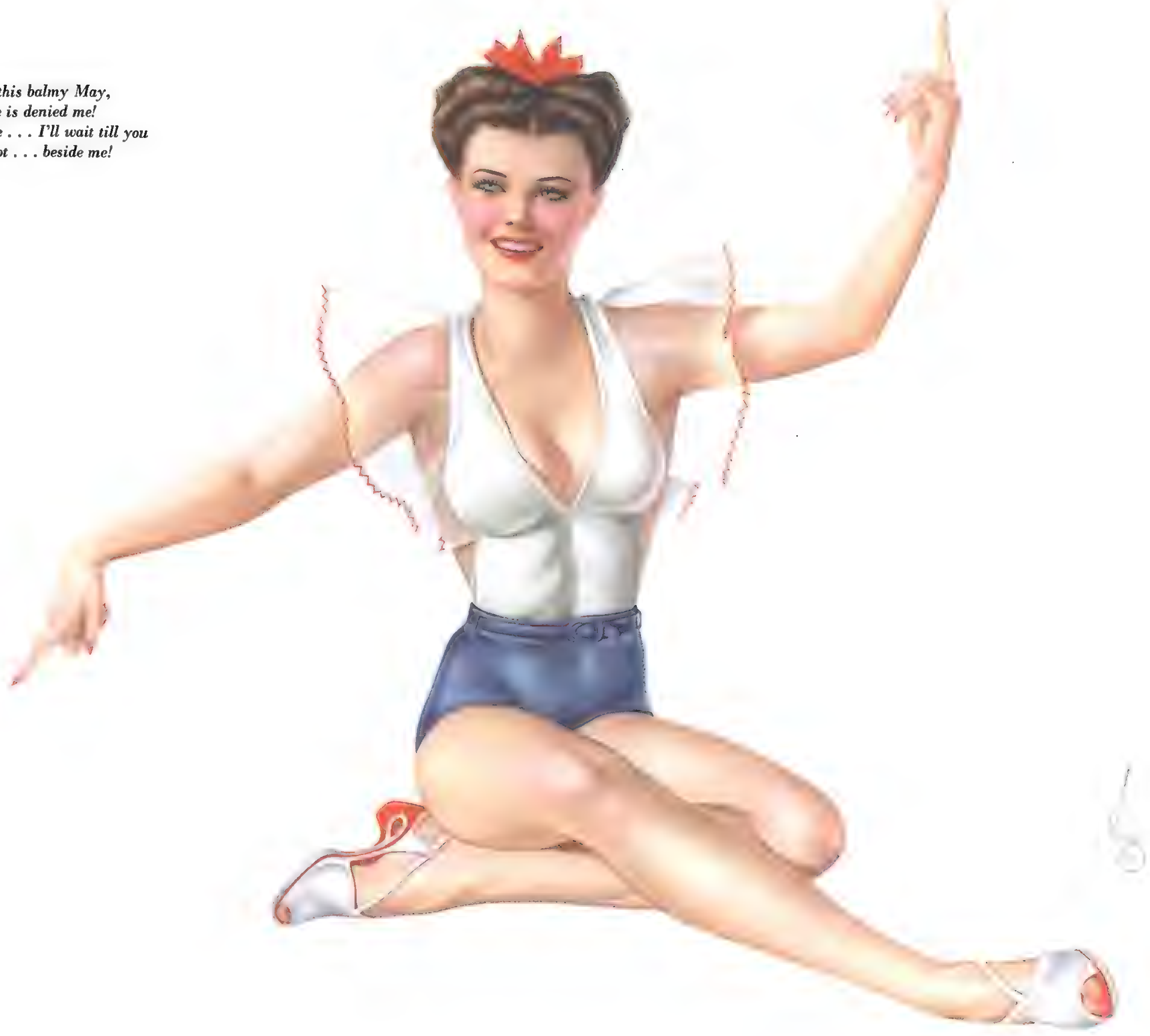
APRIL

I'm going to join the Navy Waves
And help the war to halt,
And also show my Navy beau
That I am worth my "Salt!"



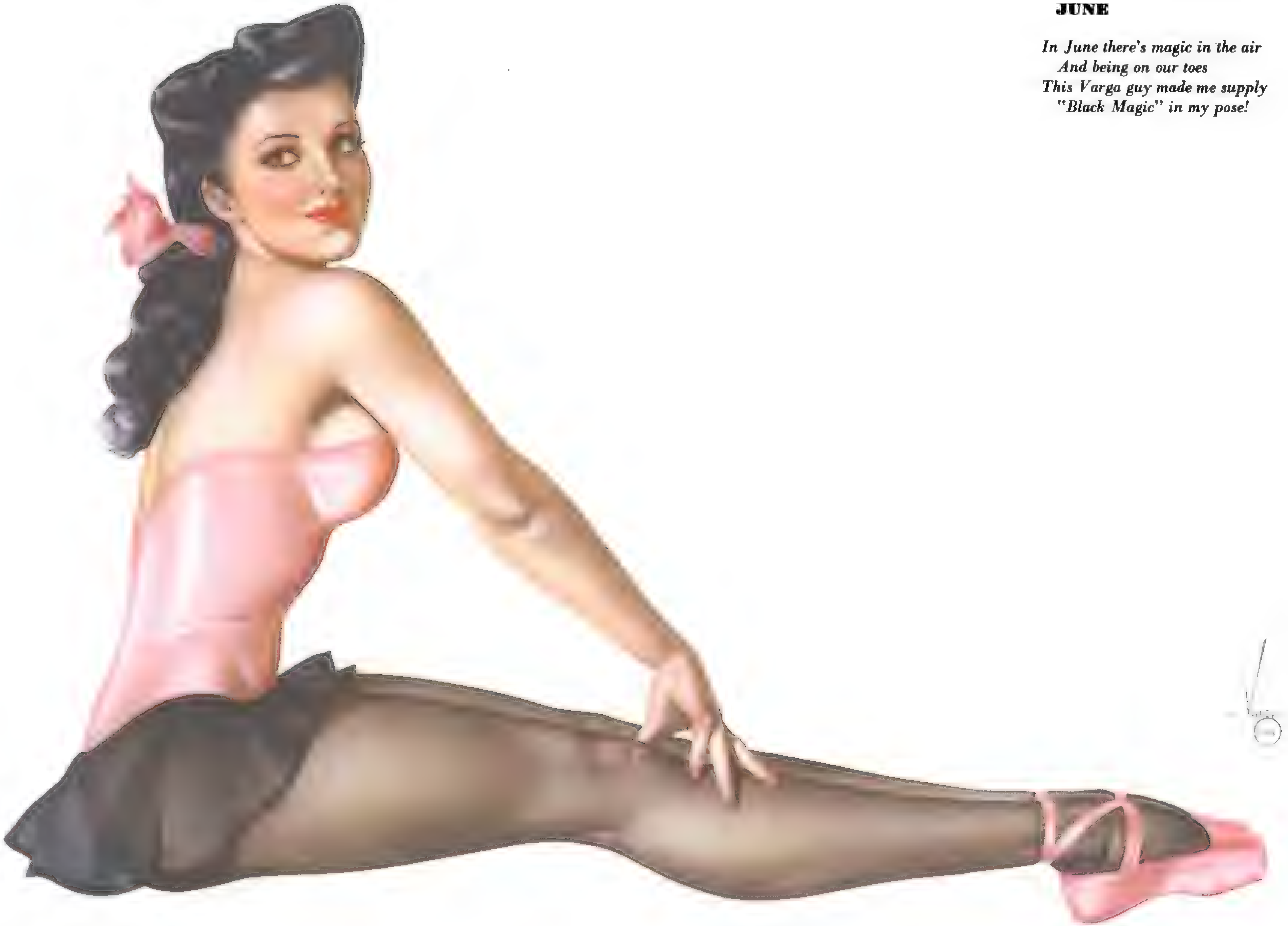
MAY

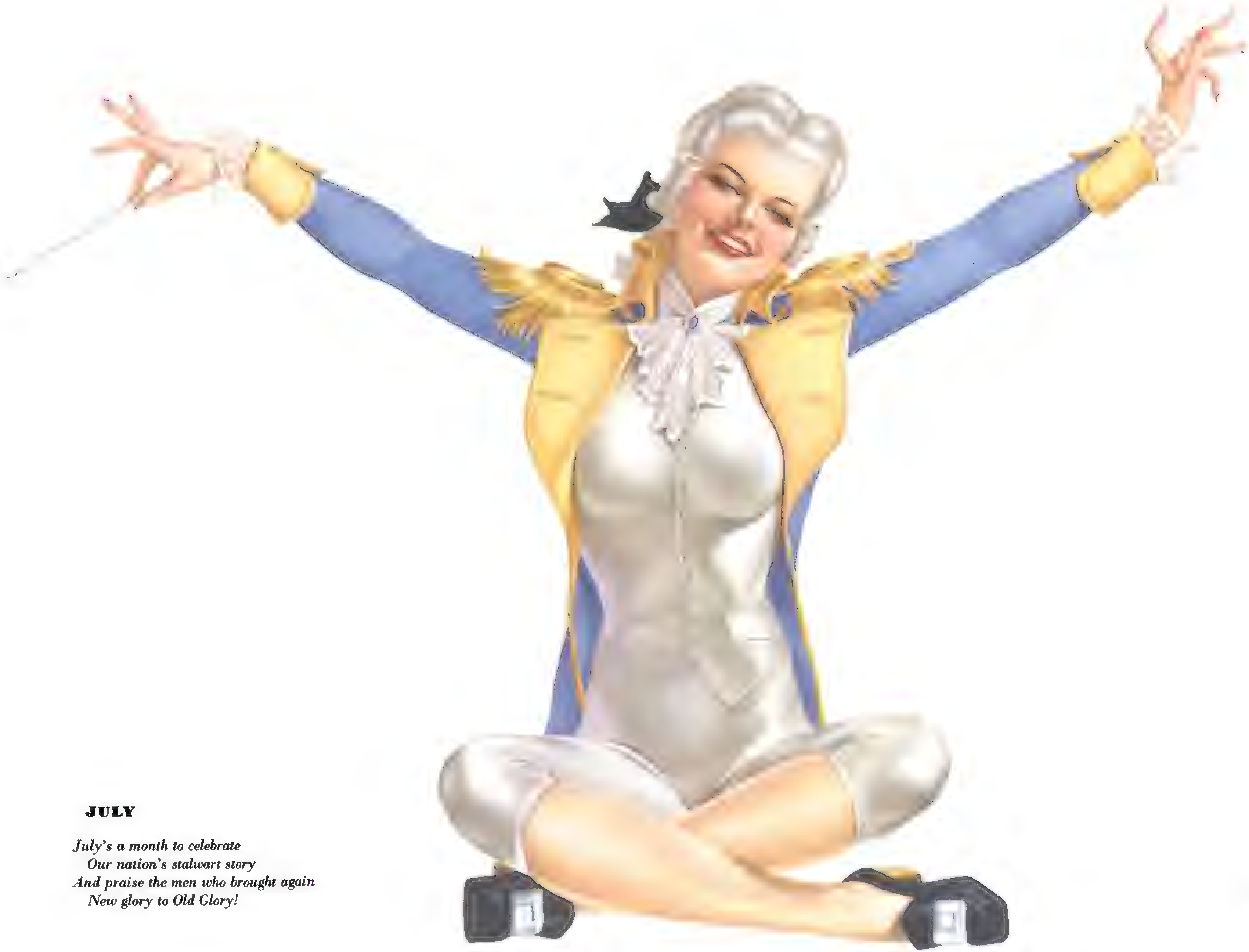
I'm on the spot this balmy May,
Your presence is denied me!
But I'm not blue . . . I'll wait till you
Are on the spot . . . beside me!



JUNE

In June there's magic in the air
And being on our toes
This Varga guy made me supply
"Black Magic" in my pose!



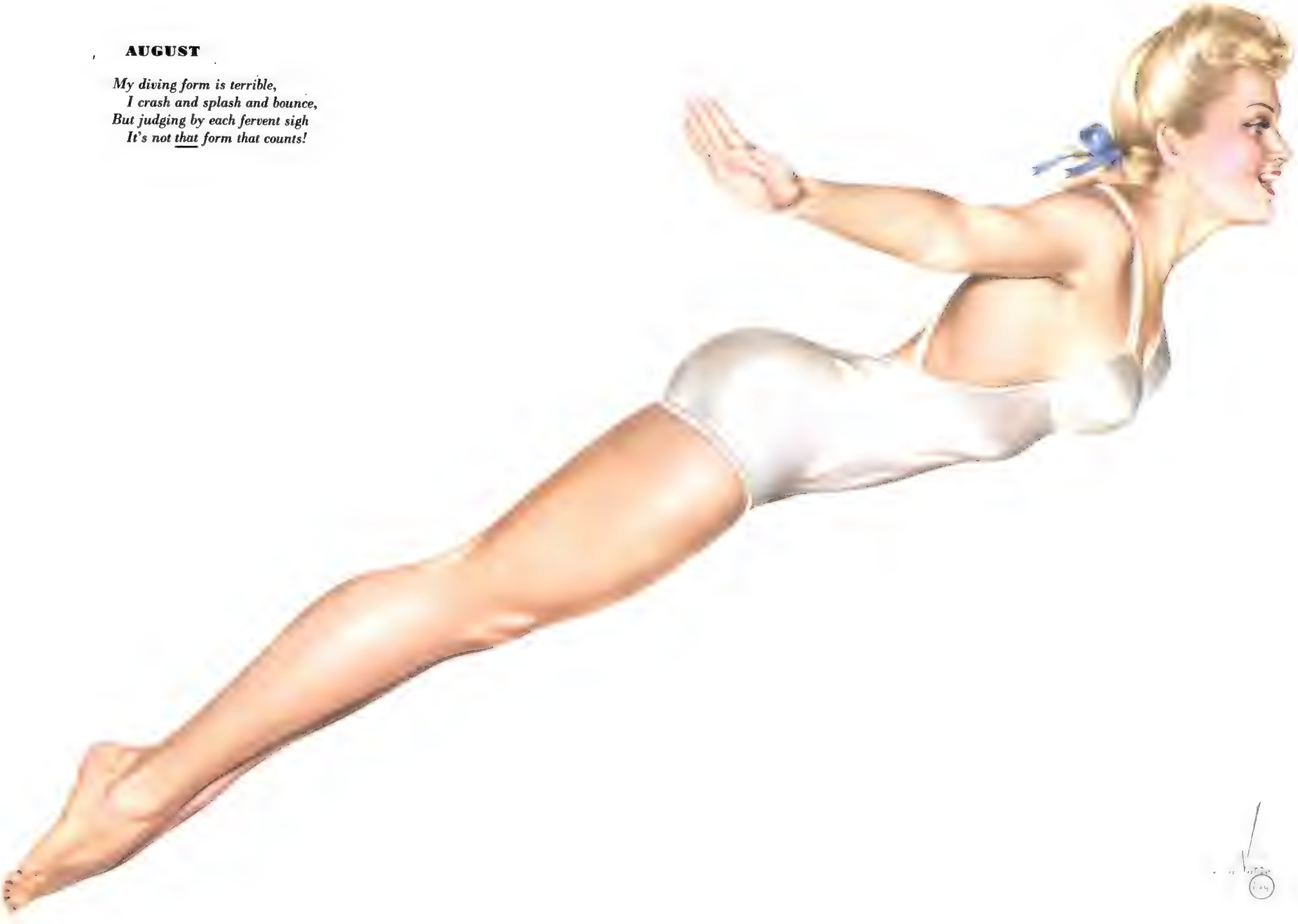


JULY

July's a month to celebrate
Our nation's stalwart story
And praise the men who brought again
New glory to Old Glory!

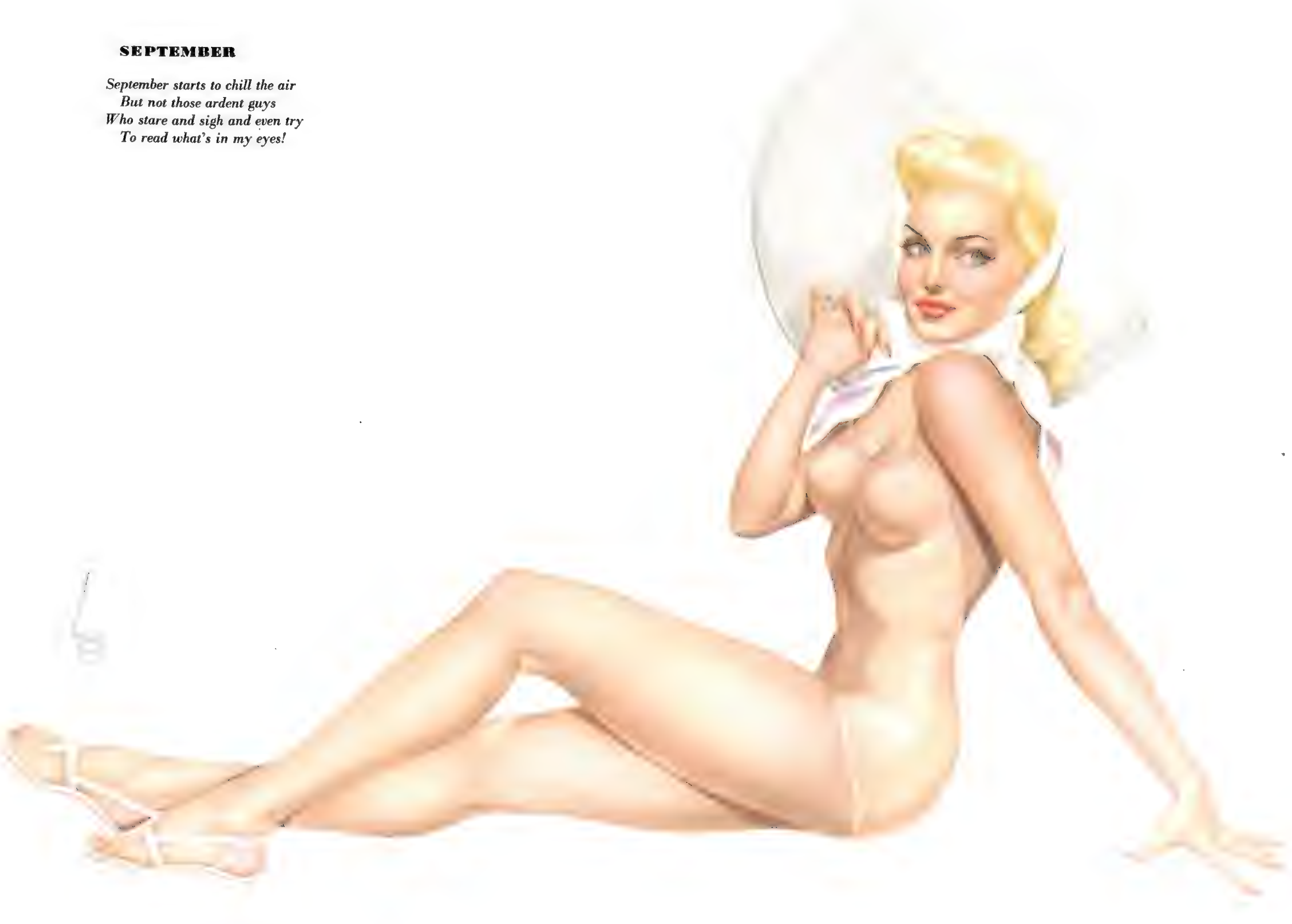
AUGUST

My diving form is terrible,
I crash and splash and bounce,
But judging by each fervent sigh
It's not that form that counts!



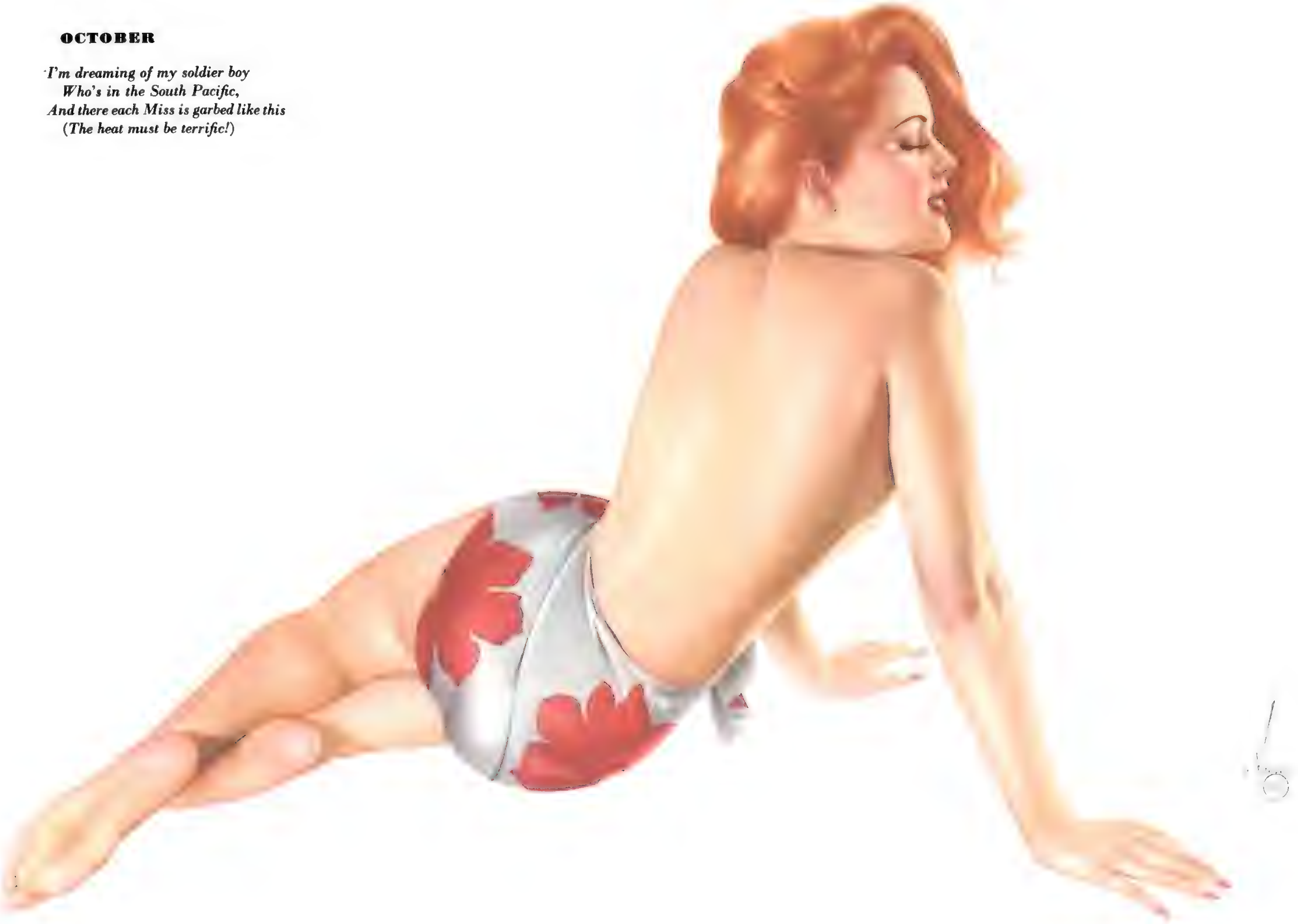
SEPTEMBER

September starts to chill the air
But not those ardent guys
Who stare and sigh and even try
To read what's in my eyes!



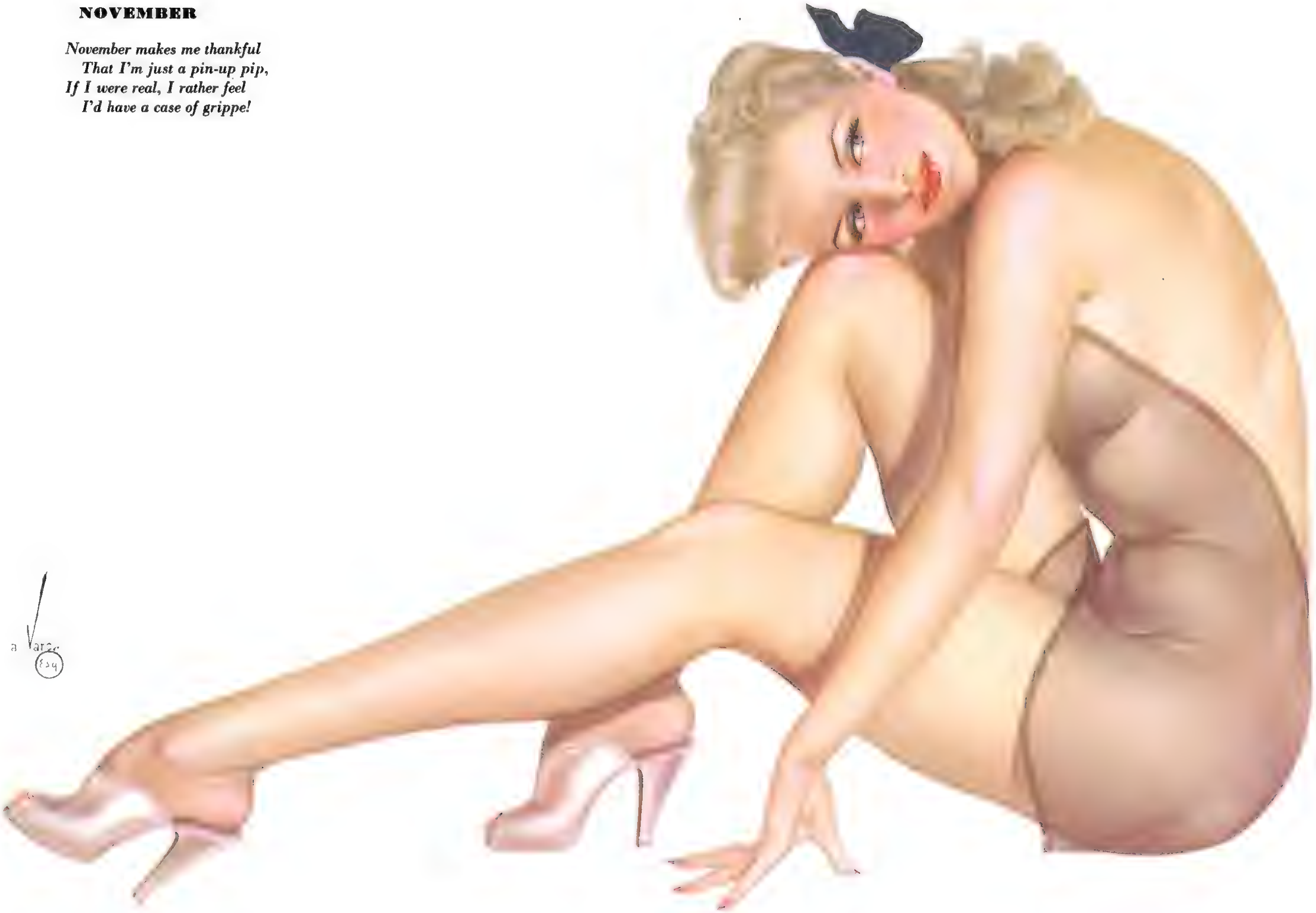
OCTOBER

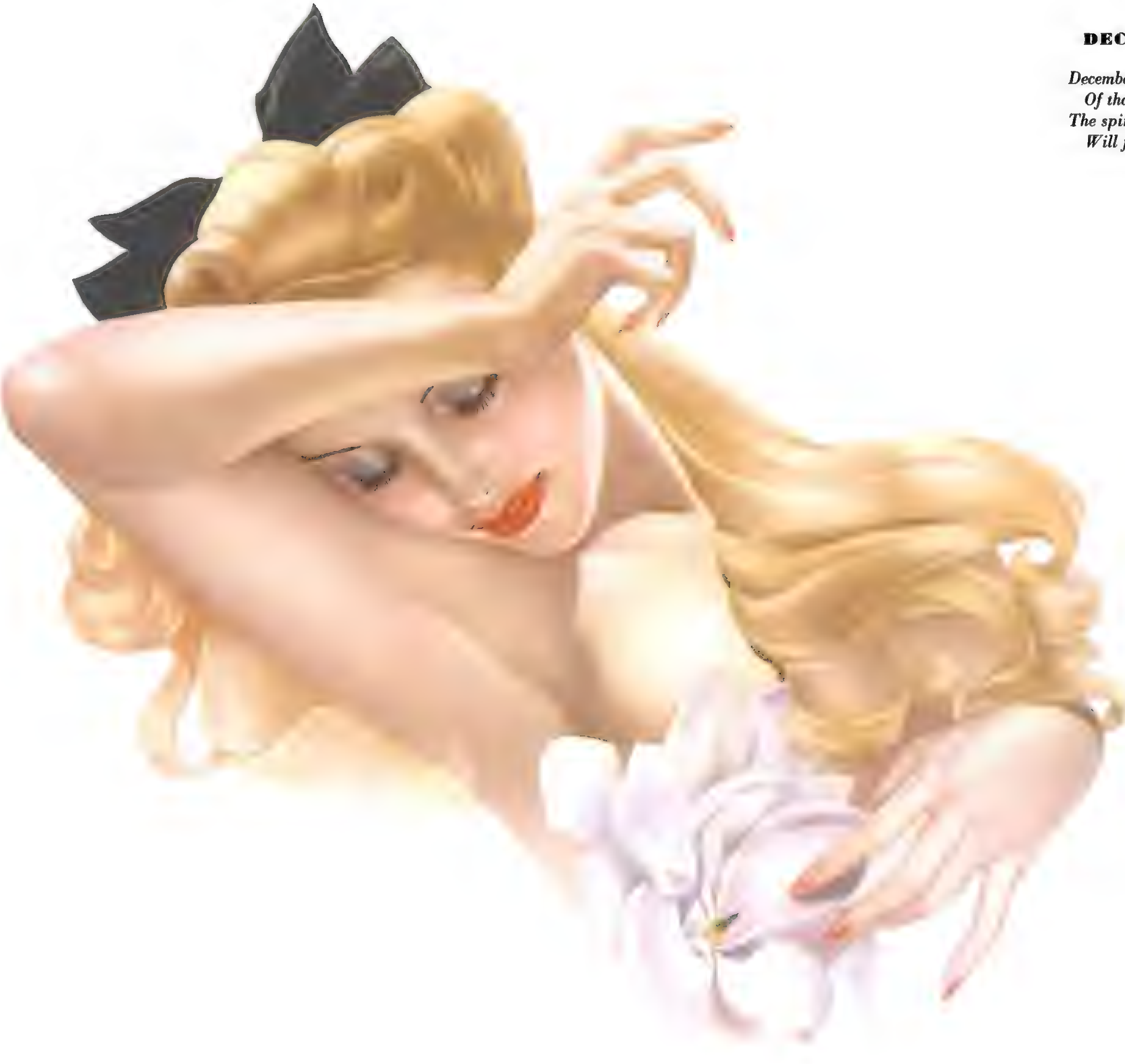
I'm dreaming of my soldier boy
Who's in the South Pacific,
And there each Miss is garbed like this
(The heat must be terrific!)



NOVEMBER

November makes me thankful
That I'm just a pin-up pip,
If I were real, I rather feel
I'd have a case of grippe!





DECEMBER

December finds me dreaming
Of that glad Christmas when
The spirit of good will and love
Will fill the hearts of men!

Little Man Bites Big Bulldog

For two years in a row, smallest player in old time football took Yale apart by classic and memorable individual feats

by ARTHUR POE

SPORTS

In the days before the war whenever I heard or read the word "over-emphasis" in relation to football, I always had to laugh. My thoughts then went back to the day our Princeton team of the late nineties returned from Cornell where we had lost a game by a field goal. Long before we reached Princeton Junction every man on the team had received a sheaf of telegrams from alumni all over the country asking him whether he realized that this defeat *had brought disgrace on every Princeton man.* When the train pulled into the station there was the student body en masse lined up, silent and disapproving; and we had to trudge down the gauntlet of that antagonistic throng realizing our ignominy. On Monday at practice it was the same story, the entire student body in the stands, silent, expressing thus their disapproval of our failure.

Anything like that in the late days of over-emphasis would have seemed merely silly. Today people have no idea how seriously football was taken in the nineties. Of course that somber reception we received after the Cornell game had a counterpart in the excessive hilarity that attended all big victories—such, for example, as Princeton's last-minute win over Yale in 1899. This was at the height of the move to make the Princeton-Yale rivalry a transplant of the Oxford-Cambridge rivalry in England. This game had grown into not only a Big Game but also a society event. Box holders at these games would be such people as Chauncey M. Depew, Joseph H. Choate, H. O. Armour and Cornelius Vanderbilt. At the opera after the game singers would bring down the house by wearing the winning colors, and theaters were over-run by victorious celebrants.

There was no reason why we shouldn't have beaten Yale in '99 without any special heroics. During my four years at Princeton we beat Old Eli in three of the games. As a matter of fact, the only touchdown scored against us by rushing in all that time was the one that gave Yale the victory over us my sophomore year.

It is necessary to explain that I was the fifth and *largest* (at 135 pounds) of the six Poe brothers who played football at Princeton from 1880 to 1902. Much of my early interest in football was handed down to me by my brother, John Prentiss Poe, five years my senior, who was halfback in 1891-92. He volunteered in the Spanish-American War, and at the beginning of the first World War joined the Black Watch. He was killed in northern France in 1915.

Two things in particular John always impressed on me when I was a boy of thirteen, just starting to play on a football team. One was that no Princeton team could be considered successful without a Yale victory; and the other was fundamentals and always to *keep your eyes on the ball.* He coined the slogan "a team that won't be beaten, can't be beaten."

Like my brother, Edgar Allan Poe, who was named captain of Walter Camp's first All-American team in 1889, I started as a quarterback, although at 135 pounds I was probably the smallest man that ever played end on any important team in that day of big-man mass football. The quarterback in those days could not run with the ball, but he always took it from center as in the present T-formation, and then he had to block. I had been injured in both my freshman and sophomore years with a dislocated right knee. Charlie DeSaulles of Yale was the outstanding open field runner of my day and in 1897 had made a number of long runs returning punts. I had suggested to Biffy Lea, our head coach, and to our captain, Doc Hillebrand that I believed if they would give me a chance at end I had a good prospect of getting down the field and tackling Charlie before he could get away. The following year Lew Palmer and I were transferred from the backfield to end for the specific job of getting down to stop DeSaulles. All of a number of circumstances like this had to prevail to prepare the situation. I got along very well at end because I had speed to race Palmer down the field. Also, there was Hillebrand beside me to save me on defense. And it was the custom to go for power plays in those days rather than to run the ends.

Another incident lent drama to the '99 game. In the '98 game there was a scrimmage right on our goal line. In those days you pushed and pulled until the runner cried "Down." Keeping in mind John's dictum, *keep your eyes on the ball,* I noticed that the Yale back had the ball endwise under his arm. I snatched it from him and ran unimpeded 98 yards for the game's only touchdown.

The Princeton-Yale game at New Haven on November 25, 1899, had four outstanding plays. First, there was Reiter's 35-yard end run to Yale's 4-yard line and his touchdown following, which with Wheeler's goal gave us a 6-to-0 lead. Next, Brown, Yale's All-American guard, blocked a punt and Captain McBride recovered for a touchdown. In those days, as until some twenty years ago, a team could punt out for position for the goal try from where the ball crossed the goal line. We had done that for a position right in front of the goal posts for Wheeler's kick. Yale, however, tried for its goal from the angle, and missed; so the score stood, 6 to 5. Then Al Sharpe made a magnificent field goal for Yale, splitting the bars in two with a perfect boot from the 48-yard line to give his team a 10-to-6 lead at the half. Field goals counted five points then.

This was the somewhat discouraging prospect we faced going into the second half. We had been confident of winning the game, which carried with it the championship, inasmuch as Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Pennsylvania were the only schools really recognized at that time. We had gained over 100 yards by rushing, as against only 26 for the Blue. But there was a strong wind favoring the Blue in this half, and when they stopped one of our drives they would always boom the ball back far up the field.

These fruitless drives used up our men, bringing eight substitutes into our lineup—the largest number ever made up to that time by either team in a Yale-Princeton game. At that time a player once removed could not return—which had an important bearing on what eventually occurred.

In the second half Yale continued to hold us, owing principally to the magnificent defensive playing of Captain McBride who, as fullback, was backing up the line. Four minutes before the end of the game I happened to notice that Wheeler, our fullback and only dropkicker, was not in position. So I ran to the side lines, followed by Dashiell, the umpire, and asked him to try for a goal. But Dashiell said that he had been out of one play so he could not return to the game. I do not recall whether at that time I had any idea of trying for a goal my-

Continued on page 188

"It's all right, Corporal—as you were!"

The Doctors Confer

It was obvious to Dr. Duryea that his patient was a health nut with that bit of knowledge which is always dangerous

by PETER B. KYNE

• FICTION •

℞

When the nurse ushered Henry Morden into Doctor Paul Duryea's office, Duryea decided instantly he would find some way to escape treating the man. Morden nodded briefly, as if he begrudged the greeting, removed his coat, rolled up his shirt sleeves and thrust his arms under the doctor's nose. "Eczema," he pronounced.

Now Duryea, like all doctors, was always irritated by a patient who diagnosed his own ailment. He had never been able to condone this normal human failing. He said coldly: "You should consult a dermatologist, Mr. Morden."

"I consulted Doctor James Moffatt—supposed to be the best skin man in town—and he couldn't diagnose it. If the damned quack doesn't know eczema when he sees it why does he continue in practice? He could get a job in a ship yard."

"As to that I wouldn't know, Mr. Morden, any more than I would know why you have so surely diagnosed your ailment as eczema when Doctor Moffatt couldn't—or didn't. What moved you to consult me?"

"A friend named John Chambers had a case of eczema that defied the dermatologists. It started just like mine with a mild rash and a damnable itch. Finally one of the skin men was decent enough to confess the case had him licked. He suggested it might be due to an intestinal antibody and advised Chambers to consult you. He said you were the best man in your line west of New York. You cured Chambers so I suppose you can cure me. I have no time to waste on dermatologists who take a man's money and give no relief. I'd rather pay a good fee to one man to cure me and be done with it. I can't sleep, what with this itch; if it keeps on much longer, I'll have a nervous breakdown."

"I cannot accept you as my patient, Mr. Morden, until you have paid Doctor Moffatt off and dismissed him. Have you done that?"

"No. He hasn't sent his bill; when he does I'll pay it. But I'm through with him. What's your interest in Moffatt's bill?"

"Question of professional ethics, Mr. Morden. Excuse me, please."

Duryea called up Moffatt from the secretary's office. "Paul Duryea speaking, Jim. One Henry Morden, who consulted you regarding his eczema, is in my office and desirous of giving me his eczema trade. A friend has sold him the idea that it is due to an intestinal antibody, which, of course, it isn't. He says he's through with you, you quack, so you may consider yourself fired. How much does he owe you? Tell me, I'll collect it and send you a check—if I can."

"Five bucks, Paul. One office visit."

"He's so nasty I'll make it twenty. What did you make of that rash on his forearms?"

"I diagnosed it instantly as a poison ivy infection, but he threw me for a loss by informing me that poison ivy is not indigenous to California. He seemed to enjoy telling me that . . . I suspect he's one of that detestable tribe that loves to prove the doctor is an ass. I was also mystified by the history of his case. It is a trifle over three weeks old; one day it's better, then it gets worse. The last few days the itch and rash has intensified, but in general the infection has remained static, which never occurs in a poison ivy infection. If it were poison ivy he should be in a very devil of a state by now. When I asked him to come back in three days he left my office in a huff."

"I take it, Jim, you have never been called upon to treat a case of poison oak infection."

"I've never heard of it."

"You haven't been practicing in California long enough. It is identical in its onset and effect with poison ivy and the California foothills are full of it. I've had it three times this month. Penalty for going quail hunting. However, I knock it out before it can dig in, and while I've never tried my treatment on anybody but myself, I'll try it on this Morden termite and if it works I'll unfold the great secret to you."

"Has Morden got poison oak?"

"Absolutely, but he doesn't recognize it for the same reasons you failed to recognize it as poison ivy, practically an identical infection; if it has been practically static, there's a sound reason for that and by judicious cross-examination I may discover what it is. He must be a quail hunter because the open season on quail began one month ago come next Sunday and I have never known a city man to contract this misery unless he went wild berry picking in the summer or quail shooting in the fall."

"Sock him," Jim Moffatt urged. "He's a curmudgeon."

Duryea rejoined his patient, informed him that Moffatt's fee was twenty dollars and that it would be agreeable to the latter if he, Duryea, collected it. Morden shrilled that Moffatt had the gall of a dictator to charge that for one office call, but Duryea coldly reminded him that Doctor Moffatt's fees followed the curve of Doctor Moffatt's reputation, and that if Morden desired to start an expedition on the trail of the deadly intestinal antibody he would have to hand over twenty dollars. So he did, declaring Moffatt was, in truth and in fact, a skin man . . . Duryea gave him a receipt and then began a long careful scrutiny of the Morden rash through a magnifying glass. He shook his head sagely. "Interesting case," he murmured. "Very. Mr. Morden, when did this start?"

"I went quail hunting on the first Sunday of the open season. That would be four weeks ago next Sunday. On Monday the itch started and Monday night the rash appeared."

"Do you wear a sleeveless hunting coat?"

"Yes."

"And roll up your shirt sleeves?"

"No. I use outing shirts with elbow length sleeves."

"How often have you gone quail hunting since the first onset of this eczema?"

"Twice a week—Sundays and Wednesdays—with the exception of last Wednesday, when I had to

go out of town on business."

"When did you return?"

"Friday morning—this morning."

"And was it worse then?"

"One hundred per cent worse."

"If it were not for the curious history of your case, Mr. Morden, I would be very much inclined to suspect poison oak."

"I'm immune to poison oak," Morden declared with irritating decisiveness. "The ground I shoot over is full of poison oak, I've picked a thousand dead birds out of clumps of it and fought my way through miles of it but have never become infected, which proves I'm immune."

"It would seem so, Mr. Morden. Have you taken any treatment for this rash?"

"No. I've been expecting it to disappear. It almost did several times, then came back again stronger than horse radish."

"Do you do much sea bathing?"

"Every day of my life, practically. Greatest exercise in the world for a middle-aged man. Develops muscles one never uses ordinarily."

This man, Duryea reflected, is a health nut, which is why he thinks he knows it all. Verily, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Morden interrupted his cogitation. "What's sea bathing got to do with eczema?"

"Probably nothing at all to do with yours, but then one must explore every possibility of infection before proceeding to hunt for that antibody. Cases of eczema—at least skin eruptions—have been traced to contact with certain forms of seaweed. Some people are allergic to them."

"I'm not. I've been swimming through every form on the Pacific Coast for years. I ought to know."

"You should, indeed. Well, that crosses seaweed off the list. Ever fondle a cat?"

"I should say not. I loathe cats. They give one ringworm."

"So cats are out."

"Perhaps," Morden suggested with faint sarcasm, "I'm allergic to quail feathers?"

"You could be. Parrots are the source of a very dangerous illness, and so are rabbits. Once I cured a woman of an apparently incurable case of hay fever by having her discard a pillow made from duck's feathers for one of floss. Did your friend Chambers tell you how much I charged him?"

"Yes. Five hundred dollars. His was a long hard case and he considered your fee reasonable."

"I treated Mr. Chambers five years ago. Since then my fees have doubled."

"It would be worth a thousand dollars to me to get rid of this damned itch. It's driving me crazy."

"I will require my fee in advance." Duryea thought: Now I will get rid of him.

However, he underestimated Henry Morden. A look of extreme cunning crept into the patient's cold blue eyes.

He said: "How do I know you'll cure me after I've paid you? And why isn't my credit good with you?"

"You disputed Moffatt's bill; only your desire to have me treat you caused you to accept it. And I seem to recall that Doctor Kevin Murphy performed an emergency appendectomy on you a year ago. The appendix had burst and he had a devil of a time saving you after peritonitis set in. You protested his extremely reasonable fee of five hundred dollars and he had to sue you to collect. I have no time for lawsuits."

"Well, if you ask me to be a sport and take a chance you can't object to taking a chance yourself. Are you willing to enter into a written agreement with me and guarantee a cure in say, thirty days, or refund my fee?"

"I'll do better than that. I am so certain I can cure you I will, provided any three dermatologists in this city certify, following thirty days of my treatment, that you have not been cured, not only refund your fee but pay you an additional thousand dollars to reimburse you for your time lost while being treated by me ineffectively."

Henry Morden reached for Duryea's telephone and called up his lawyer. He handed the receiver to Duryea. "Dictate the terms of your agreement," he ordered. "Me, I'm a fast worker."

Half an hour later a boy delivered the contract and doctor and patient signed it in the presence of witnesses. The nurse then placed two trays, eighteen inches long by six inches deep, on a table in a private room and Duryea brought forth a five gallon demijohn from a closet and poured into the trays what appeared to be water. To each tray he added a handful of grayish white crystals and four tablespoons of a white powder; he stirred these ingredients in and bade Henry Morden draw up his chair and submerge his arms in this liquid for one hour. He was to return for a similar treatment at nine o'clock the following morning, another at two in the afternoon, and repeat this

Continued on page 191

"Where will you be tonight about 8 o'clock?"

Sing Us a New Song

Can soldiers be inspired to fight or welders to weld by the funereal tempo and phony sentiment of current music?

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

Of all the diversions now offered to the American people, of all the forms of entertainment, of all the popular arts, one stands out today as being the world's worst bore: the popular song. I haven't been so let down since comic strips went political.

If this is "only an opinion," you may make the most of it. I maintain that a good popular song has a musical theme, fresh, pleasing and appropriate to the subject of the song; also that the sentiment of the song is human and reasonable. Put them together and you do *not* get *It Can't Be Wrong;* you do *not* get *You'll Never Know.* Put a reasonable sentiment and a fresh approach together and you get *Sunday, Monday, or Always.* You will forget it presently, and no loss. But by the nine Muses, it isn't offensive in sentiment nor maudlin in music.

Way back in the middle of last May, a song called *You'll Never Know* was already among the best-sellers; it had appeared on the air and was current in a movie, and it was selling well. It still was at the end of August. The same was true of *It Can't Be Wrong; Let's Get Lost* weakened toward autumn, and a delectable bit of drivel called *Paper Doll* was coming up —it had the same deeply divine theme as *All or Nothing at All.*

You have heard these grim, argumentative, sub-adolescent wailings, and if you think civilian morale can stand much more of them, your experience is not mine. Our statesmen discover profound economic reasons for absenteeism, for slackening of production, for lack of verve—and they are treeing the wrong coon. It's not Marx but Freud that will explain the sudden impulse of a man to run away from the factory. The factory has been playing *Let's Get Lost* once too often.

We have lived through the era of sloppy ballads and toughly disguised sentiment; we can take a song or leave it; but these unmanly moans, these silly proposals, are really too much. Our songwriters are indeed in a paper doll stage; cutting them out is only a step away.

Don't get the idea that I dislike popular songs. I detest what's popular now; and being prissy about mentioning names, I accuse no one, not even the ankle-sox gang, of keeping a particular type of song way ahead. I think that a song of three months before the deluge was pretty good: *That Old Black Magic;* it had a sudden power you don't often find; it was, in fact, a superior torch song. And the hit of *Casablanca* was also a good tune: *As Time Goes By.* Last October we were singing a cheerful, highly reminiscent bit called *In My Arms,* which is foolish but doesn't drag its weary length through dactyls and spondees of interminable languor. And there is hope for the world when you find a song called *Pistol Packin' Mamma.* Someone is alive. For charm, there is *If You Please,* from a picture called *Dixie.*

During the period under observation (to use a clinical term not out of place) *Oklahoma* came forth and Dick Rodgers had a song right in the top fifteen: *People Will Say We're in Love.* This is a love song in the melody pretending not to be one in the words (Oscar Hammerstein's); it's a good trick if you can get away with it and these boys did. But it is the one song in the show which lies in the area of dreamy low-vitality singing. There is more charm and freshness in *Oh, What a Beautiful Morning;* and the song about the surrey with the fringe on top has an enchantment all its own. Neither of these were too good to be popular, but they were out of the dominant style of the moment; the only songs that are going places are those which can be dragged and tremolo'd and squeezed.

Musical movies have brought back a lot of old songs, especially *Cabin in the Sky* and *Stormy Weather;* but they only half catch on. Another thing that has created an odd popularity has been the trouble in the recording business. Songs recorded two years ago, not too popular, can be brushed up and brought into the market; as all the new songs are without orchestral backing, the old ones seem rich and attractive. And this is wartime with our best talents busy about our national business.

Variety carefully lists the first twenty-five songs plugged (*sic*) by the network orchestras. These include a few good songs. And turn the page to the fifteen top sellers—you'll find a few good ones there, too. But the intolerable timidity of the orchestras, afraid not to have all the favorites, will get you in the end. Where the radio plays and the juke box is heard, the people's choice is manifest. The sentiments are phony. And the tempo of American life is not, thank God, the tempo of *You'll Never Know.*

Refusing to throw it all on the war, I note my own experience, which may not be common. Both by radio and by records, I get a lot of swing; I hear Ellington by choice; the great radio orchestras give you older songs, ballads, waltzes; the bands give you swing again. But there is so little good singing of pop tunes that I begin to think swing has shoved them aside, for a time. When people pick up a simple melody, it's likely to be Kern or Berlin; the newcomers succeed chiefly if they are in the old tradition. So they give their best in the new thing, where they have no competition from the old masters; and you can't sing boogie-woogie. Ellington has learned how to write a tune which the untutored can carry; but his name will live by those tremendous acts of genius which he recorded years ago, the band's improvisations, where the voice, if there is one, remains a minor instrument.

If I'm wrong, the reverse explanation fills me with a kind of reverent awe. Is it possible that our songwriters have caught the temper of the country? Hundreds of radio programs are beamed overseas; our soldiers, resting after a tough day with the Japs, listen to maunderings about a kind of epicene love and with one voice they cry, "This is what we're fighting for. To hell with the Four Freedoms, we want an adagio-crooner." And this goes in the factory, now co-educational; it goes for WACS and Marines on the beaches of Pacific islands and maybe Europe, too. How did the songwriters know that precisely at this moment of its history, America needed pap and syrup? Was it intuition?

The war songs aren't too bad, but soldiers probably sing them less and less as they come nearer and nearer to battle. When you consider that the hill-billy jingle-jangle of *Comin' in on a Wing* got itself slowed down almost to a coma (in the line about hitting the target, always sung as if the target were a cathedral)—when you remember that airmen prefer to come back with all their equipment functioning then you are not surprised that *our* war songs are not theirs. Maybe we need *Gertie from Bizerte* more than they do; if we can't have her, maybe we can use *Mademoiselle from Armentières.* Nothing we've offered up so far is half as good.

TIGER KITTEN ▶

Peggy McCann, one of the nebulae of Hollywood

Just as high as a man's heart, with the courage and curiosity of a baby panda and a temper which she astutely manages to lose at the right moment. This is a rough sketch of the red-headed, blue-eyed Peggy McCann, whose paradoxical traits might be ascribed by ethnologists to her Irish-English ancestry. Born and brought up on the isle of Manhattan, Peggy was unimpressed by the glamour Cover Girls. Blessed with a flair for seeing life freely and seeing it whole, La McCann was enormously happy in her current role of soda jerk. Everything was orderly behind the counter until Romance climbed on a stool in the form of a young actor. With Gaelic impetuosity, Peggy fell in love with her comely customer while she mixed him a chocolate malted. Later, however, while sitting in the air-cooled balcony and thoughtfully watching him do his Thespian stuff, she fell right out again. At their next meeting she told her erstwhile idol that he had more ham than all of her sandwiches, laid crust to crust. He suggested that since she seemed to know so much about the stage, why didn't she get on it! Never a lady to refuse a challenge, Peggy walked on in the "Priorities of 1942." She went on the road with this show for a while but got restless and weary of the footlights in Kalamazoo. So she left the theatre forthwith and pioneered to California. She reached the land of avocadoes just at the right moment to welcome her all-time hero, Frank Sinatra, at his Hollywood Bowl performance. And it was there among the front row spectators that our man Henry Waxman discovered her. Looking the field over with light meter and filter, he decided that Peggy McCann was quite the slickest of the Sinatra-worshipping chicks. One thing led to another and Miss McCann is now testing at one of the big studios. She says that because she can't make people cry the way Joan Fontaine can, she is going to make them laugh—and she is determined to keep on pitching until she's tops among film comediennes. This much is certain at the beginning of her career. She can make them look.

HENRY WAXMAN PHOTOGRAPH

E. Simms Campbell

◆ HOLLYWOOD . . . SET TO MUSIC

Sharp note from a Hollywood musical

This shot from Samuel Goldwyn's new musical comedy, *Up in Arms*, would seem to second the wise men who say that every beautiful woman is a mixture of Sweet Sue and hussy. For here June Lang belies her beruffled, demure dress with a look too bewitching to belong in Bible class, while at least two of the feted Goldwyn Girls look more coy than their costumes.

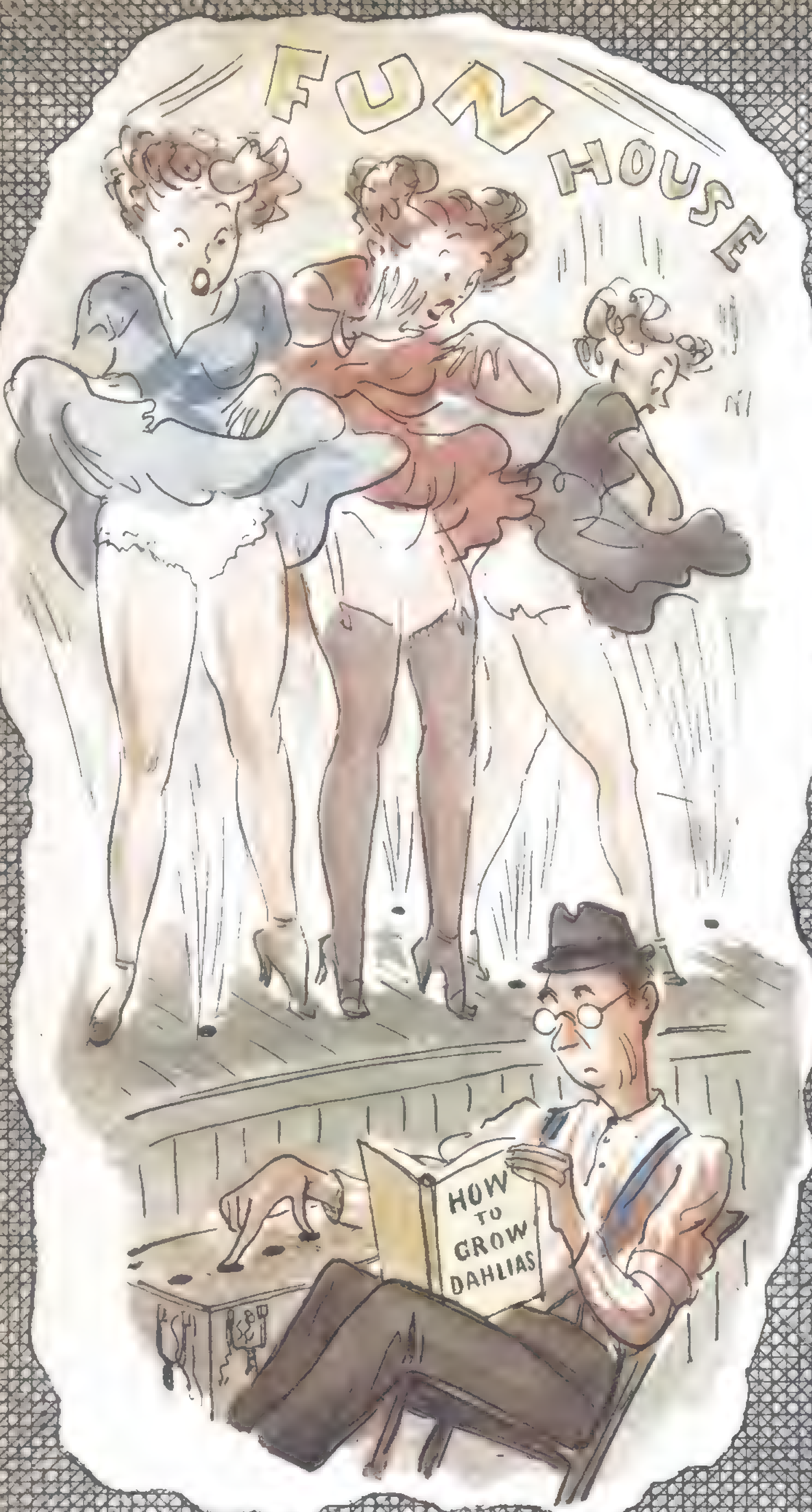
The set might be by Botticelli, out of Salvador Dali . . . if, that is, the Venus on the Half Shell motif mixed with the crumbling columns means anything more than a handsome showcase for the fruits of Producer Goldwyn's nation-wide search for a garden of glamour.

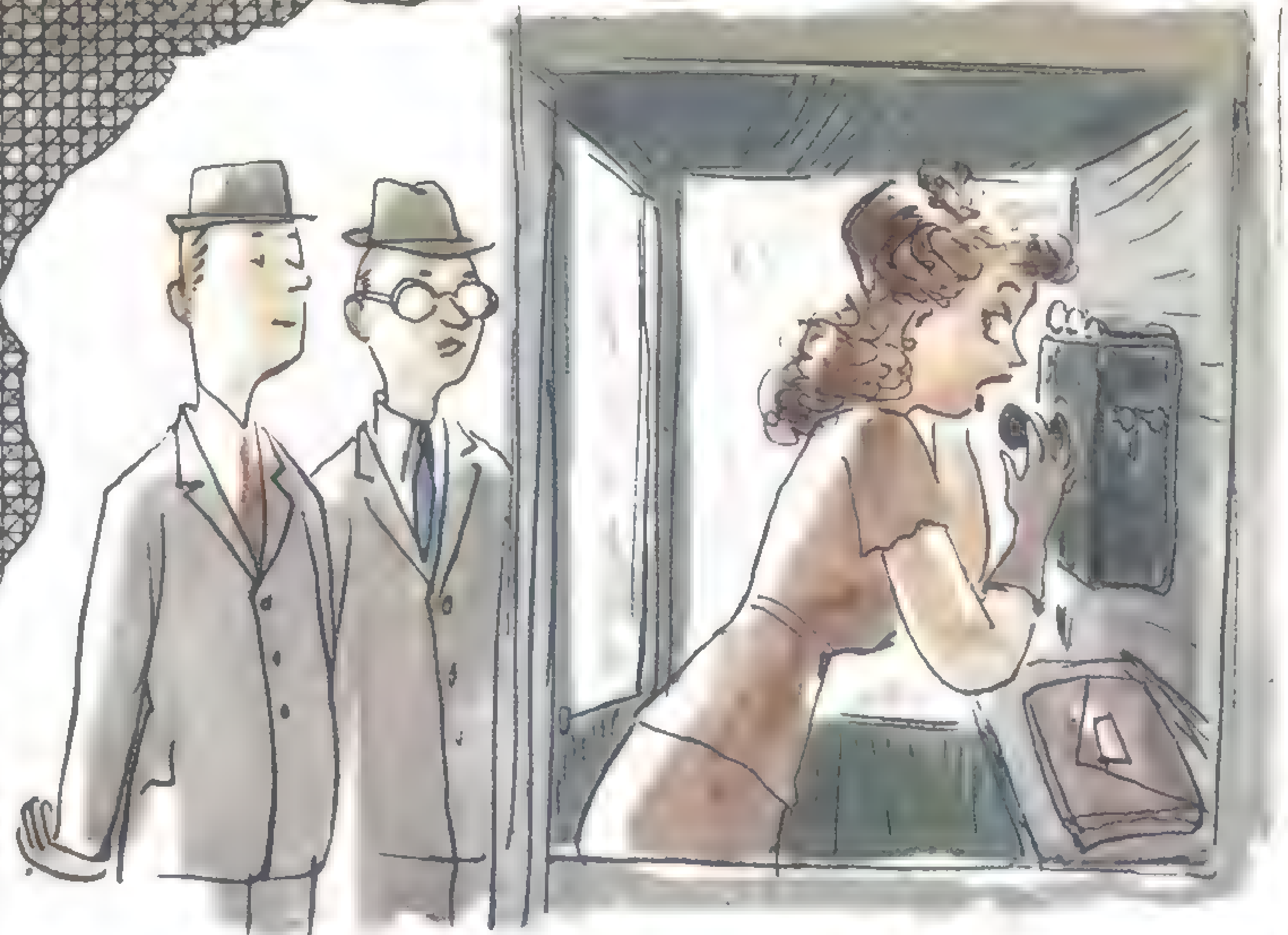
Put the have-you-got-a-friend question to Alma Carroll, Lorraine Miller, Ruth Valmy or Virginia Cruzon (reading four unusual damsels in the usual way) and the answer will be "Thirty-four, sir." Right—there are thirty-five of these Goldwynisms, better for courting than quoting, and they mark the return of an institution native to Hollywood—the Goldwyn Girls—after an absence from the screen of five long years. But since even the individualistic Mr. Goldwyn is not immune to the current wartime entertainment trend toward froth, now comes a musical and, necessarily, a new bureau of beauties. Betty Grable, Paulette Goddard and Virginia Bruce are three Goldwyn Girl graduates, so it might pay your gambling streak as well as your vision to keep an eye on these candidates.

Incidentally, this little shot (which took only five electricians, four make-up women, two hairdressers, one costume designer, six miscellaneous supervisors, one photographer and three hours) is from the Big Scene in *Up in Arms*. Danny Kaye, Broadway and night-club comedian who makes his screen bow in *Up in Arms*, is cast as a draftee with legal residence in Hypochondria. This assortment of smoothies is part of "The Purple Flash," Kaye's fantastic dream-scene. You should dream so good.

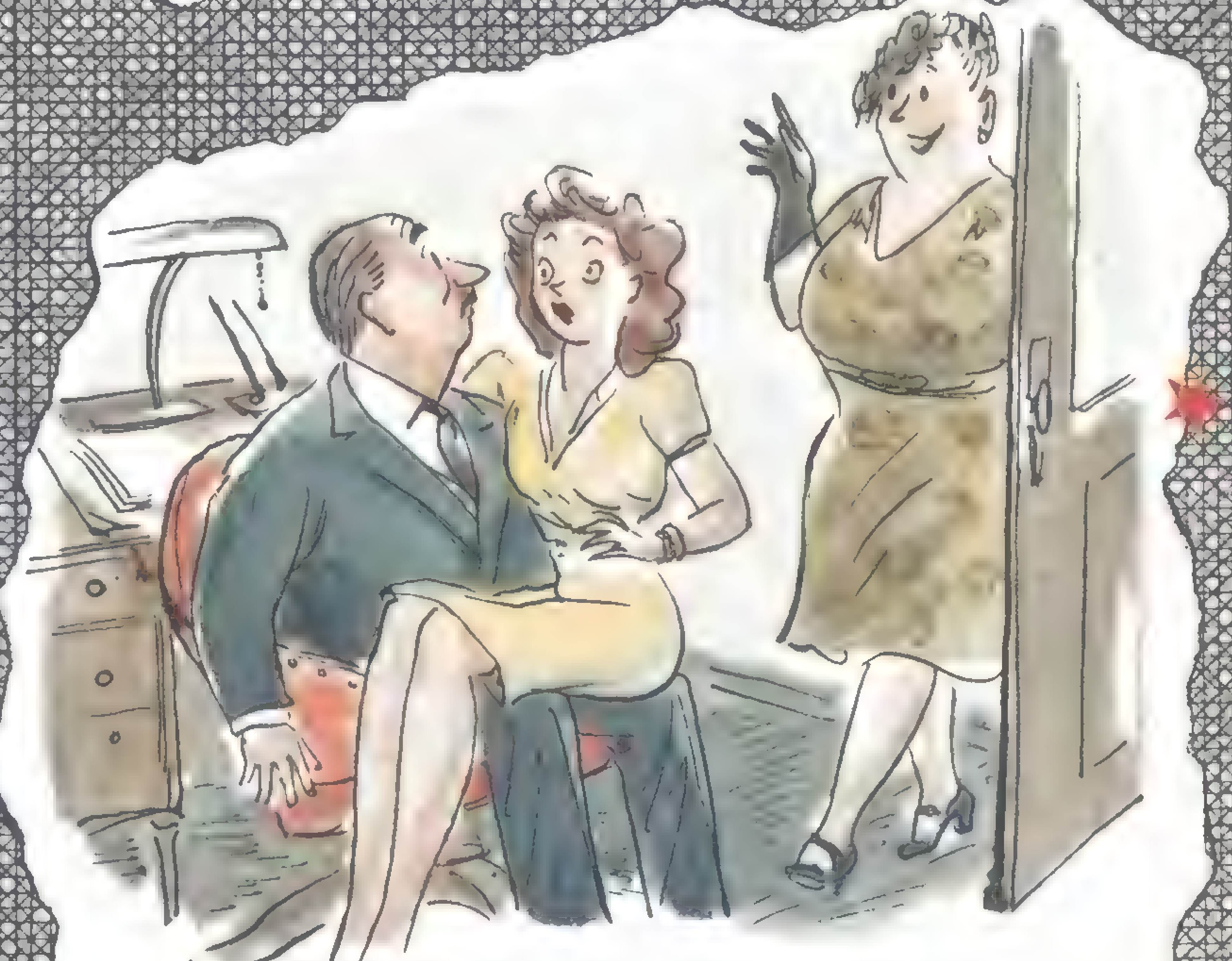
Dinah Shore, Dana Andrews, Constance Dowling and Louis Calhern are on the lee side of the technicolor camera in *Up in Arms*, too, with Director Elliott Nugent to the windward.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HAL MCALPIN

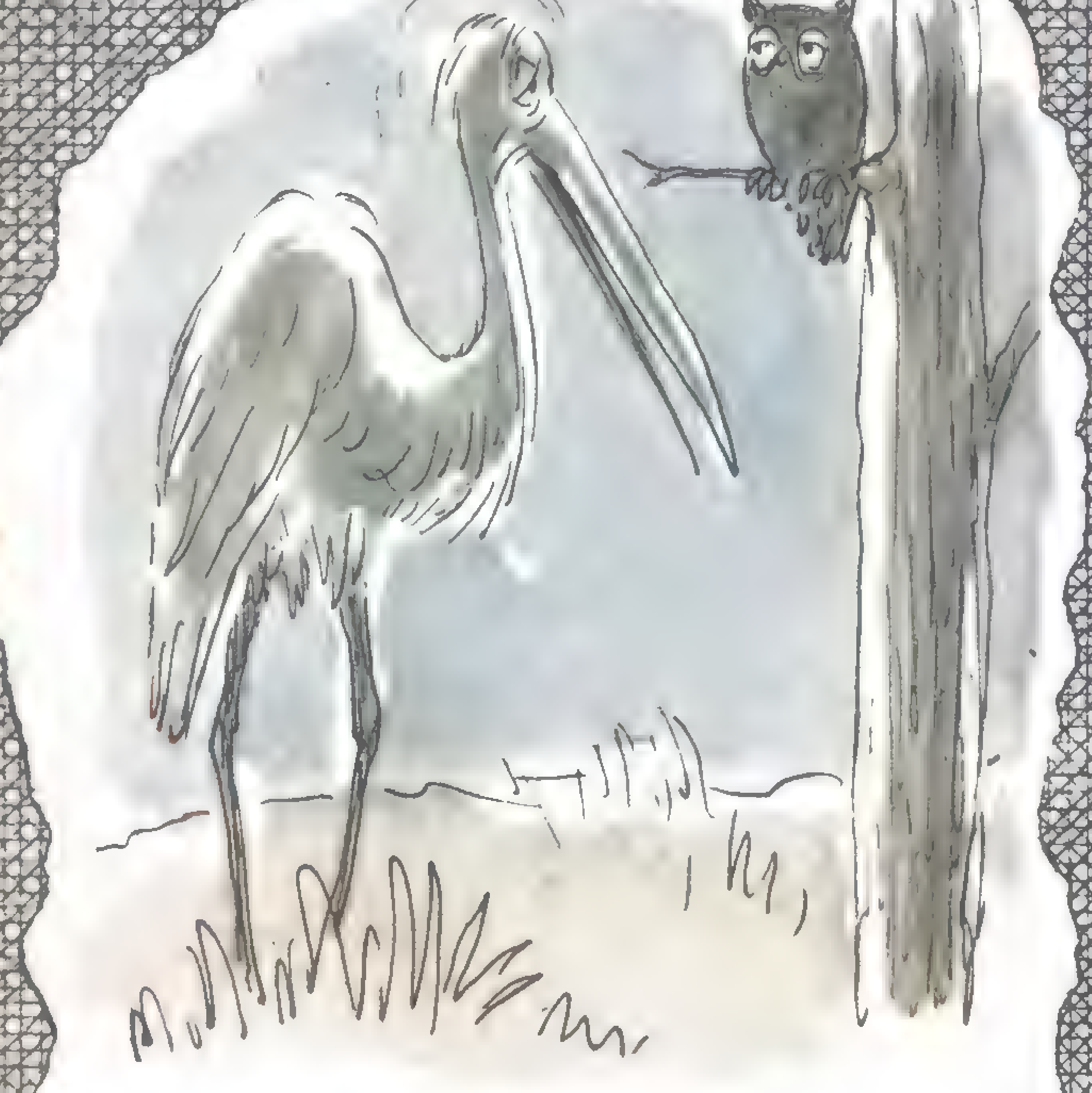

FUN HOUSE
HOW TO GROW DAHLIAS



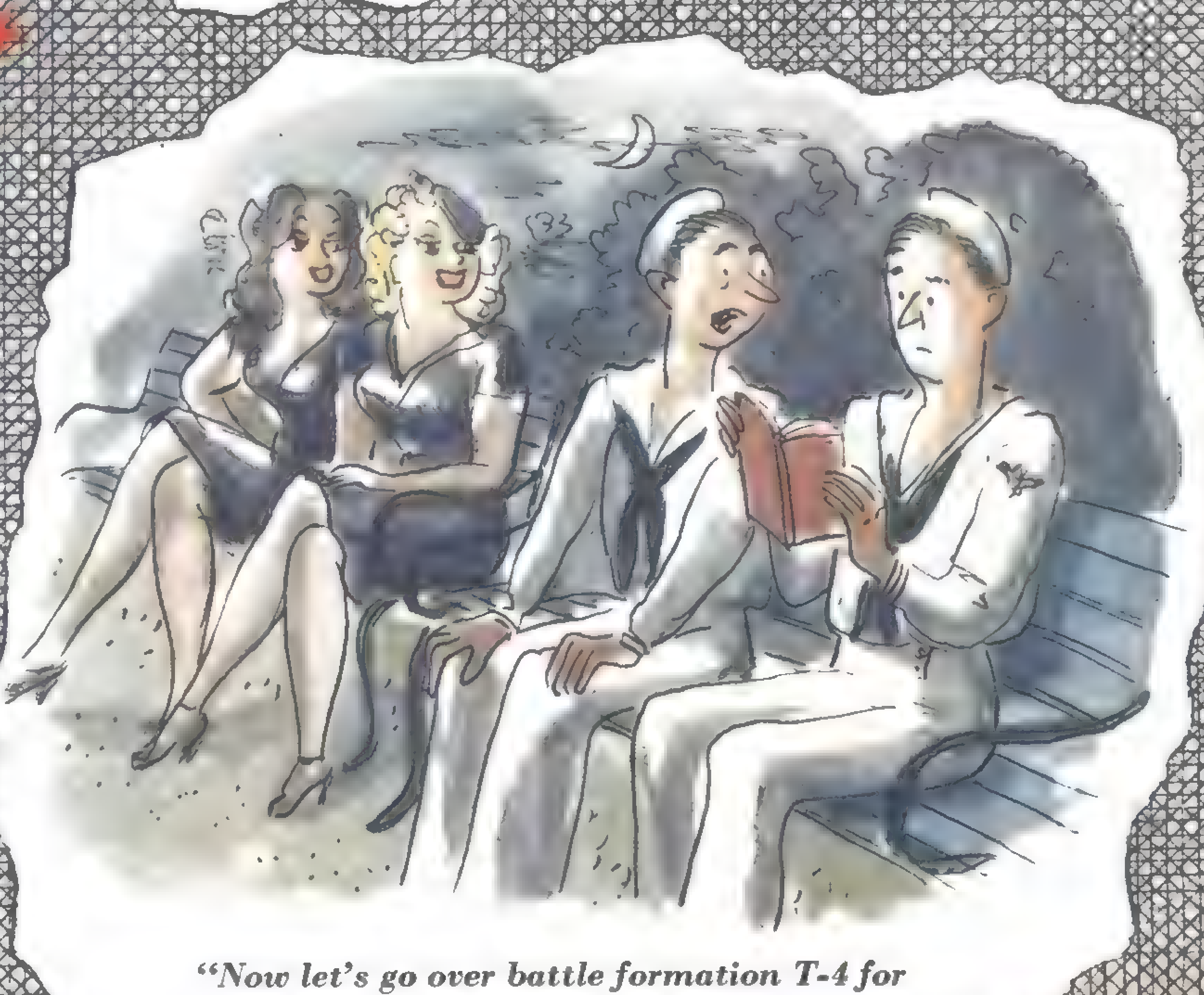
"Well, to be frank with you, Bertha, these dates are wartime quality"



"That's all right, John, I realize you have to do everything to keep help nowadays"



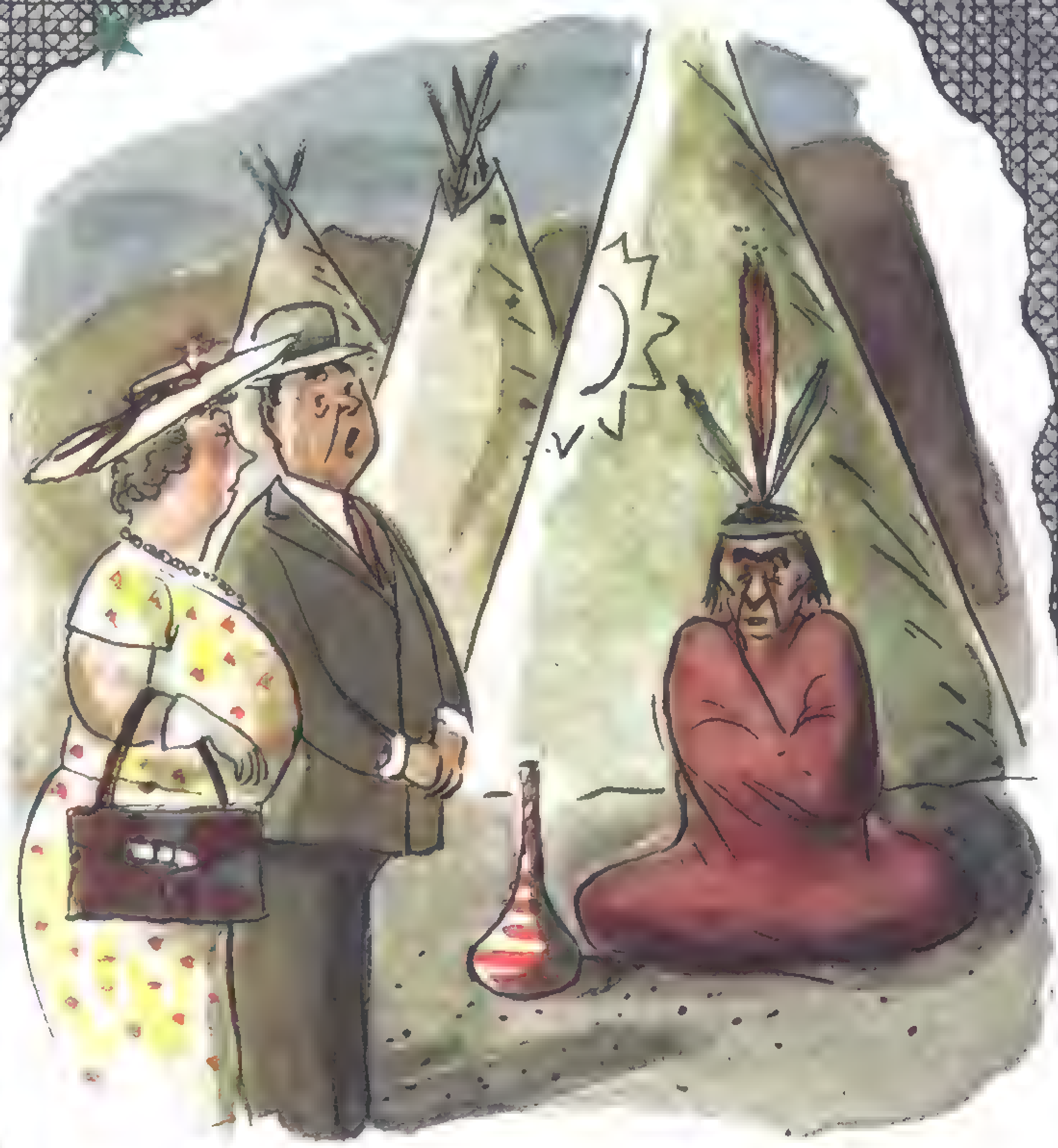
"That Paul McNutt will be the death of me yet"



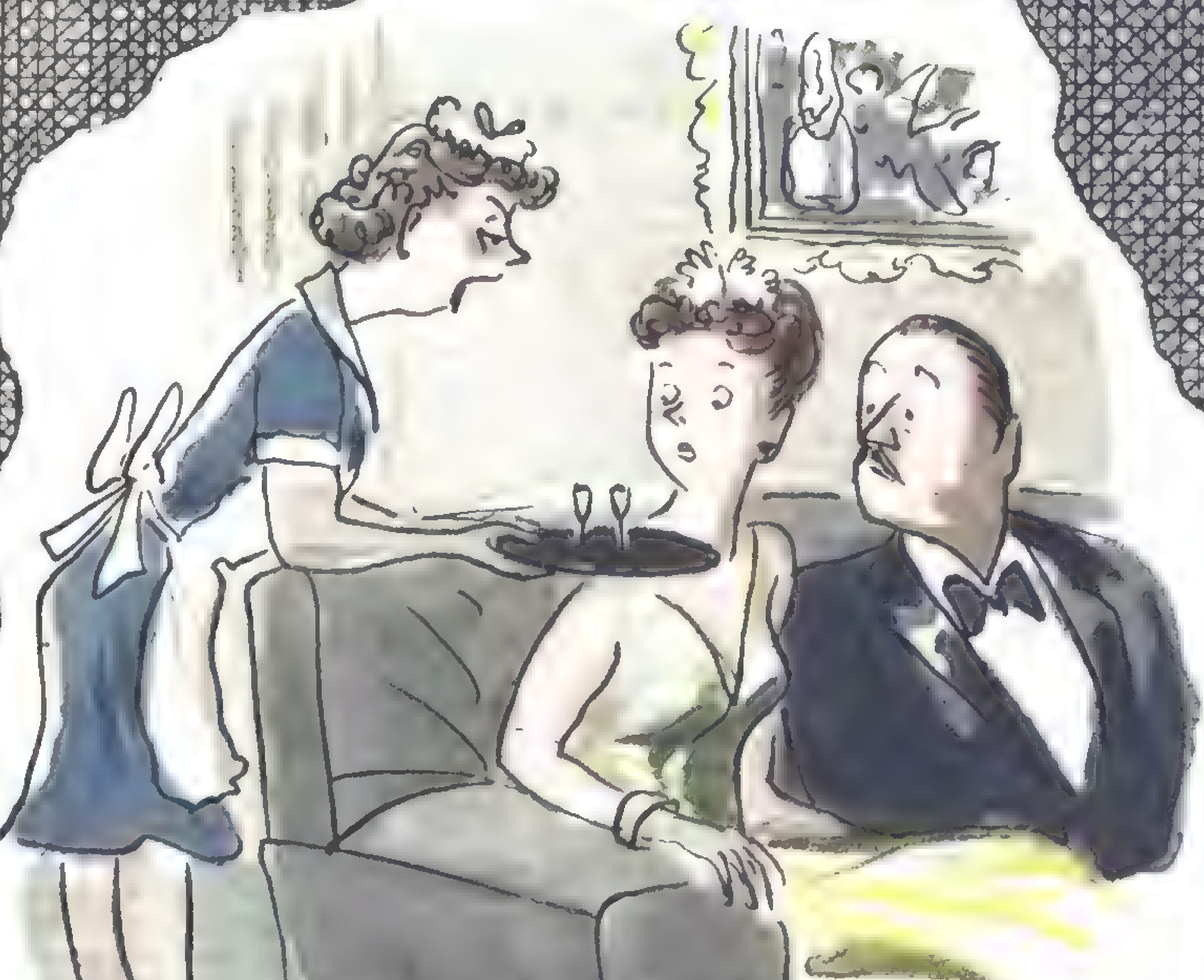
"Now let's go over battle formation T-4 for open sea defense again"

Pleasure's Devious Ways

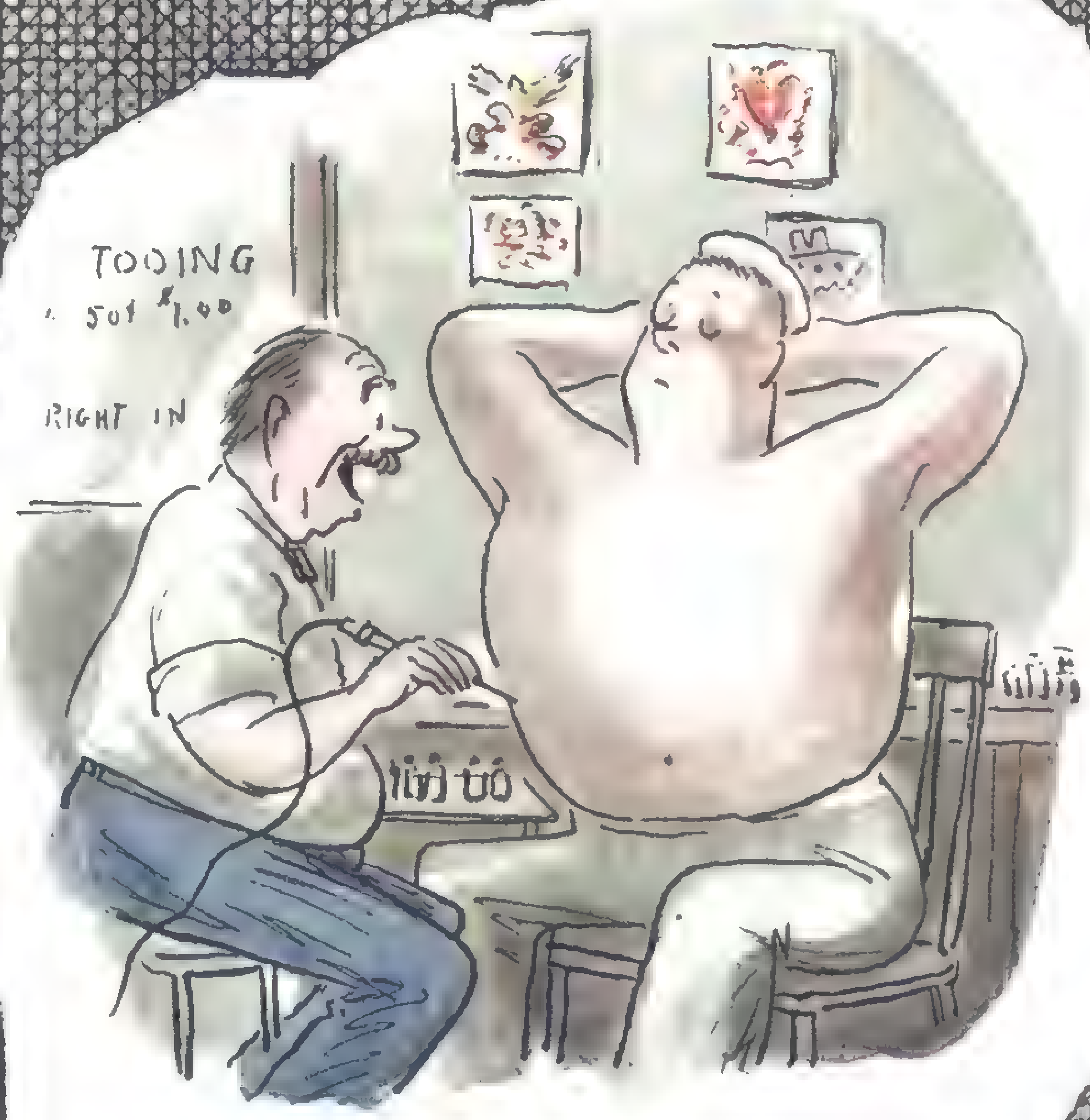
by HOWARD BAER



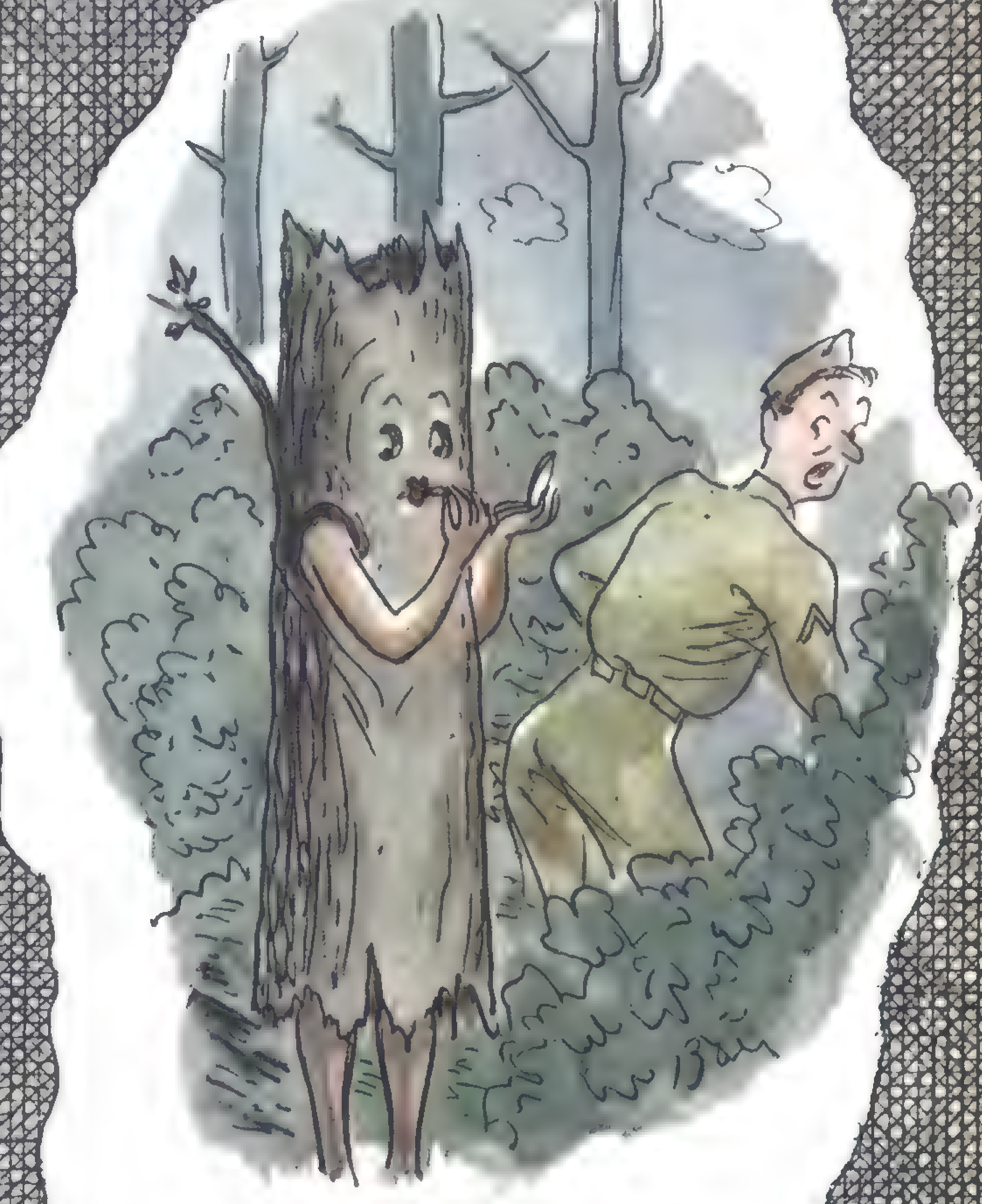
"Wonder if he would be interested in a job as a credit manager?"



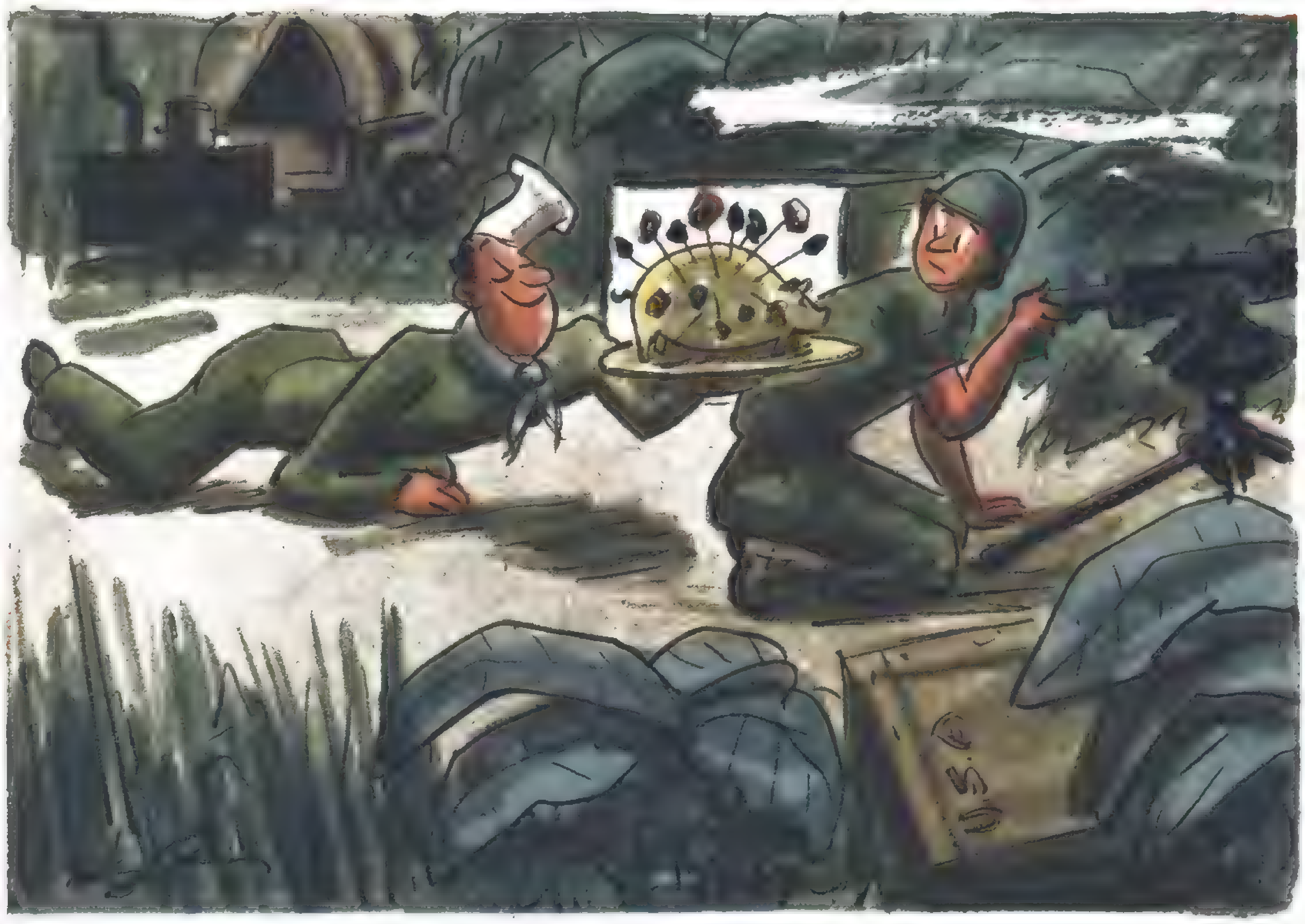
"Don't complain about the size of these drinks —just remember when we had lots of liquor and no victories"

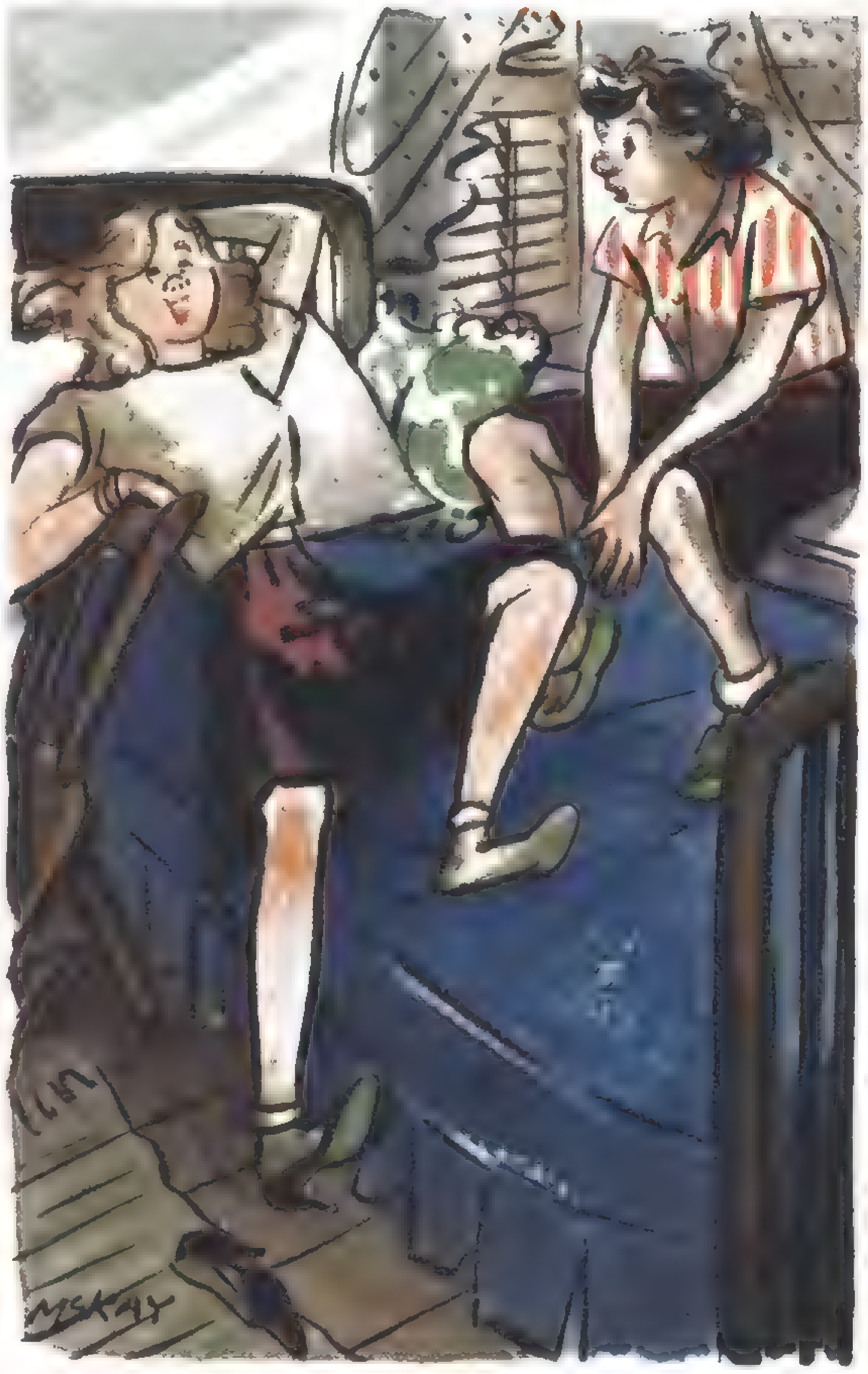


"Oh, boy, my chance to do a mural"



"Quick, Babe, here comes the sergeant —make like a tree"





"I dunno, Bing Crosby's all right I guess while you're still a child, but when you grow up there's no one like Frank Sinatra"

ESQUIRE'S MEMORY BOOK

PREDICTION: 1944 will be known as The Year of the Great Nostalgia. The wind that swept the '90's has blown up again to the proportions of a gale, leaving in its wake a trail of memories and old lace. They still jitter, they still cut rugs, but the sound of the Strauss waltz is also heard in the land, not to mention the rollicking rhythm of the polka, the cantering hoof-beats of the Can-Can and, for all we know, the something or other of the Schottischer. Esquire here dips blindly into the past and comes up with a double handful of one of the most memorable memories of them all—the Old-Fashioned Bathing Beauty.

But it takes two to make a memory: the person or thing remembered and the one who does the remembering. To complete the picture—and to add a modern memory just for good measure—we have provided you with John Robert Powers' favorite bathing suit figure, Ruth Woods. While Miss Woods is busy memorizing the past for you, we can take time out to bring the lady herself up to date.

One sunny day three years ago Ruth Woods decided to turn her slender back on Newport, Kentucky, where she was a dancing instructor at her own school, and try her luck in the Big City. Her first job was as cover girl on *Pic* Magazine where, standing innocent, smiling warm-eyed, dressed in a low-cut evening gown, she was voted "The Woman Heaven Was Created For," by Company B, 106th Battalion, of the Infantry. This one small fact, sufficiently publicized, sold more copies of *Pic* than any other picture before or since. Since that brave moment, Ruth has been in hundreds of ads, has been on dozens of covers, has acquired a cocker spaniel, a husband who was a news commentator but is now in the Army, success, and a well-rounded point of view.

Miss Woods is a mere 21. She has plenty of competition in the model industry—though not more than she can meet—when the call is sent out for pretty faces, small waists or perfect legs. But when it's a bathing suit model they want, Ruth is in a class by herself. If you don't believe the picture, here are some more figures to back it up: *Height:* 5 feet 8 inches with heels; *Weight:* 122; *Bust:* 35; *Waist:* 24; *Hips:* 35.

GEORGE SEREBRYKOFF PHOTOGRAPH

Out of the Book

During their first dogfight Ensign Brett, the young revolutionary who appeared to resent all precision, had violated orders

by **RICHARD TREGASKIS**

▪ FICTION ▪

The other three pilots acted like madmen as they came back to the carrier. Ensign Jimmy Brett taxied his plane to the bow so fast it seemed about to run overboard; he jerked himself out of the cockpit as if escaping from a flamer, fell over his feet getting to the deck, waved his reckoning board over his head, fixed the deck officer with a demented eye and shouted, "I got one!"

The second pilot cut his gun, then sat dumbly at his controls, as if closing the throttle had shut off not only his engine but his life. The third landed with one wing down, blew a tire, started to walk the wrong way and returned to his plane twice for things he had forgotten.

It was June fourth, beginning the battle of Midway, and these lads landing aboard an American aircraft carrier had just been initiated in aerial combat. The intoxication of action was showing its first effect.

But the fourth plane taxied smartly down the deck, following each direction of the deck officer, and, when Harrison Ogilbie, commander of the carrier air group, climbed out, neither dazed nor hurried, he smiled.

As he stepped lightly down from the wing he pushed his helmet back from a sleek head gleaming with white. "A busy day," said Comdr. Ogilbie to the landing officer.

The young lieutenant saw no signs of weariness in the sharply-chiselled, smiling face. "You would never think," he reflected, "that the guy is pushing forty."

Comdr. Ogilbie walked along the flight deck toward the fighter pilots' ready room. He smiled as he thought of a remark that had been made about him; that he was too old to fly.

This reminded the commander of business at hand. Ensign Jimmy Brett, who had made that remark, needed a lecture about another matter.

Ensign Brett, the young revolutionary of Fighter Squadron 19 was always calling for a reorganization of Naval administration and tactics. Brett had broken formation. He had been ordered to fly on Comdr. Ogilbie's wing, to protect his senior officer, and the minute the dogfight began, he had left his post to do battle with a Zero. The fact that Comdr. Ogilbie had returned to the carrier unscathed did not change the case.

He knew he would find Brett in the ready room, telling his own exploits of the day, and probably remarking on the age and obsoleteness of his commanding officer. Thirty-eight, thought Comdr. Ogilbie, was not an advanced age, but according to Brett it was decrepitude.

Brett resented the fact that his commanding officer knew technique and procedure as second nature from years of training in peace time, so that his first experience in actual warfare had come easily to him.

Brett resented all order and precision, not realizing that such things had disciplinary value, and sometimes a good deal more.

Approaching the open ready room door, he could hear Brett's high-pitched voice above the hiss and chatter of the deck gear.

"I suppose the old drill-master will tell me off for breaking formation," the voice was saying. "I leave his wing and that offends his sensibilities. He wants to march in step even in a dogfight."

Ogilbie could hear some laughter at that remark.

"When will the Navy learn," Brett went on, "that this is a new kind of war?"

The high voice continued, "Imagine the guy wanting to tie up two fighter planes so he can direct the attack, in accordance with Navy tradition."

"Yeah," interrupted another voice, "but he co-ordinated the attack, didn't he? And did a damn good job."

"Damn good," somebody said, but Brett went on. "We could have done just as well without the old fogey and the rule book."

Comdr. Ogilbie saw the pilots jump as he entered, saw Ensign Brett's face grow red and defiant. But even in anger Ogilbie remembered an unwritten Navy rule: praise a man in public and scold him only in private. He made a few humorous remarks about the battle of the day, gathered the pilots' reports and then he beckoned to the young ensign.

Silently Brett followed him from the room to a deserted spot near the edge of the deck.

"Brett," the commander said sharply, "you let me down today. You broke the combat rule that planes should hold formation in a dogfight. You must know that your breaking off left me alone and unprotected, and you too."

"But, Sir," Brett said, "I broke formation to get that Zero. And I shot him down."

Ogilbie studied the eager young fighter—a man with a glorious future if he were handled patiently. "I know you shot down a plane," said the commander. "But flying formation isn't just an arbitrary rule. It's based on years of experience. Anyone can pick flaws in any procedure. But if you look deeper you'll see you can't overthrow all rules."

He turned his back on the young officer to conclude the interview.

Passing by the ready room later to get to the ladder leading topside, he could hear Brett's tenor voice, quavering with anger.

"There's the whole damn situation," Brett was saying. "I see a Zero sitting right below us. I break formation to get him and he goes down smoking. He can't deny that I shot down the Zero. Yet this old fudd gets mad because I didn't march according to the manual of arms. He's mad because I shot down a Jap."

After his reports were finished the commander went to his cabin and opened the personal diary in which he wrote each day. After setting down a few details of the day's operations against the Japanese carriers his smile broadened as he wrote:

"The value of holding to formation during combat was proved in my first aerial action with enemy fighters today. My wingman, Ensign Brett, broke off to attack an enemy aircraft leaving himself and me unprotected.

"Brett fired several rounds at the Zero, which used deceptive tactics, pretending to fall in a flat spin through the overcast. Zero then regained altitude and would have dived on Brett, who was unprotected and completely unaware. However, I was able to get on the tail of the Zero and after a few rounds at short range he exploded, falling in pieces."

Comdr. Ogilbie paused, then decided it would be all right to permit himself the luxury of a little humor in his austere log, so he added:

"Brett, who had been unaware of my action, later delivered a public speech to the effect that I was too old to fight and that fighting in formation was an outdated technique." The Mona Lisa smile broke into a sharp laugh as the commander closed the volume with a snap and placed it in its proper spot on the shelf where his books were lined up as neatly as soldiers on parade. ⌗

◀AMERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Bettina Bolegard

The story of Bettina Bolegard is the story of a girl with a purpose, but the purpose apparently is not to succeed. Sometimes it works. Around the Harry Conover Agency they still muse on the appalling thought that she almost never got started at all. After her first visit to a photographer's studio, the photographer expressed himself belligerently to Mr. Conover: "She uses no make-up," he complained. "She has freckles. She's little. In fact, she's not like a model at all. But somehow, I can't get her out of my mind. Send her back tomorrow. I have another job for her."

Every photographer and fashion editor had pretty much the same reaction to Bettina. At length, they all began demanding her. They didn't quite know why at first, but now they do. Bettina Bolegard has character, distinction, personality or whatever that rare evasive quality it is that makes a girl stand out like an English accent on the subway.

Miss Bolegard, daughter of the painter by that name, is a conservative young woman with no intention of changing into a glamour girl. She has turned down all offers emanating from stage and screen. She lives in a house in the country, to which she returns every night to see her husband and her little boy, just as if there were no Stork Club, no "21," and no wolves table at El Morocco. She knows food, having spend fourteen of her twenty-two years in Cannes, and likes to cook with wine.

Miss Bolegard on Men: "Getting married—and staying that way—is still a pretty important subject in the curriculum. I can think of quite a few *don'ts*, but they can all be summarized in one sentence: Don't treat your wife like a wife. In other words, treat her as you would any other girl with whom you want to get better acquainted. Don't think you know all about her just because you're married. When you take her out, act as if it actually is a date and not just a couple of tired people merely going through the emotions."

Vital Statistics: *Height:* 5 feet 6 inches; *Weight:* 100; *Bust:* 33; *Waist:* 22; *Hips:* 33.

WILLIAM STONE PHOTOGRAPH

Mr. Kono and Mr. Blake

The American ex-vaudeville artist with the deadpan looked like a natural for plans best known to the wily Japanese

by **ALAN HYND**

• ARTICLE •

R

As many a connoisseur of the female form will tell you, the most attractive exhibit at the San Francisco World's Fair was one called The Candid Camera Artists and Models Studio. The exhibit in question combined all of the best features of a Forty-Second Street flesh display just prior to police and grand jury action, in that for two bits a gentleman could pass through the portals and gaze fondly on a stageful of blondes, brunettes and redheads attired only in their birthday suits.

What set The Candid Camera Artists and Models Studio apart from vulgar exhibits pandering to the baser instincts of the footloose male was the fact that it was technically artistic. That is to say, instead of going through little movements that had meanings of their own, the girls stood stock still in group poses. The stage was flood-lighted so that no detail would be overlooked by the paying customers. Not that the customers were standing around gaping. They were very busy, in an artistic sort of way. They were snapping pictures of the lovely groupings with little candid cameras. These candid cameras, in fact, were what brought about official approval of the show. A gentleman couldn't get in unless he was carrying such photographic equipment, the theory being that if he ogled the dames through a camera sight he wasn't a Peeping Tom.

How large a percentage of the customers went into the exhibit without any film in cheap cameras purchased for the occasion is perhaps beside the point. As circumstances would have it, one patron of the arts was a squat little Japanese of middle age who had a failing for white women. The fact that the show drew him in richly justified its existence, as we shall presently see. He went in one day in the fall of 1940 with a two-hundred-dollar German camera hanging from a strap around his neck and bouncing off his paunch. After getting an eyeful, the Japanese noticed a familiar face—that of Al Blake, co-proprietor of the show. The two men had first met twenty-three years previously, but had seen one another only casually since. The meeting between them that day in 1940, however, was to set in motion a chain of events that was to have vital international ramifications.

The Japanese was Torichi Kono who had, almost a quarter of a century before, been a butler, dresser, rubber and general factotum for Charles Spencer Chaplin. During the filming of the war comedy, *Shoulder Arms*, Chaplin had hired for a bit part a deadpan vaudeville actor named Al Blake—the same Al Blake who was running the show at Treasure Island twenty-three years afterward. Blake appeared in only one scene of the picture—the scene in a trench where Chaplin, playing a doughboy, had the misfortune to find his lower bunk completely submerged in water. Chaplin nevertheless lay down in his bunk, using an old phonograph horn for breathing purposes. In the dry upper bunk, witnessing all this, deadpan, was Al Blake.

It was immediately after the filming of that scene that Al Blake and Torichi Kono, whose lives were to be so singularly and dramatically intertwined almost a quarter of a century later, first met. Kono had the job of drying and rubbing down little Chaplin, and he and Blake fell into conversation during the process.

Blake, then only in his twenties, had a peculiar gift—absolute control over every voluntary and involuntary muscle in his entire body. Deciding to cash in on this ability, he struck out on a career as a mechanical man. He billed himself as Keeno, later alternating that billing with King of the Robots, and he became familiar the country over to vaudeville patrons and department store window gapers as a sort of a human dummy. Dressed in white tie and tails, Al would often stand for an hour in a department store window, with a wax-like make-up on his face, alongside of a dummy dressed exactly like him. The idea was for Little Willie, standing with mama in front of the window, to decide which was Al and which was the dummy. It was never an easy task to distinguish between the two, for Blake's control over his muscles and nerves was truly remarkable. Here indeed was a man who never batted an eyelash—for as long as an hour at a stretch. At various fairs and expositions, rewards up to a thousand dollars were offered to anyone who could make Blake laugh or move a muscle in his face. Nobody ever collected.

When Kono spotted Blake that day at the Treasure Island exhibit he was well aware of Blake's gift of absolute control over his muscles. This gift, in fact, was precisely what Kono had need of—rather, what the Imperial Japanese Government had need of—for the Nips were scouting around for a man who could turn traitor and sell the United States of America down the river without batting an eyelash.

Although Kono had not seen Blake for a number of years, he acted as if he had run across a long-lost brother. It was dear Al this, and dear Al that. Nothing would do but that the two of them get together at Kono's flat in Hollywood when the fair ended to chew the rag and talk over old times.

For several months after the close of the fair, Kono and Blake dined together frequently at restaurants in and around Hollywood. So far as met the eye, Kono had nothing up his sleeve. Apparently he wanted nothing more than Blake's friendship. But Blake, a slim and dapper man, was nobody's fool; he suspected that Kono was a Japanese spy. For one thing, this one-time butler was a lily who toiled nor spun not. Yet he was always flush with folding money and he owned two custom-built cars that were a constant menace to the lives and limbs of Hollywood pedestrians.

Finally, one day in the spring of 1941—more than six months before Pearl Harbor—Kono asked Blake what he thought about the war. The King of the Robots was very deadpan. "Personally," he lied, "I don't give a damn how it comes out."

Kono's dark little eyes glittered

"You know that cute curly-haired air raid spotter—the fellow with the nice teeth and deep blue eyes—the one who's always so neatly dressed—well, he's on the phone and reports unidentified aircraft over the northeast!"

behind his rimless glasses. "You're not against *my* country, then?" he asked.

"I figure," said Blake, who had thought out his answers beforehand, "that if Japan needs more territory, let her go and take it. What the hell have the Chinks ever done for anybody, anyway?"

Blake was playing his part well indeed, for Kono said, "You take a very intelligent view of things, Al; that's going to help us a lot."

"Us?" Blake repeated.

Kono ignored the question by asking another one. "You were in the Navy for a stretch years ago, weren't you, Al?"

Blake nodded.

"Then you must still have friends in the Navy."

"That's right," answered the King of the Robots. "But I don't get all this."

"It will be explained to you tomorrow," said Kono. The Japanese made an appointment to meet Blake the next afternoon at three o'clock at the corner of Sunset Boulevard and Wilton Place North.

At the appointed time a car drew up. A Japanese at the wheel motioned Kono and Blake inside and drove quickly into the Hollywood hills. There he introduced himself as Mr. Yamato, and got right down to business. He asked Blake who his closest friend was in the Navy. Blake didn't have any close friends in the Navy as a matter of fact, but he thought up one on the spur of the moment. He said his friend's name was Jimmie Campbell, a yeoman on the U.S.S. *Pennsylvania.*

Mr. Yamato consulted a small leather notebook. "The *Pennsylvania* is in Hawaii right now," he said. "How long has it been since you have been in touch with Campbell?"

"Oh, several months."

Mr. Yamato, who was a man of about thirty-five and on the plump side for a Japanese, spoke like an individual whose slightest whim was a command. "Get an airmail letter off to your friend Campbell," he told Blake, "and re-establish contact. Tell him you're coming out to Hawaii for a visit so that he will be expecting you."

Up to that point, Blake had just played along with the situation. So far as the Japanese were concerned, he didn't have much to say about anything, and he was amazed at the way they had taken things into their own hands. Now, however, Blake decided to ask some questions. Obviously, he said, the Japs wanted him to do some spy work for them. But how, he asked, had they decided that he could be trusted? Mr. Yamato and Mr. Kono smiled. "We know," said Mr. Yamato, "that since your exhibit at Treasure Island closed you have not been regularly employed. We know also that you are a gentleman who is not opposed to making, as you Americans say, a quick dollar. We are going to offer you a most attractive proposition. Money will be no object to us."

Blake asked just what it was that the Japanese wanted. It can't be said that the Japanese were pikers in their demands. They wanted practically every detail of information that was obtainable about the Pacific fleet.

Blake pretended to be afraid of the risk. He pointed out to Yamato and Kono that another one-time yeoman in the Navy—Harry Thomas Thompson—had, only five years previously, been sent away for fifteen years after being caught turning over gunnery and tactical information to the Japanese. Mr. Yamato had an answer for that. "Thompson," he said, "was a drunkard and did foolish things. You, on the other hand, Mr. Blake, hold your liquor well."

Blake said he wanted a chance to think things over. The next day he started out for the Office of Naval Intelligence in Los Angeles, only to discover that he was being trailed by two Japanese in a Ford. So he resorted to the dodge of going into a movie theatre and slipping out the back way.

Lieutenant Leo P. Stanley of the O.N.I. listened attentively to Blake's detailed recital of his association with Kono from that day in the movie studio in 1917 until he had left the man the previous afternoon. Lieutenant Stanley thereupon told Blake to go back to the movie theatre the same way as he had left it and to make an exit from the main entrance when the picture on the screen reached the point it had been at when Blake had originally gone in. The King of the Robots was to use the same dodge in reporting to the O.N.I. the following day, at which time a decision would have been made.

Next day Blake learned that he was going to be a counter-espionage operative. This is a role very seldom assigned to a civilian in time of war or peace but the circumstances were such that Blake could not be replaced. Moreover, his gift of muscular control would

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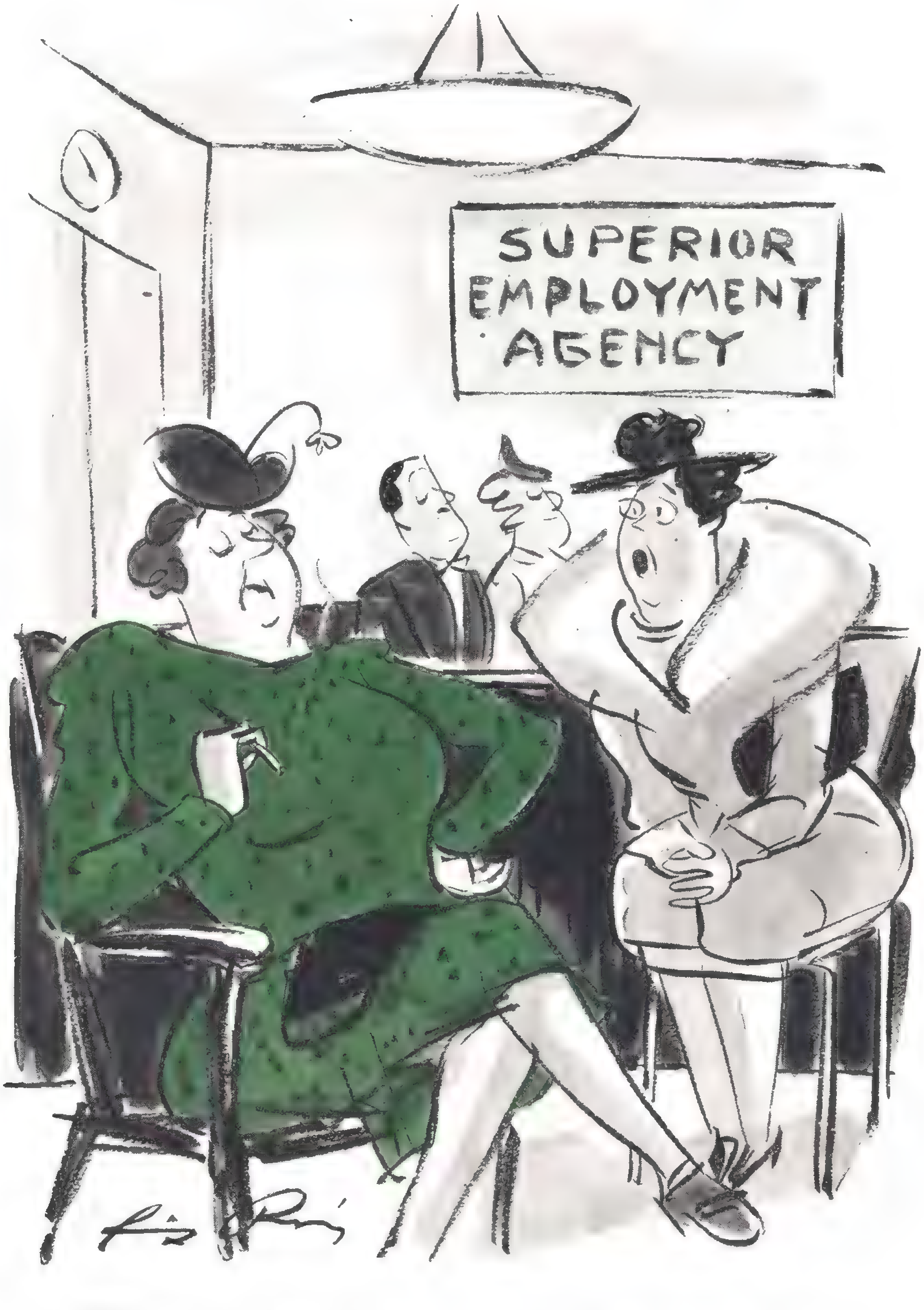


"I'll have to be frank with you and admit there is some work attached to this job!"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

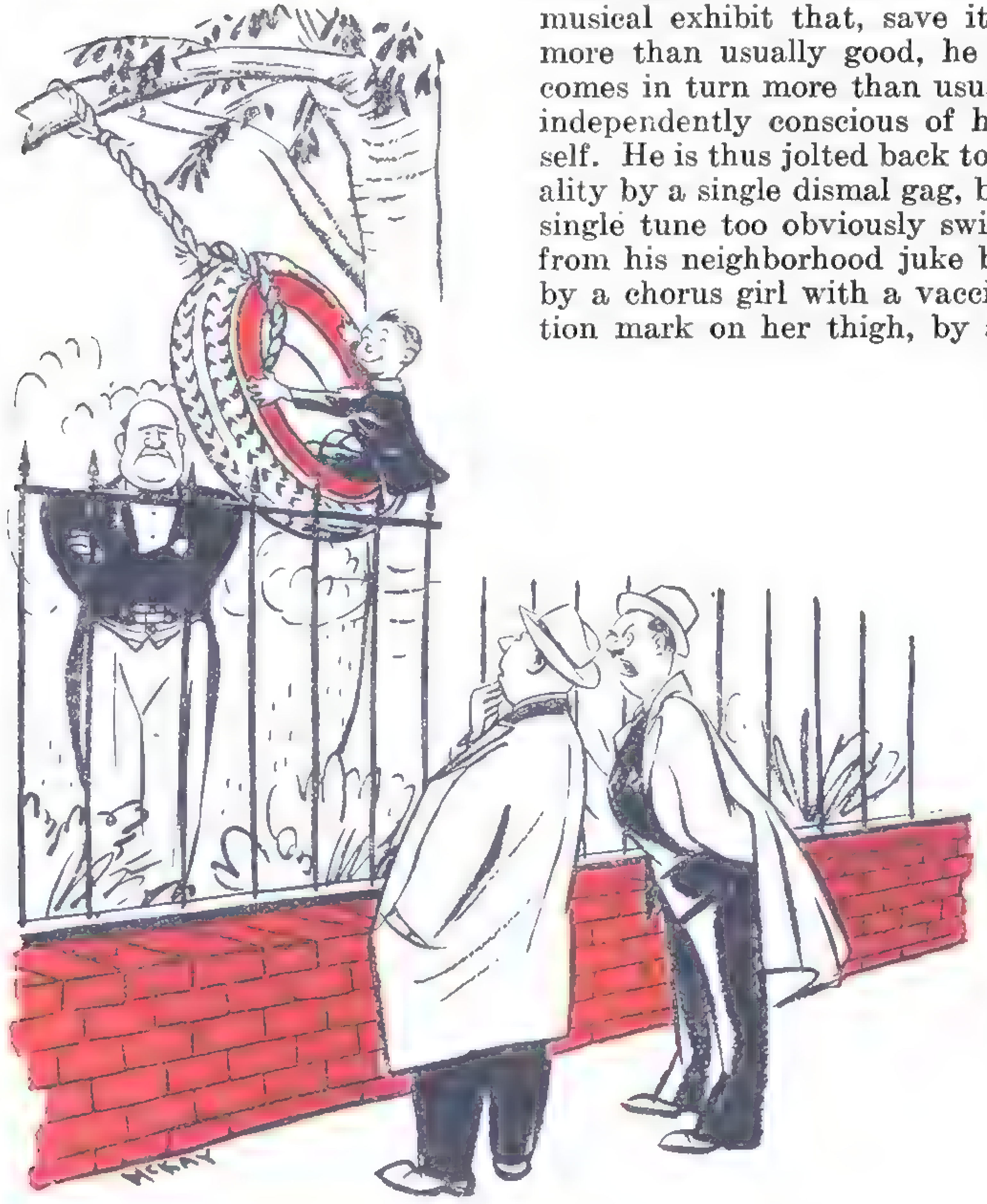
Alleging escapist entertainment leaves the audience smack where it was, and a Freudian word on Elmer Rice's condition

by **GEORGE JEAN NATHAN**

• THEATRE •

The notion popular with producers and critics that musical shows constitute in wartime one of the likeliest forms of escapist entertainment strikes this department as so much sausage. Some such exceptional exhibit as *Rosalinda* or *The Merry Widow* or *Oklahoma!* may once in a while justify the notion, since Strauss and Lehar and even to some extent a Dick Rodgers are virtuosi of the necessary hypnosis. But eight out of ten of the lesser shows not only do not provide any such mental jail-break; they rather operate the other way round.

It is occasionally possible that at the run-of-the-mill musical show a good comedian, a gay tune, a nimble dance or a lovely girl may momentarily distract the mind from its deep and worried concerns. But for the greater portion of the evening, what goes on on the stage no more diverts any cerebrum larger than a French pea from such harrassments than a bloody battle makes the distraught soldier think relievedly and happily of *My Dear Public.*



"I tell you, Featherstone, it's this sort of thing that breeds revolution!"

The idea that when a man goes to a musical show he volitionally reduces himself to the status of a jolly ass, whereas at something like *The Two Mrs. Carrolls* he functions willy-nilly like a Hegel, survives only in the philosophy of the producers. The truth, as any man of honor will tell you, is that he is actually much more critical of a musical show than of the average dramatic play he attends. If the girls aren't pretty enough, if the tunes don't make him hum, if the jokes don't make him laugh, if the book is a bit on the flat side, if the sets and costumes aren't sufficiently beautiful—if even so much as *one* of these items is sour, he will give issue to a pungent bellyache. But let him go to a play that is as deficient on as many counts as, say, *Harriet, Janie* or anything else of the kind and you will not hear a complaining peep out of him.

So paradoxically particular and challenging is the customer of a musical exhibit that, save it be more than usually good, he becomes in turn more than usually independently conscious of himself. He is thus jolted back to reality by a single dismal gag, by a single tune too obviously swiped from his neighborhood juke box, by a chorus girl with a vaccination mark on her thigh, by any one of two dozen such things. And it is thus further that, when it comes to escape, he can achieve it more satisfactorily at some profound dramatic tragedy (or even by staring fixedly for half an hour at an electric fan) than at musical shows like *Early to Bed, Hairpin Harmony*, and many others such.

To add to his difficulty in losing himself at the musicals, a number of them, even the better ones like *Carmen Jones*, permit themselves to touch on the war in one way or another. It isn't so bad when the day's news is gladdening, but I, for one, would hate to have money in a show with a war background that opened on a night when the news might be agonizing.

I have written in the past and I write again that there is much fallacy in this theory of theatrical escape. In drama, escape does not lie in the mere themes, as so many producers imagine, but in the beauty with which, whatever they may be, they are handled. Nor can I believe that laughter provides the chief and most gratifying alley of escape; the escape is but momentary. Perhaps, as before observed, the only real escape is great and overpowering tragedy, since it to some degree minimizes the tragic circumstances of the immediate life and world in which we have our existence.

The man who can forget his son's death on the battlefield, his house mortgaged because of burdensome taxes and his bad case of ulcers in tapping his foot to some song like *There Ain't No Color Line Around the Rainbow* or in laughing at some such gag as "You get married at your age! Why, you're not heir-conditioned!"—the man who can vamoose from his cares and anxieties under such circumstances is either a congenital idiot or already drunk when he buys his ticket.

II.

Elmer Rice's grave condition is a case for a psychoanalyst and since psychoanalysis is one of my innumerable, recognized gifts, despite several beer bottles on the nose from friends upon whom I have gratuitously practiced it, I shall give him the benefit of my consultation, free. Herewith, my findings:

When he started out in the playwriting business, the patient was an incomplex personality perfectly happy to write simple melodrama like *On Trial, For the Defense*, and *It Is the Law.* It was not long thereafter, however, that the first symptoms of what may be termed dramaturgical schizophrenia were detectable in his desire, in *The Adding Machine*, to lend to his melodrama a somewhat deeper import. Conquering himself for a spell largely through the kindly ministrations of collaborators, there ensued a brief period of comedy as simple as his initial melodrama and, solo, once again even melodrama (*Street Scene*) that concealed the developing mental bacilli. But presently the patient was visibly unable to control his older suppressed desire, the desire to be not Elmer Rice but a cross between Augustus Thomas and Samuel Grafton, and the result was a synthesis of aphronia, mental narcissism, poriomania and plain everyday katzenjammer which produced a succession of plays whose possibly valid melodramatic and comedy elements have been vitiated by injecting into them political, sociological, economic and theological dicta that may best professionally be described under the cross-file headings of dramatic algolagnia and Westbrook Pegler catharsis.

The patient's latest demonstration, *A New Life*, further substantiates the findings. What might conceivably have been an affecting play about bringing a child into the world and planning its future well-being has been botched by the patient's complexes. His cosmic cure-alls and soap-box spoutings invade the properly innocent dramaturgic organism—and the consequence is theatrical astasia or, in other words, flop.

III.

A half-dozen random critical reflections:

1. I have a feeling that there may possibly be an interesting play in Upton Sinclair's novel, *Our Lady*, recently rescued from obscurity by a new publishing firm in, of all places, Hollywood. The theme is the coming into the future of Mary, unaware that she is the Virgin Mary and that Christ is her son, and her difficulty in reconciling the Christianity of today with the words she used to hear her son speak at home. The scene, piquantly, is Notre Dame in Indiana, part of the action passing during the football season. For the dramatizer, I suggest Robert Sherwood.

2. The fact remains that there is not a single leading actor on the contemporary American stage

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Esquire's Medley of Holiday Gifts

"Sing we joyous all together
Heedless of the wind and weather."

Top to bottom. Leather trimmed furlough bag. Cotton gabardine bush jacket. Wool-lined one-finger mitts for pilots. Army picture frame. Compact sewing kit. Duffle bag with toiletries for WACs. Toilet set for men in Navy. Black fabric billfold with sealskin lining, Naval insignia and pencil. Glareproof sunglasses. Light with mirror and switch to flash code. Leather utility case with oiled fabric lining. Aircraft navigation computer for rapid calculations. Leather bag for WACs with extension cloth bag attached in back. Miniature poker set. Razor blades. Folding picture frame. Compact and cigarette case with fabric covering and leather trim for WACs. Treasurette of gold, St. Christopher's medal. Identification bracelet. Wrist watch with sweep second hand. Most articles come in khaki or dark blue.

"Don we now our gay apparel Troll the ancient Christmas Carol."

From top to bottom. Printed wool robe and kid slippers. Worsted gabardine raincoat and wool muffler. Rayon pajamas. Plaid wool shirt. Snap brim hat. Monk front shoe and Argyle wool socks. Custom last shoe and checked wool socks. Kit for refreshing shaves. Alpaca pullover sweater. Hand-stitched deerskin gloves. Campaign Colors in suspenders. Wide webbing garters. Belts: leather covered buckle, Western, braided, embossed design, sealskin with monogram buckle. Two-tone wallet. Broadcloth shirt, repp tie and silver tie clip. Striped repp, printed foulard and wool ties. Cotton handkerchief. Initial silver buckle. Initial tie holder. Sporting design tie holder. Stone cuff links. Wrist watches. Heavy link silver chain. Men's cologne. After shave lotion. Seal wallet. Lotion, powders, shaving soap.

"Follow me in merry measure
While I tell of Christmas treasure."

Top to bottom. Marten neck piece. Pigskin fitted overnight case. Colonial type pitcher. Setting hen bonbon dish. Sheep-lined fabric boots. Red leather mittens with sheepskin cuff. Evening cardigan with sequins. String of simulated pearls. Perfumes and cosmetics: "Anticipation," "Blue Grass," "Attar of Petals," "Escape," "Chantilly" cologne and bath salts. "Bandbox." Snakeskin bag, gloves, belt and umbrella. "I love you" scarf. Bead and coin necklace. Novel box of choice candy. "Corsage" perfumes. Key to heart belt. Harlequin sweater. Choir boy figurines. Wrist watch. Set of sterling earrings, pin and bracelet. Spray pin. Emerald earrings. Disc pattern bracelet. Deer pin. Bowknot bracelet. Elephant pin. Jewel box.

POKER • BLACK JACK
Festival of OPERA

"Our steward hath provided this In honor of the King of Bliss."

Top to bottom. Silver punch bowl, ladle and cup of colonial design on ebony tray. Globe and atlas. Trout rod in case on pigskin suitcase. Birch log candle holder. Poker dart board. Poker set. Game compendium. Hiking cane. Cheese and cracker tray, knife and plane. Pen and pencil sets on radio. Tooled leather desk set. Felt fire-place mitts and fire glow. Beer mugs with sailboat design. Cocktail, wine and highball glasses and hand-embroidered napkins on stainproof tray. Stitched pigskin humidor for cigars and cigarettes with matching tobacco humidor, ash tray, cigarette case and pipe rack with pipes for the inveterate smoker. Christmas tree design plate with glass bookends to match. Well-bound volumes between glass bookends. Model "Spitfire" fighter plane. China ducks. Record album.

For answers to gift queries, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Avenue, New York City 17.

KODACHROMES BY HOWARD S. REDELL

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

No rest for escapists in such analytical recent novels as *The Trespassers, Trio, Equinox,* or that stark tale, *The Mothers*

by **BENNETT CERF**

• BOOKS •

DISTURBED booklovers who were hoping that current fiction lists would bring them a little sweetness and light have been served instead with a collection of heroes and heroines who sound like fugitives from Havelock Ellis. Jasper Crown, in Laura Hobson's *The Trespassers*, is obsessed with the notion that he is sterile; lashed on by this secret torment, he cheats his business associates and behaves like a skunk to the women who love him. Pauline Maury, the dominating character in Dorothy Baker's *Trio*, not only involves the loveliest girl in her French class at a Western university in an unnatural love affair, but rides to literary fame on a critical work that she has plagiarized from a former fair victim. Dr. Verplanck, the phony psychoanalyst in Allan Seager's *Equinox*, devotes himself to convincing a father and seventeen-year-old daughter that their love is incestuous. And so it goes in other new novels of the year. "Escape" reading indeed! The Watch and Ward Society, self-appointed delegation of bluenoses to guard the morals of the fair city of Boston, was so confused that it banned Elliot Paul's *The Last Time I Saw Paris* a year and a half after it hit the best-seller lists. One conscientious critic declared that he felt himself turning into a Dr. Stekel and Mr. Freud. Elinor Glyn, creator of the relatively Sunday-schoolish *Three Weeks* and the uncertain something called "It," that served as Clara Bow's springboard to fame, seemingly realized that the world had passed her by, sighed, and quietly breathed her last at a London nursing home at the age of seventy-eight . . .

The Trespassers has the makings of a truly great book. It is really two stories in one. The struggle of a distinguished Austrian family (one hundred per cent "Aryan") to escape Nazi tyranny and break down the incredible red tape that prevents their entering the United States is, in Mrs. Hobson's telling, a heartbreaking and magnificent story that should make some miserable little bureaucrats in the State Department writhe with shame. The other theme of the book, however, tied to the main line by unconvincing literary hocus pocus, is, by comparison, exceedingly paltry stuff. Vera Marriner is the heroine who fights so magnificently to win the right for the Vederle family to enter the United States, but wilts so completely under the domination of the ruthless egomaniac, Jasper Crown.

Why do the Vederles have so much trouble getting their American visas? The doctor is an outstanding psychiatrist. He has ample funds in a Swiss bank. A score of prominent American citizens are willing and eager to vouch for him. Our rigid quota laws, however, turn what looks like a routine affair into a tortuous endurance contest—those laws which were passed before the terrible emergency of the past decade arose, and which too many of our twopenny consuls and sub-sub-secretaries perverted in order to indulge their personal prejudices and salve their own miserable little egos. Mrs. Hobson's burning indignation against America's whole sorry record in the rescue of European refugees is translated into ringing prose. This theme is far too noble and important to be cluttered up with the problems of Jasper Crown, recounted with such animus that the reader will conclude that Mrs. Hobson has lost the Olympian detachment of the novelist, and gone in for settling a few personal scores of her own. *The Trespassers* is a book that you will find yourself thinking about long after you have put it down. If it makes one American more compassionate to refugees already in our midst, more determined to compel the State Department to relax its immigration rules while the need is so great, it will have justified its writing.

Trio is the new novel by the same Dorothy Baker whose *Young Man with a Horn* created such a stir in literary circles five years ago. She says that she began *Trio* long before she ever dreamed of doing a story about a jazz trumpeter; that notion seized her of a sudden and she dropped the original project long enough to develop it, winning a Houghton Mifflin fellowship in the process, and eliciting the comment of "Darned near perfect" from the difficult-to-stampede Mr. Fadiman. Then she came back to *Trio*. The result is a compact and beautifully integrated story that somehow lacks warmth and the breath of life. Mrs. Baker seemed happier projecting a young man with a horn than a young woman with a complex. Her trio consists of Pauline Maury, the chic and assured professor of French; Janet Logan, her assistant, disciple—and victim; and Ray MacKenzie, an attractive male student of the same university. MacKenzie falls in love with Janet Logan, and she, seemingly, with him. In the end, the unnatural barrier proves too difficult to surmount. MacKenzie is left pounding vainly on the door to another world in much the same fashion as the hero of that sensational play of seventeen years ago, *The Captive*. Do you remember the hullabaloo when that play first opened in America? And the comparable excitement when *The Well of Loneliness* appeared? Today a book like *Trio* is published and the critics state clearly that its theme is homosexuality. No fuss, no furtive peddling of copies from under the counter, no threats, so far as I know, of suppression. This is a heartening sign, at least, that the American reading public is coming of age. A dignified book like *Trio* will not disturb the trend. Sure as shooting, though, some fifth-rate hack will take advantage of the situation and turn out a cheap shocker on the same theme. Then the hue and cry will start all over again.

Allan Seager's *Equinox* is a more sensational book than either *The Trespassers* or *Trio*, but it lacks their sincerity. The author has been teaching English at the University of Michigan for the past eight years and has written dozens of successful short stories. His style is professional and dynamic; his dialogue packs the punch of an O'Hara or Fitzgerald. But *Equinox* stands or falls on just how much you believe in the validity of the evil Dr. Verplanck. For me he simply did not come off. The jacket blurb assigns him to "a place among the loathsome and magnificent villains of literature." In my book, however, he is a feeble recreation of William Faulkner's Popeye, watching his victims with the same drooling and impersonal concentration. For years he has been taking notes on the disintegration of a gargantuan poet of the 1920 Greenwich Village variety, subtly hastening the inevitable collapse by plying his victim with the liquor that he craves. The poet's wife senses what he is up to, but the poet himself seems only vaguely aware of what the amateur psychiatrist

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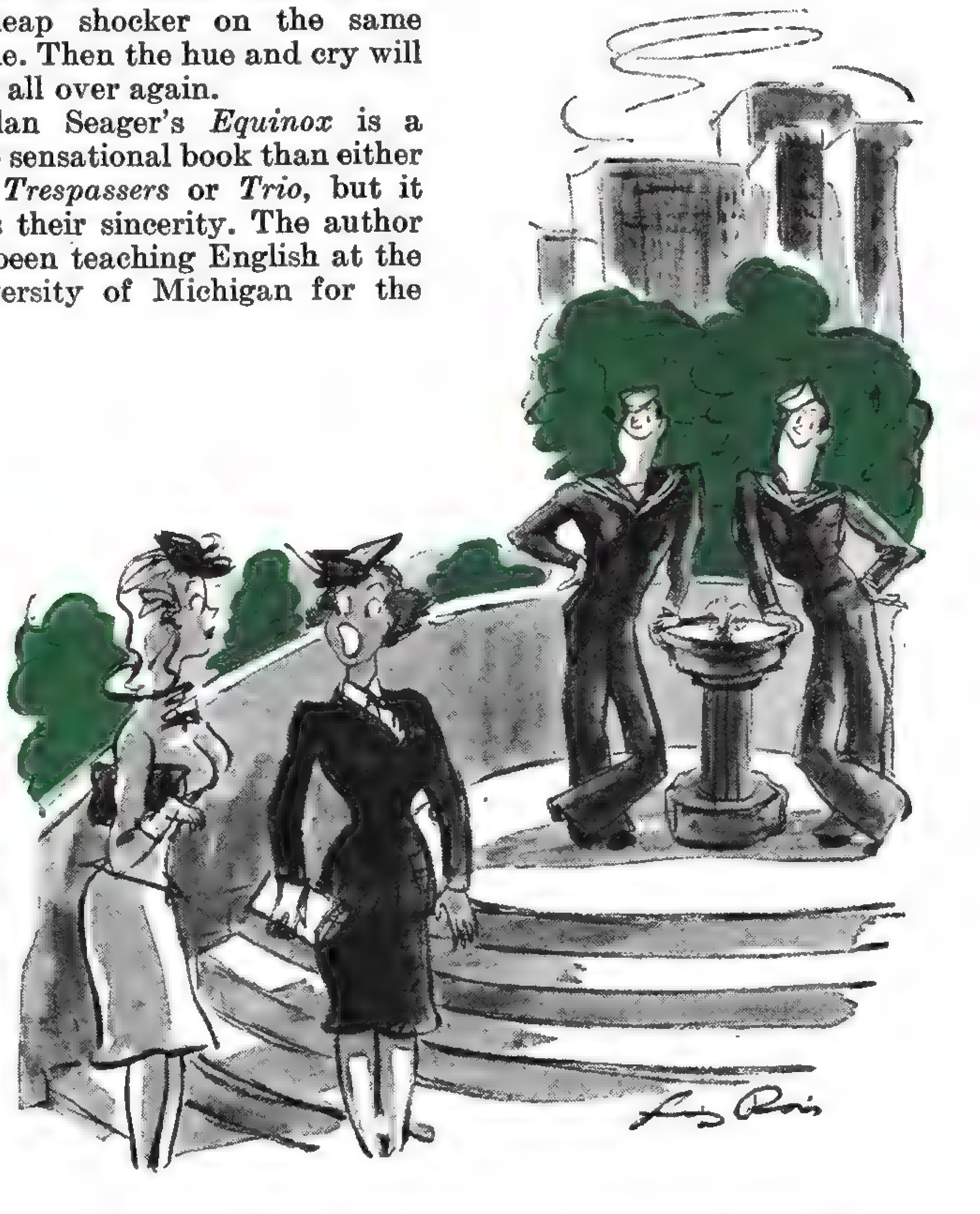

"That's funny—all of a sudden I'm thirsty!"

The Esquire Sports Poll

Fans veto raising basketball goals and favor abrogating one-year rule for soldiers returned from the war

by **HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON**

▪SPORTS▪

This month only one question in the Sports Poll was decided by a fairly close margin. By a 55.49% vote the decision was against raising the basket in basketball from ten feet to twelve feet to prevent blocking of shots by elongated athletes.

One group of voters isn't represented in this count. That's the outfit of Yankee lads in China, Burma and India whose judgments are expressed in the vote of Sergeant John Derr, ex-newspaperman. Their votes always are three months too late. John writes from about 13,000 miles away from the polls, that the questions provide a lot of interest and enjoyment for himself and his teammates in those far places. The doughty young gentlemen regard the freedom of sports controversy and the freedom of the Varga girls as among the freedoms they hope they're fighting for.

And, in case some smug mug at home objects to the conclusion of the boys, they'd probably be willing to trade places with him.

The third and fourth questions in this poll were associated by numerous voters who commented that wrestling stunk itself into a coma as a popular sport and that boxing is in danger of doing the same by exaggerated ballyhoo of alleged contests. There were voters who doubted that even the latitude of promoters' press agentry entitled boxing managers to call professional pugilists fighters in view of what's going on in certain areas of the world today.

Four of the six questions concerned the effect of military training on post-war sports, and on two—the second and fourth—voters decided by substantial margins that the war would have no effect on pastiming when peace returns. The voters did decide that skiing would be boomed by what the lads are taught as ski troopers. It's our personal hunch that skiing in the post-war period will make many converts among American soldiers and sailors who got a bellyful of the tropics during the war. They will be eager for the compensation of frolic in the cold white snow, especially when one's companion in such frolics is a winsome lass who will say to her playmate of a day in the winter wonderland, "My hands are freezing!"

The boys certainly should have a fine answer to that one from the Manual of Arms.

THE QUESTIONS

I.

Would you be in favor of raising the basket in basketball from 10 feet to 12 feet for the purpose of preventing the tall "goons" from blocking shots? . . . . *Yes* ☐ *No* ☑ *55.49%*

II.

As a result of the Commando-type training in the armed forces will American sports, in your opinion, tend to become rougher and less sportsmanlike after the war? . . . . *Yes* ☐ *No* ☑ *83.77%*

III.

Should sports writers be more restrained in ballyhooing boxing bouts so that the public will not be over-sold and disappointed by mediocre or one-sided matches? . . . . *Yes* ☑ *77.64%* *No* ☐

IV.

Does the present value of hand-to-hand combat indicate that wrestling will come back as a popular sport after the war? . *Yes* ☐ *No* ☑ *64.35%*

V.

Do you think that skiing will increase in popularity as the result of its present utilization by the military? . . . . *Yes* ☑ *76.54%* *No* ☐

VI.

When the war is over, should athletes who left school to enter the service be eligible to compete in sports their first year, thus abrogating the one-year rule? . . . . *Yes* ☑ *91.55%* *No* ☐

QUESTION I

Would you be in favor of raising the basket in basketball from 10 feet to 12 feet for the purpose of preventing the tall "goons" from blocking shots?

The Public	**Yes 52.14%**
Sportscasters	**No 53.76%**
Sports Editors	**No 63.43%**

Apparently one of the points the public hadn't considered, in voting to raise the basket, is the structural limitations of high school and smaller college gyms and field houses. Higher baskets would call for building alterations with pain to the taxpayers, especially in rural districts where high school basketball is considered one of the essentials of the American way of life.

Then, fifteen years or so after the alterations, and just about the time the hopeful would be planning on burning the mortgage, a new breed of taller kids would come into play and the roof again would have to be lifted.

Most of the big cage coaches were opposed to the suggestion of Dr. "Phog" Allen of Kansas. Among those voting "no" were **Bud Foster,** Wisconsin; **Nat Holman,** City College of New York; **Howard G. Cann,** New York University; **Adolph Rupp,** Kentucky; **Ed Krause,** Notre Dame; **John Mauer,** Tennessee; **L. P. Andreas,** Syracuse; **Dr. H. C. Carlson,** Pittsburgh; **P. F. Burnum,** Alabama; **George R. Edwards,** Missouri; **Robert A. Rolfe,** Yale; **Lew Lewandowski,** Nebraska, and **Everett S. Dean,** Stanford. **Ward Lambert,** Purdue, favored the idea.

Notable among those opposing the stunt were **Dr. Frank S. Lloyd,** Washington, D.C. and **Marion H. Miller,** Kansas City.

"The twelve-foot basket has been 'agitated' for a number of years," commented **Harold G. Olsen,** Ohio State basketball coach, "and has been considered by the rules committee on a number of occasions. The worth of the twelve-foot basket has not been demonstrated in connection with the tall 'goon' problem, and such a change would have many disadvantages—chiefly the expense of changing the height of baskets all over the country at a terrific total cost."

"Why spoil a good game like basketball by lifting the nets?" asked **Lynn Callaway,** Moline *Dispatch.* "There may be a few tall 'goons' good at blocking shots, but we haven't seen any who could beat a team as fast and clever as the Whiz Kids of Illinois, for example."

"Raise the baskets," said **Bill McKee,** Ashland, Ohio, *Times-Gazette,* "and you'll raise them right out of thousands of little gyms." **Pete Lightner,** Wichita *Eagle,* reported that: "One of the best 'goal-tenders' in midwest basketball was Al Wellhausen, six-foot, nine-inch center at Kansas. But the average college has such a player once in a decade, and if you have ever heard fans gasp and cheer at the feat of blocking what looks like a field goal, you would realize they get a kick out of it."

C. Kenneth Van Sickle, Ithaca, New York, *Journal,* suggested that: "Raising the baskets might put a bigger premium on goals and thus add to the interest of the game." **Daniel J. Healy,** WBRK, Pittsfield, Massachusetts, said: "As it is, players in some of these Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine gyms are unable to get any trajectory on a great percentage of their shots. With the hoops raised, the ceiling would have to be elevated or the sport abandoned. In addition, scoring would be cut 15% at least."

Said **Abe Krash,** Cheyenne, Wyoming, *Eagle:*

The University of Wyoming as you know is the national champion of basketball, now suspended for the duration. I naturally followed the team, its style of play, the belief of its coach Ev Shelton, who is the founder of the "wheel" and "weave." I tremendously enjoyed watching Wyoming's All-American center—now with Dow Chemical because the Army turned him down (he is six feet six and three-quarters inches tall, three-fourths of an inch too high for Uncle Samuel)—Milo Komenich, wage terrific battles with such spires of basketball strength and ability as Harry Boykoff of St. John's, Ace Gruenig of the Denver Legion and others. These goal-tending battles are knockdown-drag-out brawls which spice up any game. As long as two centers battle to a standstill it makes the game a real battle.

"My idea," suggested **John Peri,** Stockton, California, *Record,* "would be to increase the size of the ring slightly, in addition to raising its height. The long shot from the floor, like the home run in baseball, is one of the thrills of basketball and it should be made easier rather than more difficult."

"Stretch" Murphy, U. S. Naval School, Toledo, wrote:

I happen to be one of those "goons"—not 6 feet 11 inches, but 6 feet 4 inches—and I would hate to see the game changed so drastically. If the rule makers want to stop those "goal keepers" from slapping the ball away, make it a rule that the ball can't be touched after it has reached the top of its arch in travelling toward the basket. A 12-foot basket would be farther away than ever for the little fellows and their chances of making rebounds would be slimmer than ever.

QUESTION II

As a result of the Commando-type training in the armed forces will American sports, in your opinion, tend to become rougher and less sportsmanlike after the war?

The Public	**No 89.87%**
Sportscasters	**No 86.52%**
Sports Editors	**No 76.74%**

Confidence in the preservation of a typically American type of sports competition is emphatically expressed by a majority of voters.

"Contact sports," maintained **Jimmy Dolan,** WABC, New York, "will be rougher after the war. The will to win is something that has been instilled in all our boys. There will be less of the 'You first, dear Gaston' stuff, but it will be clean sport if harder than anything we have seen." **Barney Carson,** KMA, Shenandoah, Iowa, added: "America has grown sports-conscious because of sportsmanship. Even though we can play 'rough' as a matter of survival, it doesn't alter our original concept of sportsmanship."

"It will be the duty of sports officials to see that the games are not rougher and are not without the sporting motives that are a part of the background of American sports," declared **Clyde E. McBride,** Kansas City *Star*. "We will have enough war cripples without crippling our athletes after the war."

The comment of **Howard A. Kermsse,** Milwaukee, was:

Rougher, perhaps yes. In regard to sportsmanship, however, I doubt whether this quality will be lost. If anything, its use should become even more prevalent, because we are at this time learning more than ever its value. Athletes now in the services are finding sportsmanship of extreme importance in their relationships with men on their own side, a relationship which might well mean life or death, depending upon how well it has been previously cultivated.

"Our boys don't *like* maiming people," insisted **Russ VanDyke,** WNAX, Sioux City, Iowa. "They do it from necessity. They still haven't forgotten the rules of fair play; in fact, that's the thing they're fighting for: to put some nations back on a sportsmanship basis." **Bill Faulkner,** WISH, Indianapolis, said: "I believe that the qualities of true sportsmanship have been too deeply ingrained in the American athletes for them ever to use Commando tactics against other American boys in a sporting contest of any kind." **Hoyle A. Phillips,** Gastonia, North Carolina, *Gazette*, commented: "The military is teaching sportsmanship along with the 'dirty fighting.' We must place faith in American character and feel that the boys have intelligence enough to be gentlemen." **Al Theiler,** WCAR, Pontiac, Michigan, also felt that way about it. He wrote:

As for roughness, sport is sport in America, and although you might be able to train a soldier to be a Commando, you can't take the sportsmanship out of him. When he returns, he will meet other Americans on the gridirons and ball diamonds and in the ring—and in American sport there has always been a high standard of fairness.

Jerry Nason, Boston *Globe*, had this to say:

History proves conclusively that after World War I football was a two-fisted, hairy-chested proposition. Boys went away to become soldiers and came back grown men, toughened physically and mentally, from the rigors, hardships and coarseness of war. They came back to the campus to play football for keeps, with a fine disregard for the niceties of conduct advocated by the fine-play-old-chap school of thought. And history will repeat itself. Post-war football will be terrific!

Earle D. Wilson, WNBH, New Bedford, Massachusetts, wrote:

To my mind, one of the miracles of war is the way men who have been trained in brutality and slaughter for battle adjust themselves to the milder pursuits of peace upon their return. It would seem that the inherent gentleness and love of peace in men, particularly youth, thrust aside for the stern business of war for a time, welcome the opportunity to reassert themselves, once the tumult and clamor have died down. I feel that Commando tactics will have no noticeable effect upon him once peace is again declared. Otherwise, we would have a nation of thousands, perhaps millions, of killers when war is done.

QUESTION III

Should sports writers be more restrained in ballyhooing boxing bouts so that the public will not be over-sold and disappointed by mediocre or one-sided matches?

The Public	**Yes 77.56%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 73.63%**
Sports Editors	**Yes 79.88%**

Despite newsprint rationing and the lack of fighters measuring up to the minimum standards of military service the sturdy bushwah of prize fight promotion continues to flourish.

Note that the Sports Editors among the three voting groups are most emphatically in favor of toning down the coneroo that has been making box-office chumps among the American sports public for the past several years. The box-office chumps are being directed toward the light, according to the 79.88% vote against the flagrant perjuries that constitute the greater part of pugilism's propaganda.

It is pointed out by a number of voters that the chumps have been trained to expect lurid lying as a

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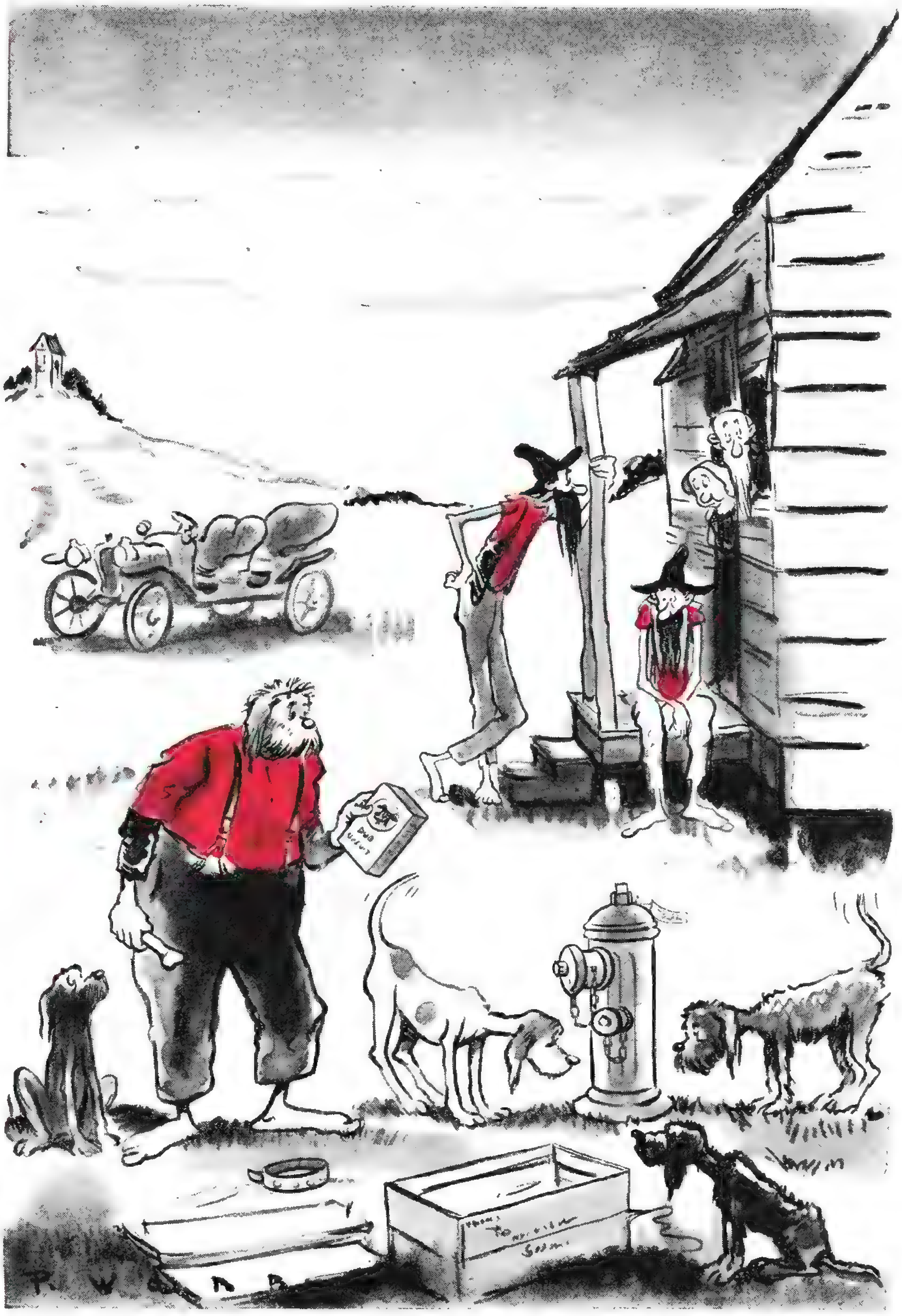

"Some of Oncle Baldo's old circus side-show friends sent him a Xmas box"

Drink in the New Year

About that sparkling wine that seems to go inevitably with ringing bells, singing and clasping hands: champagne

by LAWTON MACKALL

•POTABLES•

Hermits needn't bother. They can retire from the world at sunset on December 31st and wake up in 1944 with the question "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" completely dodged. But guys like you and me, whose human instincts prompt us to share the last couple of cigars in the box, the last couple of slugs in the bottle, and the last couple of hours in the year, will want to make an occasion of the transition into Father Time's next dispensation.

Maybe a notary public feels this way when his commission is about to expire. I wouldn't know. I'm not even certain what style of paper hat, donned on New Year's Eve, constitutes the best guarantor of felicity during the ensuing twelve months. In fact, I'm willing to go into 1944 bareheaded if I have to—which, considering the state of my hair, would practically amount to dome destitution.

As an Eastener I'll be in on the first—or Eastern War Time—serving of *Auld Lang Syne*, which the Californians regard pityingly. They call it "that early feeble try." Central Timers and Mountaineers will be in between, elbowing out in both directions. If it weren't for this stagger system, whereby sentiment's peak load is passed along from one section to another, the Continent of North America wouldn't be able to stand the strain geologically. The Great Basin would be bowled over. As it is, we come through picking at the coverlet with a new realization of solidarity from Atlantic to Pacific, not counting any oceans taken on since nightfall.

Regional passions yield to this greater emotion. Truculent as are the Rhode Islanders over their clam chowder, the mystic hour of midnight on the 31st inst. won't find them clinking bowls of it in lieu of the traditional "cup o' kindness." Nor will the diamondback-demented Marylanders bump plates of terrapin. Nor will the okra-enamored Gulfers lift gumbo tureens to each other's good health. Nor will the beanhole beamish folk of Boston and Maine cry, "Here's to all of us, and please pass the catsup!" No, unless all predictions fail and American preference does a flip-flop, the boon of brotherhood will be something moist with an inspirational message in it.

Bubbly, if I may say so. (If my prospective host happens to care for bubbles, and chooses to serve them, how perfectly sterling of him.) A thirsty observer is bound to admire the industry and ambition of these little globules which start at the bottom of the glass and work up, putting their social poise to the test.

Timorous people, fearful that mayhap they may sneeze, whirl a swizzle stick in the glass, a trick which seems to me brutal and illogical. If they want a placid wine—technically known as a still wine—why not order something of that nature, instead of deliberately choosing (because it's smart) a sparkler and then beating the hell out of it for being what it is? Heaven help a soufflé omelette that fell into the clutches of such sadists! They'd go at it with a mallet. As for sneeze hazards, didn't our lace-cuffed forebears carry boxes of snuff when they went out social? And didn't they pack a pinch of same up one nostril and then the other without being so bunglesome as to commit a sneeze? Then why should we, their descendents, be affrighted by the playful titillation of mere seed-pearls of carbon dioxide? For that's what they are, whether encountered in the sparkling water of your highball, in ginger ale, in burgundy afoam, or in champagne.

At birth *all* wines are busy bubblers. But by the time they are drawn from their cradles, where fermentation has transformed them from grape juice into wine, they have calmed down and breathed their last whisper of CO^2 and are ready for the first of their nice long naps. You can imagine the startlement of old Dom Perignon, 17th Century cellarer of the abbey of Hautvilliers near Reims, France, when, one springtime, he found pronounced activity in wines he had corked up the previous autumn. Jugs had burst, and some which hadn't were harboring high-tension effervescence.

The truth was, a sudden cold snap that autumn had arrested the fermentation, and spring's warmth set it going again, this time in corked confinement. Result, champagne—of a crude sort, plenty cluttered with sediment. Before anything comparable to modern champagne could be produced, a whole string of special techniques had to be evolved, each governing a step in the ritual (no less) of manufacture. No other commodity that man tosses off in his hours of ease is such a fiendish, tedious chore to turn out.

Till wrecked by the Nazis, this routine and the equipment that went with it were standard in the vast chalk-hewn cellars of France's champagne district. Schooled there, American makers of sparkling wines got started at the bouquet and bubble game as early as Civil War days and thereabouts, notably in the Finger Lakes region of New York State, in the secret depths of St. Louis, and at Egg Harbor City, New Jersey; which same "ventures" are still going strong. California, quick to follow, has made champagne history of its own, using grapes of the classic French breeds. American type grapes—Delawares, Catawbas, and so on—are the sole makings employed in the East. Both camps flaunt flocks of medals of honor garnered at international expositions. Personally I find that by oscillating between them, I come off better than the arguers. Theory quenches no thirst.

Traditional procedure for champagne runs thus:

1. Wines, selected for their contrasting individualities, which bespeak grape breed and locality where grown, are stored in wood and given a chance to lose lees and newness.
2. With these wines as its cast of characters, a blend is made, called a *cuvée*, meaning vatful or batch.
3. To simulate the state of affairs that greeted Dom Perignon that famous spring day, the wine is given a touch of sugar (in lieu of the sweetness carried over from autumn as unfinished business),

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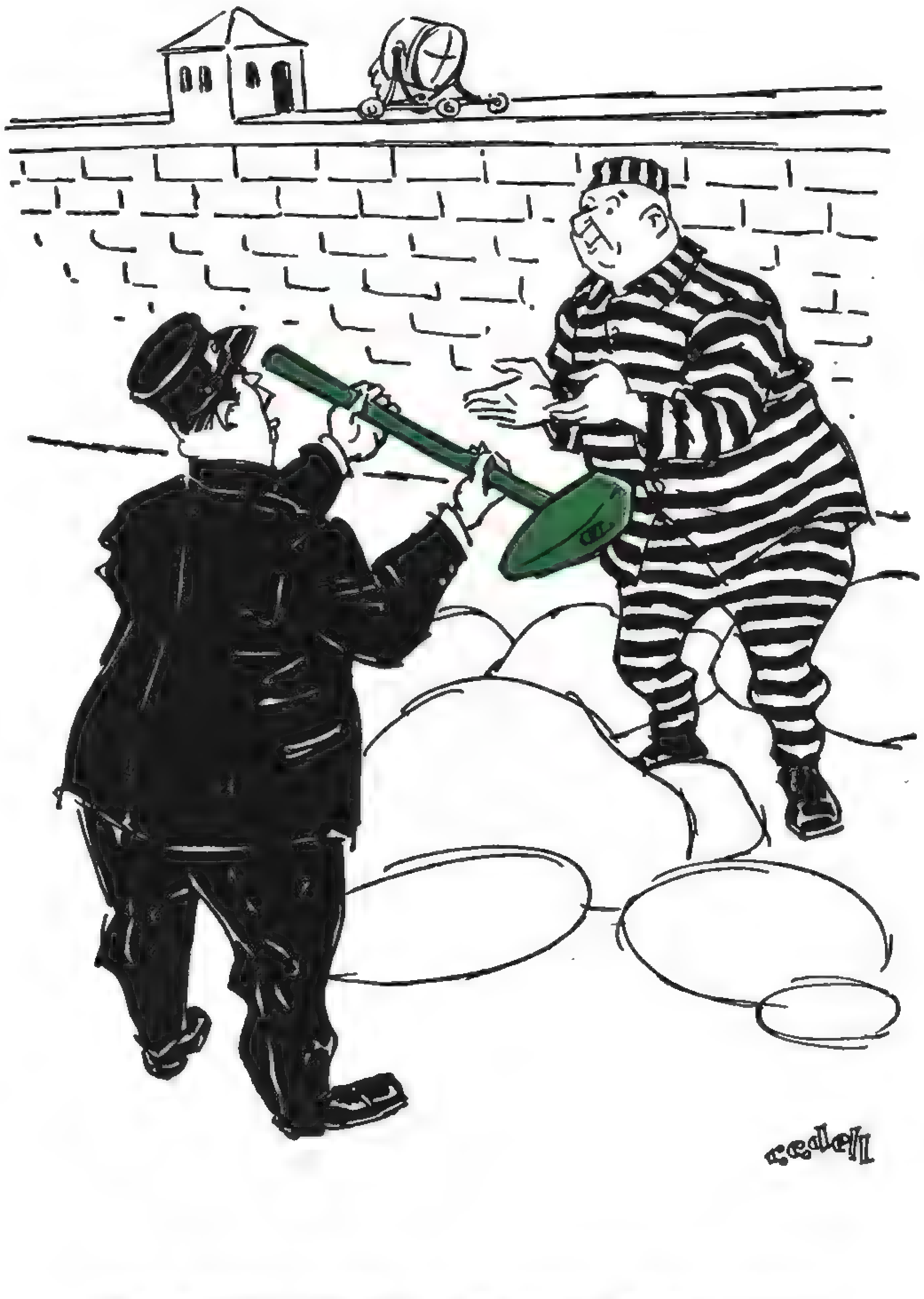

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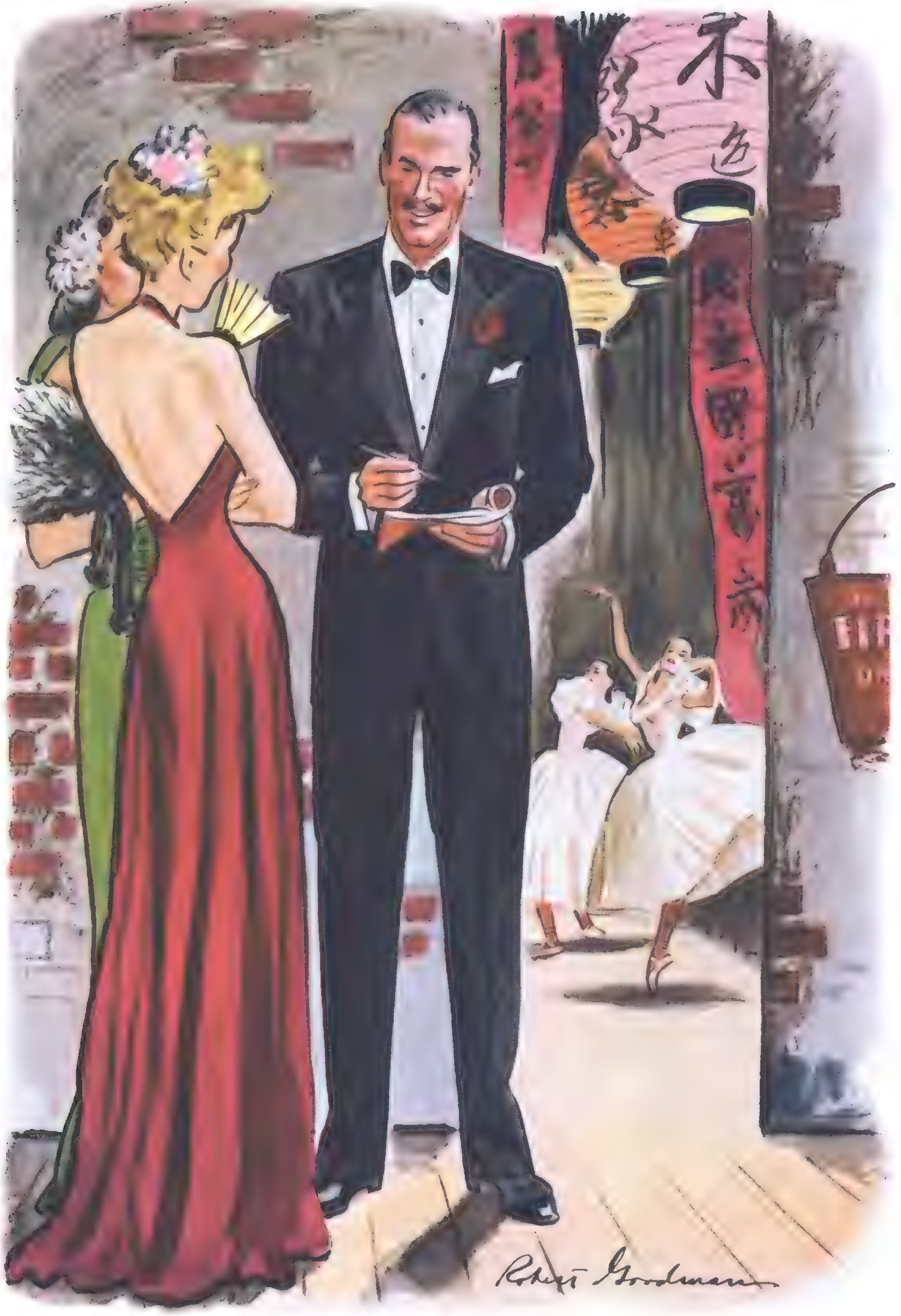
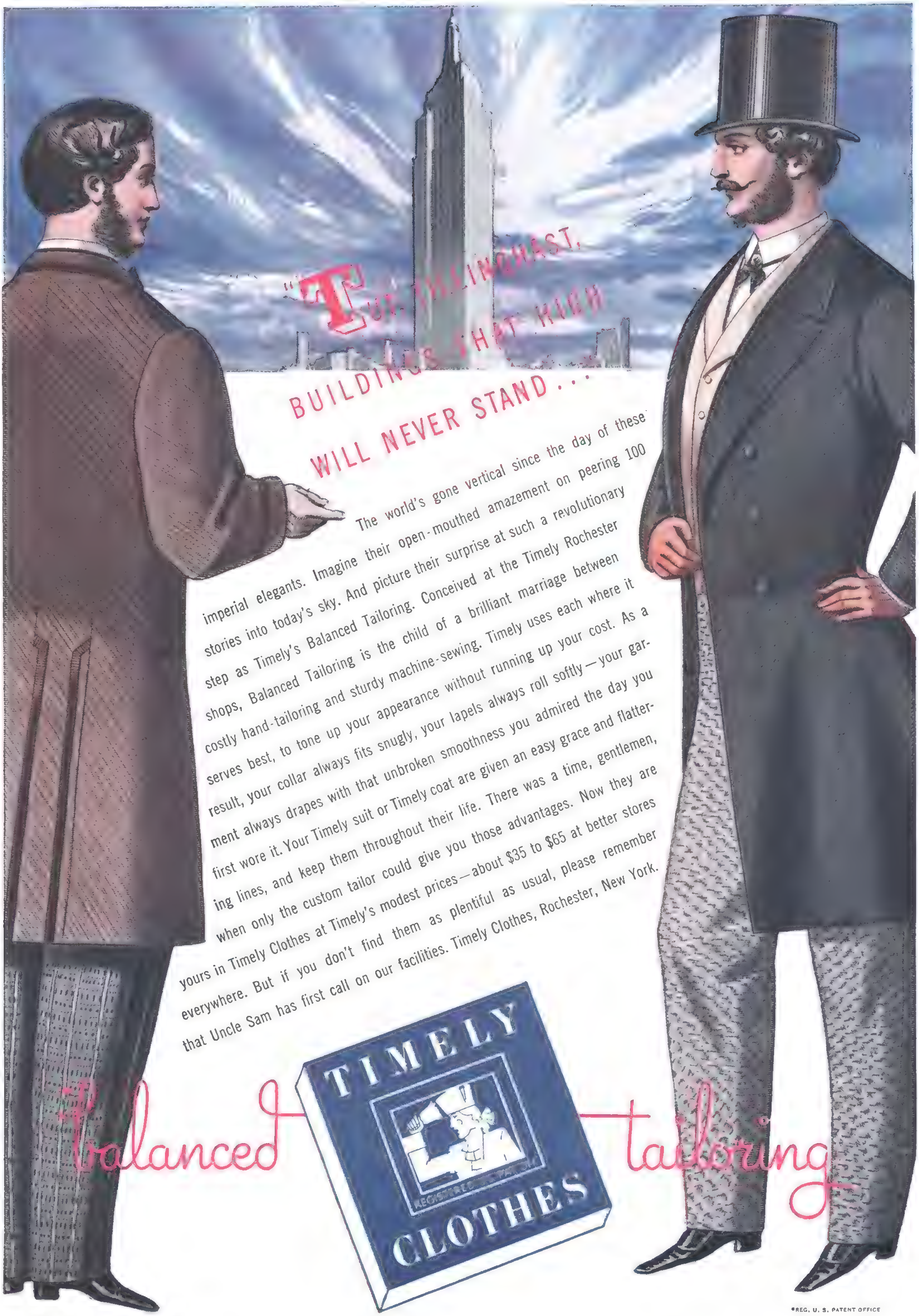


Nelson's choice

What's the difference between Thomas Hobson and Donald Nelson? Hobson ran a livery stable in 17th century England and compelled his patrons to select the horse standing nearest the door, thus giving us the term "Hobson's choice" for a choice that offers no alternative. Donald Nelson runs the WPB, which provides the following selection of attire for all formal evening occasions: the dinner jacket pictured above period. Who's complaining? We'll settle at the drop of a Homburg for this single-breasted midnight blue model with peaked lapels in dull grosgrain finish. With it are worn a plain pique bosom shirt, fold collar, wide butterfly bow tie, dark blue dress studs and low patent leather evening shoes. And while his wardrobe may be restricted, our man's war activities are not, as witnessed by his backstage managership of this ballet performance for United China Relief.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



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Round One in the Big Fight

The champion boxer finds that war is a serious business and no holds were barred in the fighting on Guadalcanal

by SGT. BARNEY ROSS

ARTICLE

This is the confession of a fighting man who thought he knew all there was to know about the fighting game. I had learned about fighting as a kid on the crowded streets of Chicago. Fighting was fun, because I was handy with my fists and usually able to give better than I got.

I grew older and continued to fight because I liked to fight. I began to make the grade as an amateur boxer. Fighting was a game, a fine sport, and I had a natural aptitude for it.

From amateur to professional was just a step. Fighting became my business and a lucrative one. As a world's champion, I became Big Business.

Briefly, that is my history as a fighting man up to the time I reached Guadalcanal—a fighting kid on the streets of Chicago, a youngster who found boxing a good sport, a professional prize fighter who was earning more money than he had ever dreamed existed.

Then came Guadalcanal and Guadalcanal taught me something new about fighting. I learned that fighting wasn't a game and that it wasn't much fun, and that as a business, it was a mean, vicious, deadly thing in which your life and the lives of your friends were the stakes.

I began to have some doubts about what fighting was all about during my "boot" training as a Marine. The Marines make you proud of the fact that you're a first-rate fighting man, but they don't encourage the idea that it is just fun or a game. Fighting is serious business with the Marines, but not the kind that it is in the boxing ring.

That idea, which out of superior knowledge I was taking with a grain of salt, was driven home to me on the dreadful night of November 19, 1942, on Guadalcanal. The action to push the Japs from the Matanikau River to the ocean at Point Cruz had begun several days before, and on that afternoon my company was occupying some broken terrain inland from the beach. Suddenly the Marine on my left began firing his automatic rifle.

"What's the matter, Porky?" I asked, "You seeing things?"

"Yes," he said, "Japs."

For a moment, none of the rest of us could see anything. Then, as we kept our eyes glued in the direction Porky was firing, we began to make out crawling Japs, no more than twenty yards away.

Several yards ahead of us was a kid named Whitey. I saw the Japs get him with a bullet through the chest. Something inside me snapped, and I felt an anger such as I had never felt before—anger and terrible fear. From that moment on, fighting ceased to be a game.

I stopped firing my rifle. So did "Heavy" Atkins, a big 225-pound Marine at my side. We both crawled toward Whitey while the fire of the others protected us, and between us pulled Whitey to cover.

We stayed in that position until late afternoon. The Army began moving up and the Marines started back. Atkins and I and two other Marines, Monak and Freeman, made a stretcher of our coats and got ready to move Whitey back with us. We were the last group to move. The other three carried the stretcher and I faced the rear with my rifle to cover for them.

We moved about two yards when the Japs let us have it with a machine gun. Whitey was hit again and killed. Each of the others was wounded. That I remained unscratched will always be a miracle to me.

Freeman and Atkins rolled into a depression to the left of the road. I leaped over a log and into a shell crater just behind me, pulling Monak along with me.

Two soldiers who had just moved up jumped into the hole with us as the Japs kept blasting away with machine guns and mortars. It was their first time under fire and they were scared. I was scared too, but it wasn't going to help them any to tell them that. Instead I showed them how to dig in further and to make ready to defend our foxhole. Only one man at a time could fire from the rim of our hole, so I fired the eighty rounds I had left and then fired the 200 rounds from the Garand rifles the soldiers carried. After that I kept the Japs at a distance with grenades. We had twenty-one between us. When I had tossed the twentieth, I fixed the bayonets on the rifles and told the others to pray. I did a little praying of my own, mingling my Hebrew with the soldiers' Christian prayers.

Then came the dreadful night. Mortar fire fell all around us. It began to rain. Soon we were drenched and the trench was half filled with water. I think it was another miracle that no mortar shell fell into our foxhole, though occasionally we were showered with dirt and shell fragments. One hit me in the right forearm and another in the left hand, but these were only scratches. Then a slug hit me in the left foot, and I had to cut my shoe away.

In those long dark hours, broken only by the flashes of gun fire, I had plenty of time to think and to have nightmares. Malaria fever had already begun to get its hold on me, though I didn't know it then. So this was fighting, too, I thought. Where were the klieg lights, and the roaring crowds? What was going to be my share of the gate? No, these weren't any klieg lights, and no roaring crowds, only murderous little Japs. And my share of the "gate" was fifty bucks a month, if I lived that long. This wasn't a game. This was war.

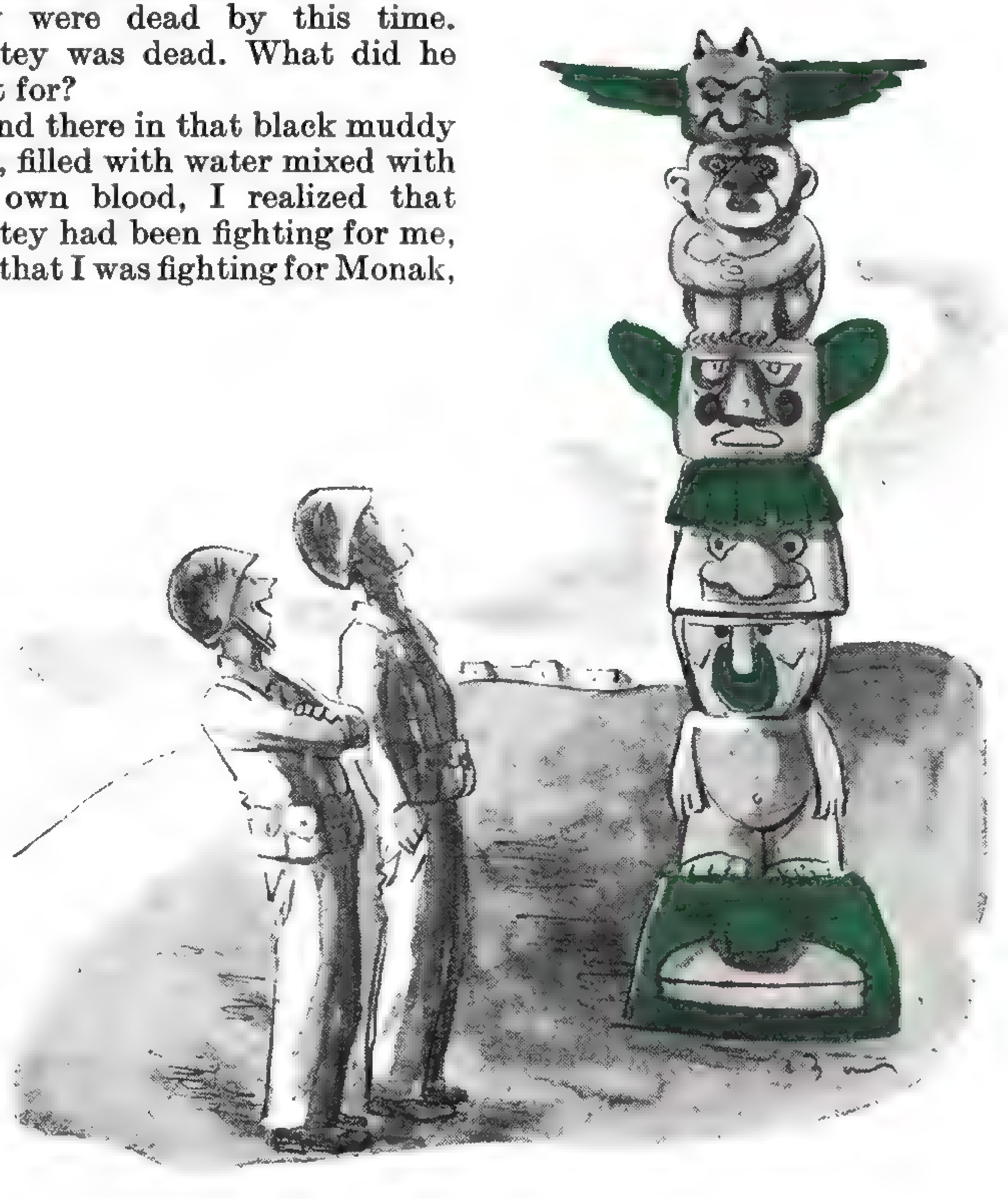
What was I fighting for, then, if it wasn't for fun and it wasn't for money? What was Monak fighting for? What were Atkins and Freeman, lying out there wounded, fighting for? Maybe they were dead by this time. Whitey was dead. What did he fight for?

And there in that black muddy hole, filled with water mixed with my own blood, I realized that Whitey had been fighting for me, and that I was fighting for Monak, and Atkins and Freeman and that we were all fighting for something more than sport or profit.

I thought of a gray-haired lady in Chicago who had always been part of my life, and of a young and very beautiful one who only recently became part of me. And I guessed that I was really fighting for them. Only I didn't think of them merely as mother and wife, but as my part of America, the same America that Monak and Atkins and Freeman were willing to fight and die for.

No, I wasn't fighting for fun, or for a nice fat purse. I was fighting for my life and for America, and for my buddies, and for our homes, and for the way we liked to live and for the things we believed in. I was fighting for our kind of world.

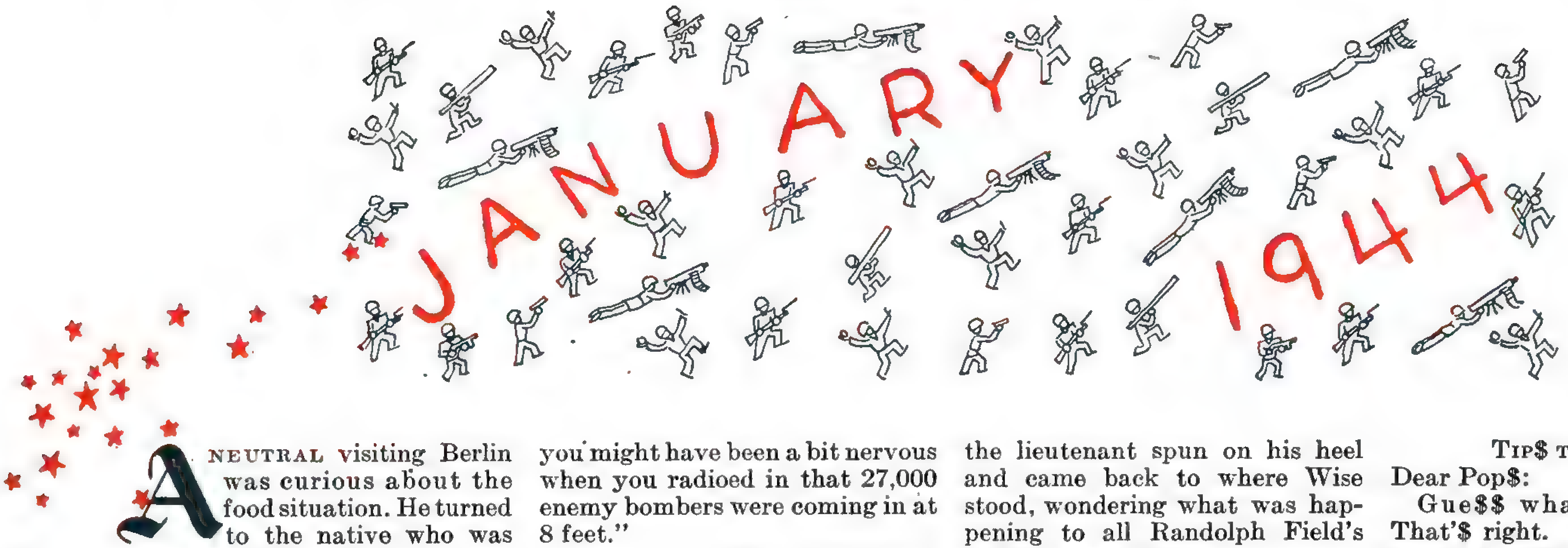
The sky began to grow grey, and as it became lighter, I crawled out of the foxhole, chilled and feverish, toward Atkins and Freeman, and I almost cried with joy as I saw they both still lived. ⧺



"Well, what do you know—a statue of my wife's family"

Goldbricking With Esquire

Conducted by **BRUCE PATTERSON**



A NEUTRAL visiting Berlin was curious about the food situation. He turned to the native who was acting as his guide and asked: "Is it true that you Germans are eating horse meat?"

"Ah," reminisced the Nazi, "those were the good old days."

—*The Bull Horn*,
Naval Air Technical Training Center, Norman, Okla.

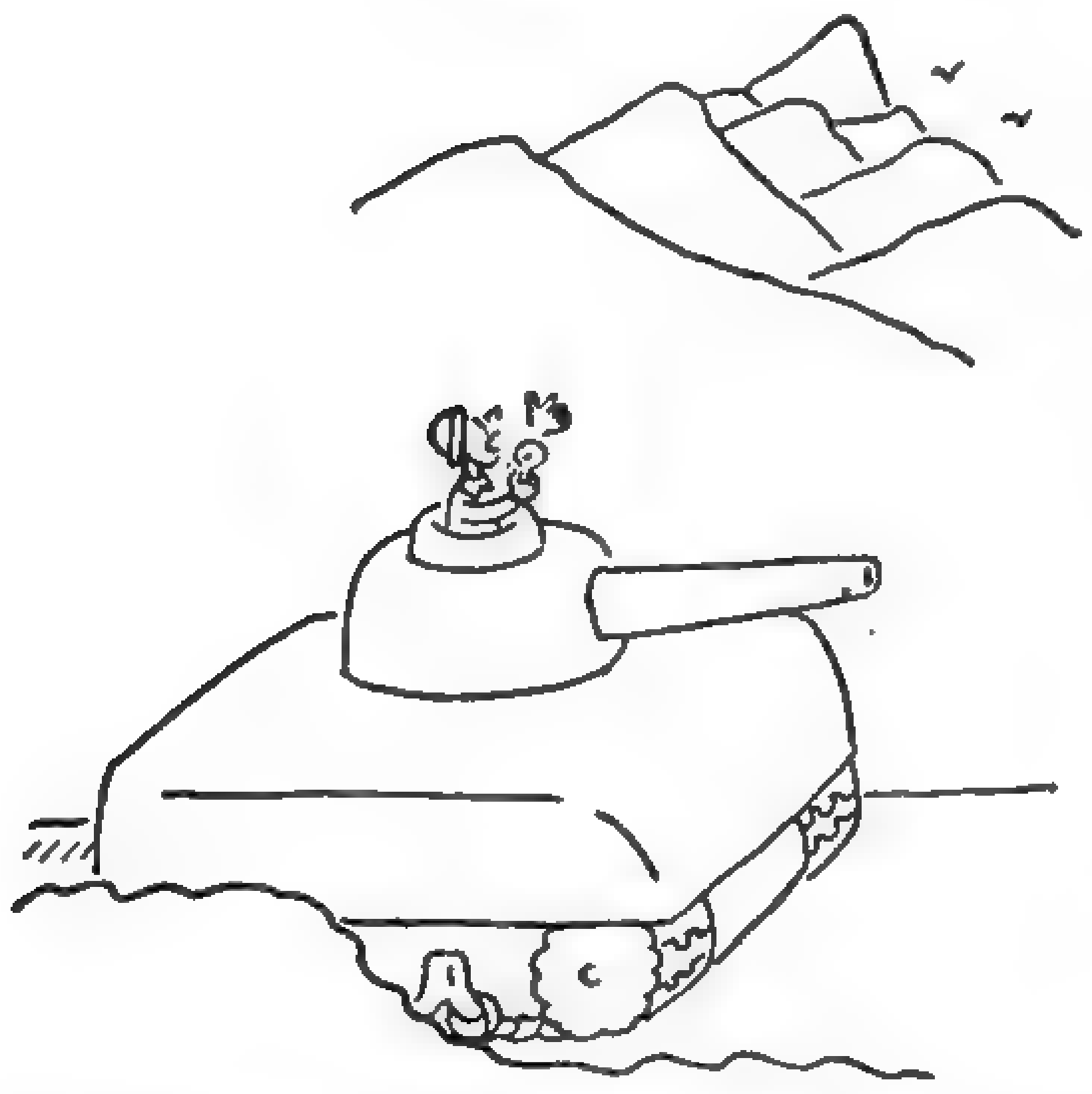
"Where did you get that Jap helmet?"

"I had to kill a hundred Japs to get it."

"Why?"

"Wanted to get my size."

—*The Target*,
Fort Sheridan, Ill.



"It's beautiful, men—the tang of winter—the cathedral-like silence—the towering mountains"

A soldier went into the barber shop after a 30-mile hike. He slumped down into the chair.

"Give me a shave," he said.

The barber told him he was too far down in the chair for a shave.

"All right," said the soldier wearily, "give me a haircut."

—*The Range Finder*,
Camp Callan, San Diego, Calif.

Out in New Guinea a squadron observer went in to report to his commanding officer after returning from a raid.

"Were you nervous during the attack?" the CO asked.

"Who, me?" asked the observer, "I was cool as a cucumber during the whole show."

"Swell," said the CO, "I thought you might have been a bit nervous when you radioed in that 27,000 enemy bombers were coming in at 8 feet."

—*The Communiqué*,
Camp Livingston, La.

A rookie, picked to practice-drill his unit, was nonplussed when the men marched toward a bushy area. The rookie knew he should do something but his mind was a blank. He couldn't think of the command to turn them around, turn them to the right or left, or even stop them.

"Well, Private," said the sergeant, resignedly, "if you can't stop them, at least tell the boys good-bye."

—Reprinted from *Retort* in *Hi-Life*,
Hendricks Field, Sebring, Fla.

It happened to Staff Sergeant Wise one day last week. The sergeant who works in the chaplain's office over in BOQ had just left the office and was heading for another part of the field.

A second lieutenant passed and saluted the sergeant snappily. Wise wondered for a minute why the lieutenant saluted first, then dismissed the incident and proceeded on his way.

Maybe a hundred paces later, Wise passed another gold bar. Its owner saluted the sergeant, then the lieutenant spun on his heel and came back to where Wise stood, wondering what was happening to all Randolph Field's bright young officers.

"Look, fellow," the lieutenant said, "would you mind explaining to me just how you rate a sergeant's stripes on your sleeve and a lieutenant's bar on your cap?"

Sure enough, the sergeant had accidently picked up a first lieutenant's flight cap when he left the office.

—*Randolph Rookie*,
Randolph Field, Texas

"Got a pen I can borrow?"

"Sure thing, pal."

"Got some paper?"

"Yeah."

"Going past a mail box?"

"Yup."

"Wait till I finish this letter?"

"Okay."

"Lend me an air-mail stamp will you?"

"Sure."

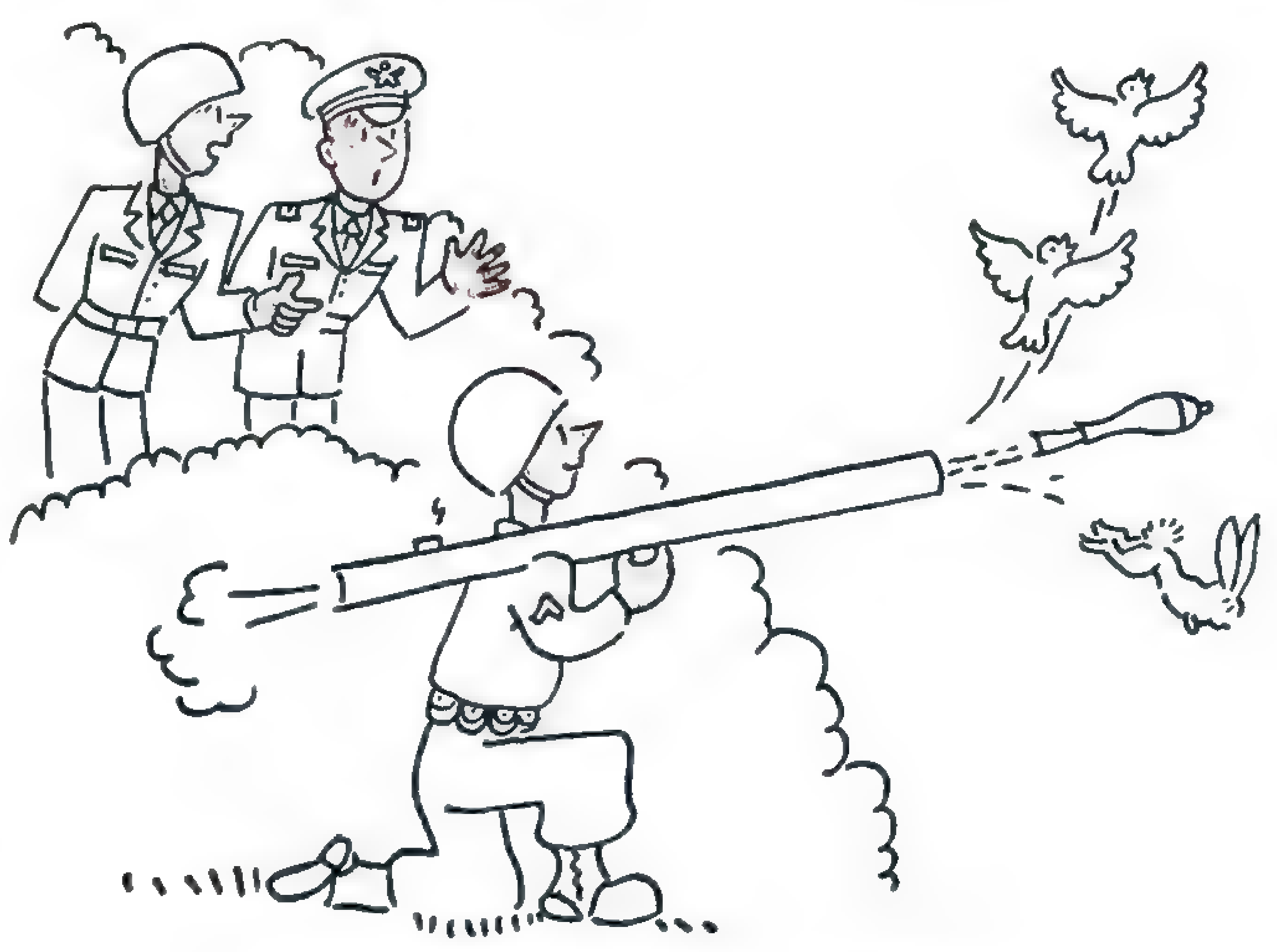
"By the way—what's your girl's address?"

—*The Communiqué*,
Camp Livingston, La.

Advice to a PFC

When arguing with your first sergeant be sure you are right—then let the matter drop.

—*The Bealiner*,
Camp Beale, Calif.



"Private Malarky used to be a magician"

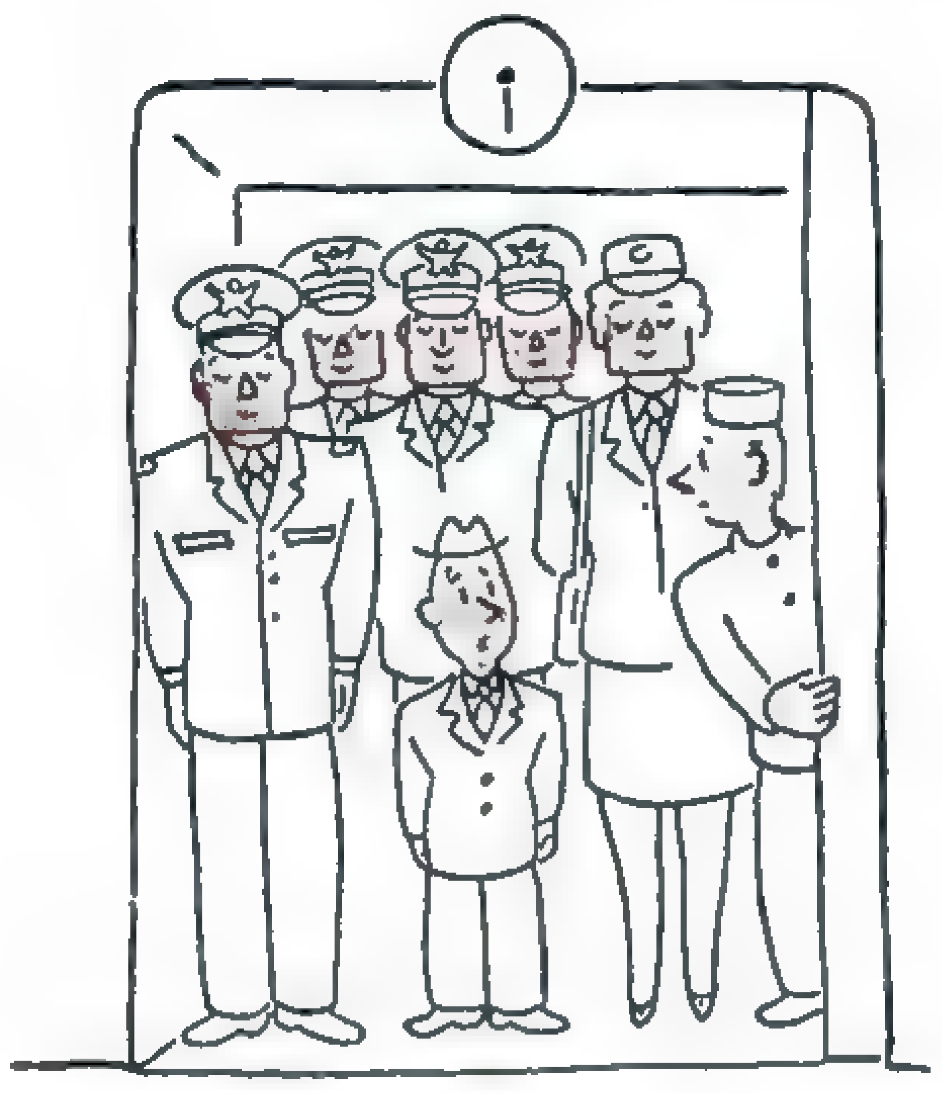
TIP$ TO $AILOR$

Dear Pop$:

Gue$$ what I need mo$t? That'$ right. Plea$e $end it a$ $oon a$ po$$ible. Be$t wi$he$.

Your $ailor $on, $am.

—*Skyscrapers*,
U. S. Naval Air Station, New York, N.Y.



"On what floor will I find white thread number fifty?"

MY PIN-UP GIRL

My pin-up girl is beautiful
Upon my locker wall,
But the satisfaction that she gives
Is really none at all.

She has dimpled cheeks and eyes of blue
And hair of golden brown;
Her smile is so enchanting,
And I've never seen her frown.

But she can't dine, or dance with me,
Or pass the time of day;
All she does is hang around,
And help me save my pay.

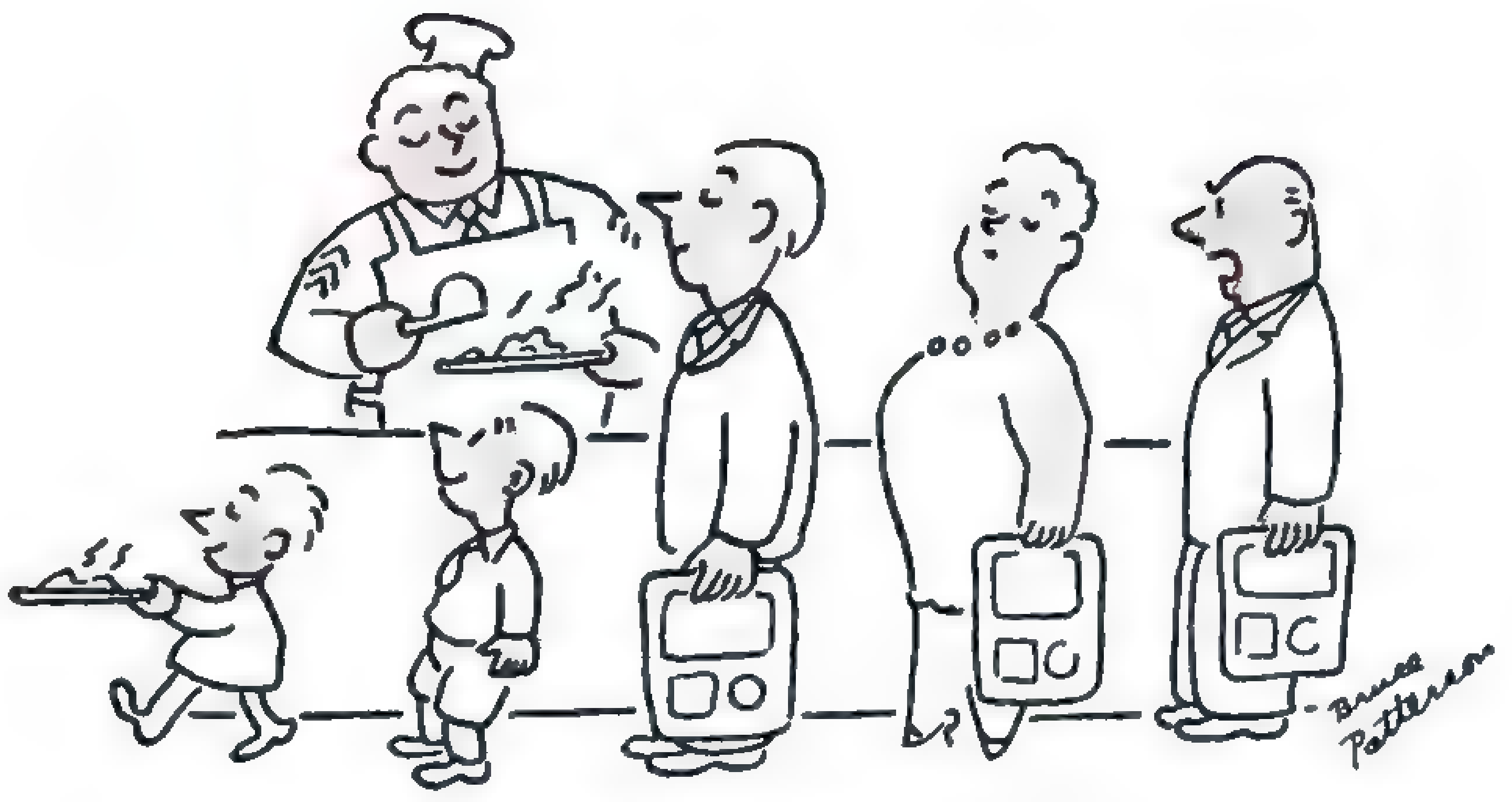
She's a moral uplift, I'll admit,
And I never can escape her—
But how the devil can I get any love
From a blasted piece of paper?

—*The Communiqué*,
Camp Livingston, La.

Supply Sergeant: "Here, this machine will do half your work for you."

Recruit: "Thanks—may I have two of them?"

—Reprinted from *Flight* in *The Hangar*,
Air Force Base, Houlton, Maine



"Junior may be a good Army cook, but this is no way to serve a holiday dinner"

They were dancing together. The soldier was far from home. "Do you mind," he asked, "if I close my eyes?"

"Why, darling?" she asked.

"Well," he said, "I promised Myrtle in Brooklyn never to look at another girl."

—*The Communiqué*,
Camp Livingston, La.

"There is no need to shout," said the dental officer, "I haven't even touched your tooth."

"No," said the boot, "but you're standing on my corn."

—*The Bull Horn*,
Naval Air Technical Training Center, Norman, Okla.

While filling out an application for dependents' aid, a colored soldier answered "no" to the question as to whether he had any dependents.

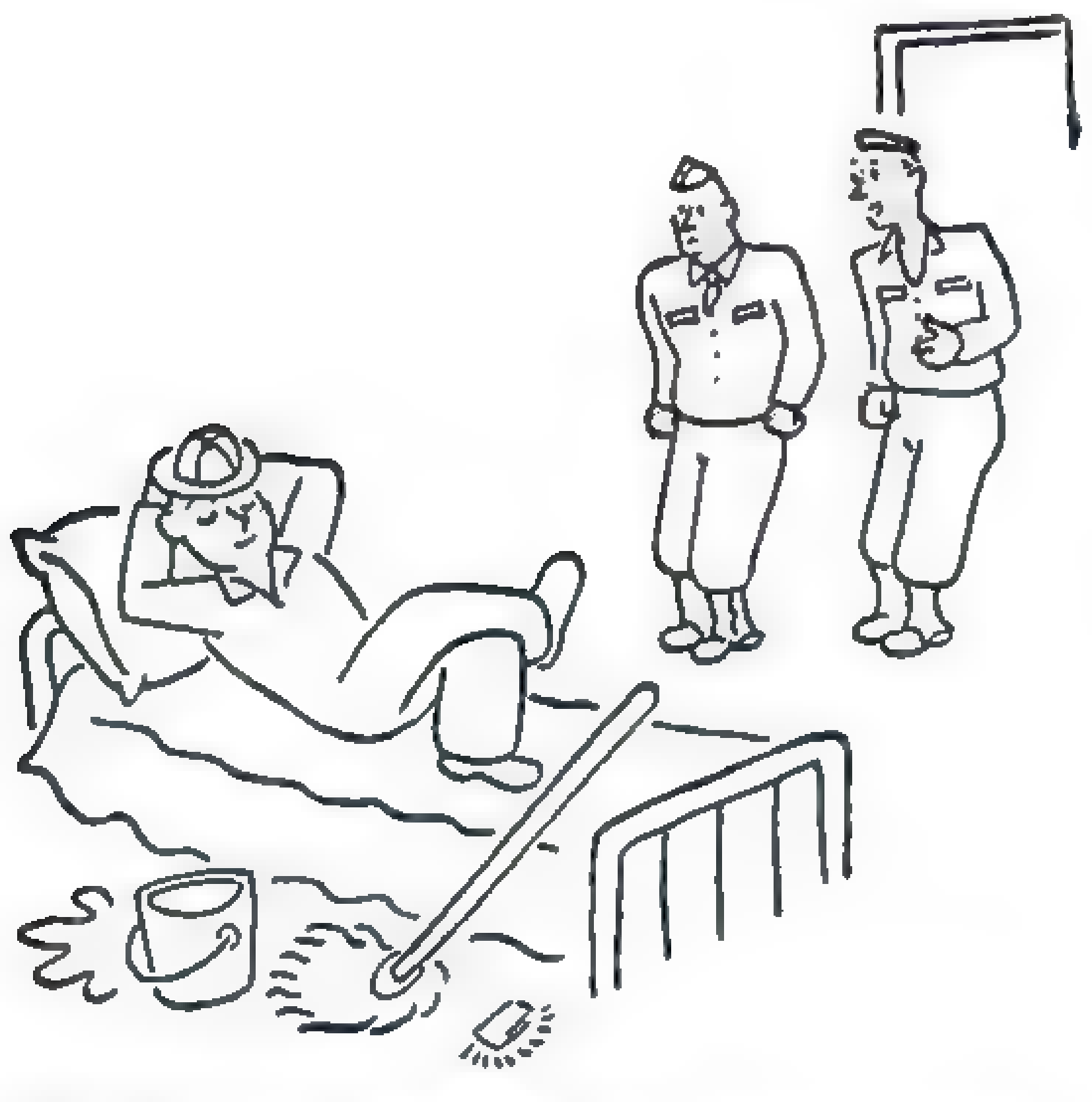
"You're married, aren't you?" an officer asked.

"Yessir," the soldier replied, "but she ain't dependable."

—*Cannoneers Post*,
Camp Roberts, Calif.

They're telling this story about a Jap pilot captured recently in China. Hands up, he advanced towards his captors. "Don't shoot, fellows," he said in perfect English, "I'm not one of those hara-kiri boys."

C-B-I *Roundup, Rear Echelon, Hq.*
U.S.A.F. New Delhi, India



"He heard some radio commentator say that now we can't lose the war"

A giant sailor, bulging with muscles, entered the exercise gym recently. Asked by a specialist what he desired in the way of a physical build-up, the man of brawn replied: "I want to build biceps on my biceps."

—*The Outpost*,
c/o Fleet Post Office,
New York, N.Y.

"But, Doc," argued the sailor, "I'm only here for an eye exam. I don't have to take off all my clothes for that."

"Strip down and get in line," shouted the pharmacist's mate.

The sailor obeyed, but kept on grumbling. The chap in front of him finally turned around and said: "What are you kicking about? I only came here to deliver a telegram."

—*Prop Wash*,
U.S. Naval Air Station,
Whidbey Island, Washington

THE CO-PILOT'S LAMENT

I'm the co-pilot . . . I sit on the right,
It's up to me to be quick and bright,
I never talk back, for I'll have regrets,
And I must remember what the captain forgets.

I make out the flight plan and study the weather,
Pull up the gear and stand by to feather,
Make out the mail forms and do the reporting,
And fly the old crate while the captain is courting.

I take the readings and adjust the power,
Put on the heaters when we're in a shower,
Tell where we are on the darkest night,
And do all the book work without any light.

I call for my captain and buy him cokes,
I always laugh at his corny jokes,
And once in a while when his landings are rusty
I come through with: "Gosh, ain't it gusty?"

All in all, I'm a general stooge,
As I sit to the right of this man I call Scrooge,
But maybe some day with great understanding,
He'll soften a bit, and give me a landing.

—*Highlights*,
c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

"How come your uncle says he would rather do business with Japs than Americans?"

"He's a funeral director."

—*a la Moad*,
Brookley Field, Mobile, Ala.

A soldier called at the chaplain's office looking as though he had something on his mind.

"I just called to ask you," he said, "whether you think it is right for any person to profit by the mistakes of others?"

"Most certainly not," replied the chaplain.

The soldier brightened and held out his hand. "If that's the case then perhaps you'll return the ten dollars I gave you last June for marrying me."

—*The Communiqué*,
Camp Livingston, La.

A MILITARY SPECIALIST—A GI who concentrates more and more on less and less, until he knows practically everything about nothing.

—*Coastal Bursts*,
21st Coast Artillery,
Fort Miles, Delaware

K.P: "What do you do with doughnut holes?"

Cookie: "We use them to stuff macaroni."

—*The Hangar*,
Air Force Base, Houlton, Maine

Pvt: Doc, tell me what's wrong with me.

Doc: There's nothing wrong with you; you're just plain lazy.

Pvt: I know, Doc, but give me the scientific name for it so I can impress my P.T. instructor.

—*The Transmitter*,
Boca Raton Field, Fla.

Captain: "Private, it gives me great pleasure to give you these two stripes."

Private: "Why not give me three, Sir, and really enjoy yourself?"

—*Camp Roberts Dispatch*,
Camp Roberts, Calif.

The church service was proceeding successfully when a woman in the gallery got so interested she leaned out too far and fell over the railing. Her dress caught in a chandelier, and she was suspended in mid-air. The minister noticed her undignified position and thundered at the congregation: "Any person who turns around will be struck stone blind."

A man in the front row, whose curiosity was getting the better of him, turned to his companion and said: "I'm going to risk one eye."

—*Prop Wash*,
U. S. Naval Air Station
Whidbey Island, Washington

A man went to the doctor. He complained of a headache. The doc quizzed: "Smoking too much?"

"Never smoked in my life."

"Perhaps you have been drinking too much?"

"Never had a drop of the stuff."

"Steppin' out with women too much?"

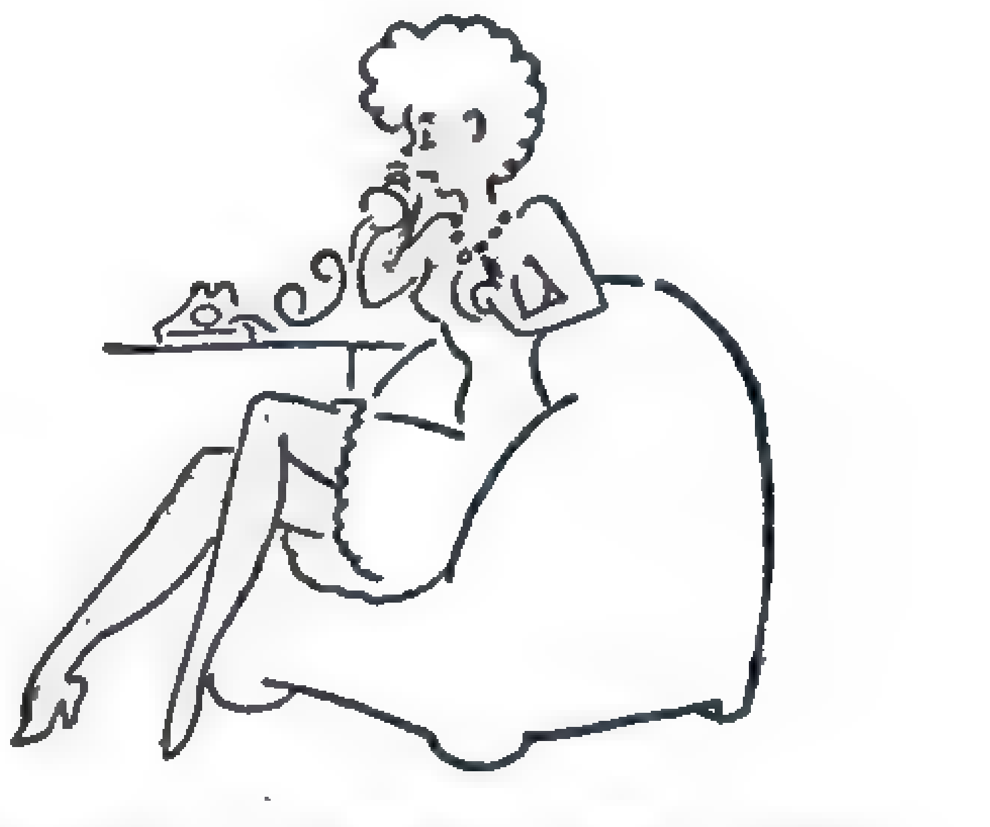
"Never had a date."

The doctor then observed: "Your trouble is that your halo is too tight around your head."

—*The Skeeter*,
U.S.N.T. Center, Melville, R.I.

When a fellow breaks a date,
He usually has to,
When a girl breaks a date,
She usually has two.

—*The Shermanian*,
Sherman Field,
Fort Leavenworth, Kansas



"I'm sorry, I can't go out nights—I'm engaged to an Army radio man and he says radar would tell him the minute I left the house"

St. Peter and St. Thomas Aquinas were playing golf one heavenly day and St. Peter's first drive was a hole in one. St. Thomas stepped to the tee and also scored a hole in one.

"All right," said St. Peter, "let's cut out the miracles and play golf."

—*Flight Time*,
Goodfellow Field, Texas

Mail orderly at mail call: "Letter for Cdadwinszkeidnozsly."

Voice from rear of barracks: "What initial?"

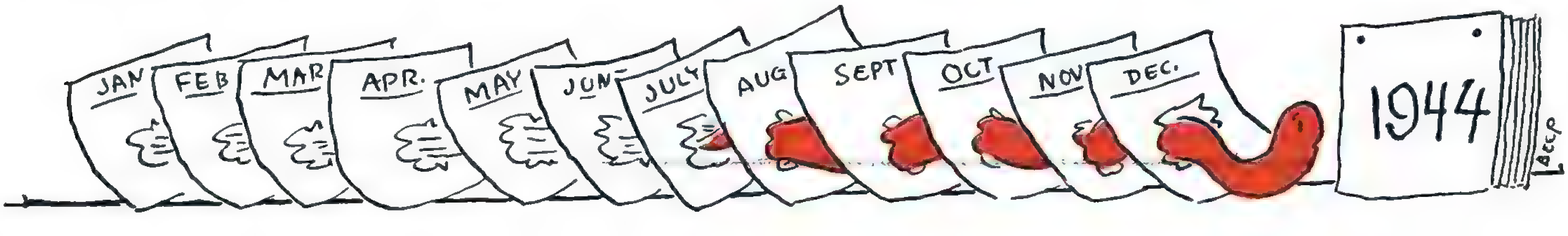
—*Scott Field Broadcaster*,
Scott Field, Ill.

A jeep driver was galloping along at 65 miles per hour when a modern Paul Revere (an MP on a motorcycle) had him pull over.

"Was I going too fast?" the culprit asked apologetically.

"No," replied the MP, "flying too low."

—*The Range Finder*,
Camp Callan, San Diego, Calif.



Man the Kitchenette

Pep talk on the versatility of fish and recipes for *Court-Bouillon,* Fish Ragout, Fish Mayonnaise, South African *Marka* Soup

by **ILES BRODY**

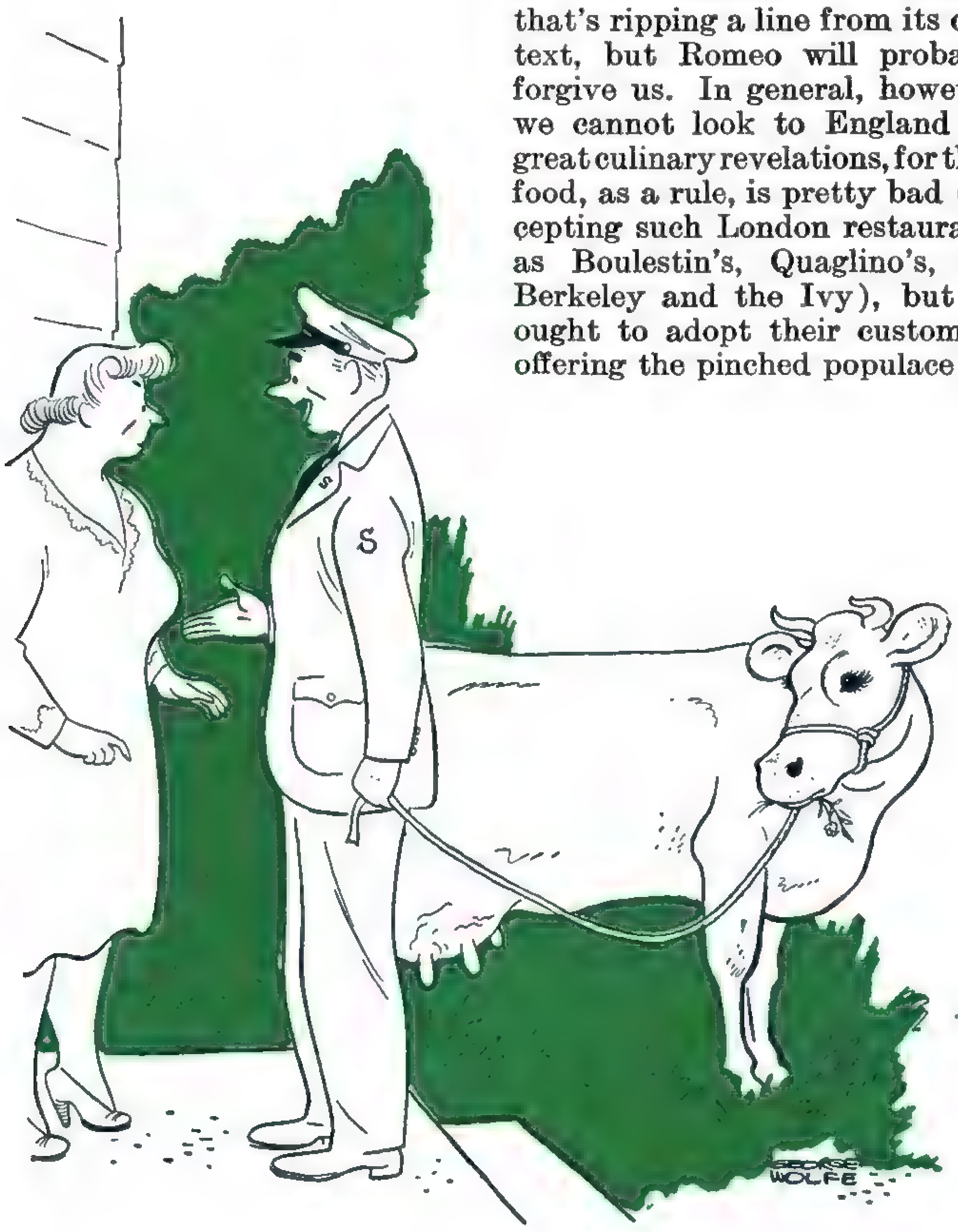
• EDIBLES •

One of the most useful and generous institutions in England is the fish and chips shop. Here in America, where fish is also abundant, they have for some reason failed to import this excellent gastronomical idea, although American cuisine is largely based on imported ideas. So either enterprising private citizens should follow the British example, or, if and when the food situation gets even worse, a law ought to be passed insisting that every fair-sized city in the United States must have a chain of fish and chips stores.

I think the reason for the lack of these stores here is that there is little profit in this simple sort of catering. The person who makes up his mind to go into the restaurant business opens a swell place, spends a great deal on decoration and the highest priced help, for he is bent on huge profits and forgets that money isn't everything.

Instead of using a bit of culinary originality, he offers his guests the usual tedious and worthless dinner—tomato juice cocktail, tomato soup, a chop that has to be embellished by tomato ketchup, two vegetables, a bit of lettuce, and a melancholy apple pie baked by a cook who was beaten up and deserted by her husband the previous night. However, regarding this "balanced" meal, the gastronomically uninitiated public is at fault too. It demands such food, instead of being satisfied three times a week with one single but superb course like fish and chips, a green vegetable, a salad, and a bit of cheese and fruit. I am talking in general about restaurants throughout the hinterland, for New York and other large cities are full of fine eating places. But God save the traveler venturing into the vast but less exacting countryside!

We are in that phase of the war when meat should be replaced by fish as a food staple. As Shakespeare said, "O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!" Of course, that's ripping a line from its context, but Romeo will probably forgive us. In general, however, we cannot look to England for great culinary revelations, for their food, as a rule, is pretty bad (excepting such London restaurants as Boulestin's, Quaglino's, the Berkeley and the Ivy), but we ought to adopt their custom of offering the pinched populace delicious, inexpensive fish and potatoes. America, too, must give full consideration to fish and allow all its talents to come to the fore. Fish has more versatility than most Americans realize, and the varieties for frying are comparatively cheap, unrationed, plentiful, flavorful, and healthy.



"Would you mind helping yourself—we're having some trouble at the dairy!"

An English fish and chips shop (there are seven hundred in London alone) is usually just a hole in the wall. It contains a large frying range, a counter, and a few girls—sometimes pretty—who select your fish and, wrapping them in the traditional newspaper, hand the bundle to you. The price of this good meal used to be sixpence, and you could get so much fish for a shilling that one person alone could not eat it all. There are six or seven species which lend themselves especially well to frying, and usually several kinds find their way into your newspaper—pieces of skates dabs (a sort of flounder), cod, haddock, whiting, plaice, and eel. The fish is rolled in flour, seasoned, and fried in deep fat at a very high temperature, so that a thin film may form immediately over the outside of it, thus keeping in all the juices and flavors. Then, when the fish is done to perfection, it is placed on a grate above the frying kettle, the fat drips back into the pot, and the fish itself gets dry and crisp, but remains succulent inside. The potatoes are sliced either Saratoga style (only thicker) or like French fries, or are diced, according to the tradition of the particular fish and chips place. For a few additional pennies one can get a bottle of vinegar preparation which goes well with fried fish, or one may use the bottle on the counter.

I hear that since the war one has to bring one's own newspaper for wrapping on account of the shortage. But historic Billingsgate Fish Market in London, corresponding to Fulton Fish Market in New York, still supplies the London zone with fish, the largest percentage going to the friers because the authorities openly favor the fish and chips shops. Of course, fish has got less abundant in England than before the war and fat is scarce, but potatoes are plentiful. The fish shops were invaluable, doing great and brave service during the bombardments, and when Mr. Henry Youngman, President of the Federation of Fish Friers, asked for more fat to be allotted so he could satisfy fish and chips' faithful flock, he got his wish without difficulty from stern but efficient Lord Woolton, head of the Ministry of Food. However, even Mr. Youngman himself could not make the authorities change a recent law, by which it was decreed that fish less than nine inches long must be thrown back into the water to grow and propagate.

The newspaper sheet as a wrapper must sound odd to Americans, used to a much higher standard of living, hygiene, and luxuries. But to my knowledge there wasn't a single case of someone dying from having his food packed in a page out of a newspaper (unless, of course, the paper in question was reactionary). In fact, I know of at least one instance where a page of newspaper in which a piece of fish was packed was instrumental in a success story. After the last war, a poor young Austrian veteran had to decide on a profession. However, as we all know, choosing the right profession, the right woman, and the right menu are three of the most perplexing tasks in life; and so the young Austrian was at a loss. Until one night he went to the shop, bought himself a piece of herring for dinner, went back to his furnished room, and in order not to allow a wave of self-pity to descend upon him, started to read the paper in which the fish was wrapped while he munched.

The page happened to be out of an old Court Circular, a few years after Franz Joseph started his reign. Tons of the paper were sold to delicatessens after the last Habsburg said *adieu* to Vienna. One item in our young man's Circular said that Captain William Middleton of the Irish Guards received a private farewell audience from Empress Elizabeth (wife of Franz Joseph) at the *Hofburg,* that the captain stayed for eighty-three minutes, and that the empress ordered the imperial equipage and accompanied the captain to the railroad station.

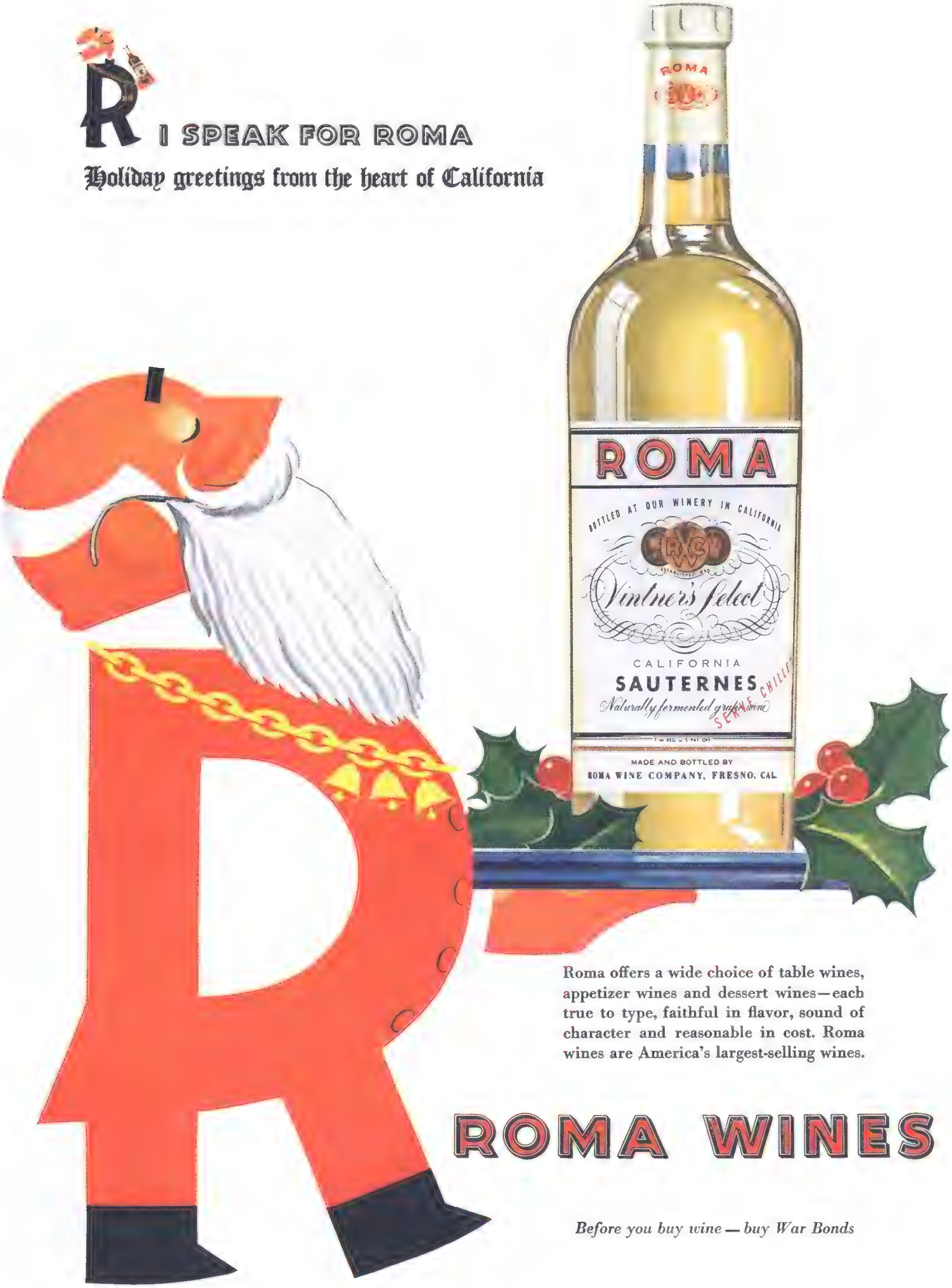
Our young man smelled a romantic story. Who on earth was Captain Middleton? He decided to find out, and when he did, he had a profession—for the captain was the queen's lover, and the young Austrian promptly put them between covers. The book was fascinating and proved to be a best-seller. So don't turn up your noses at the newspaper covering of that delicious fish and chips or even Viennese herring.

In old, class-conscious England,

Continued on page 126

I SPEAK FOR ROMA

Holiday greetings from the heart of California

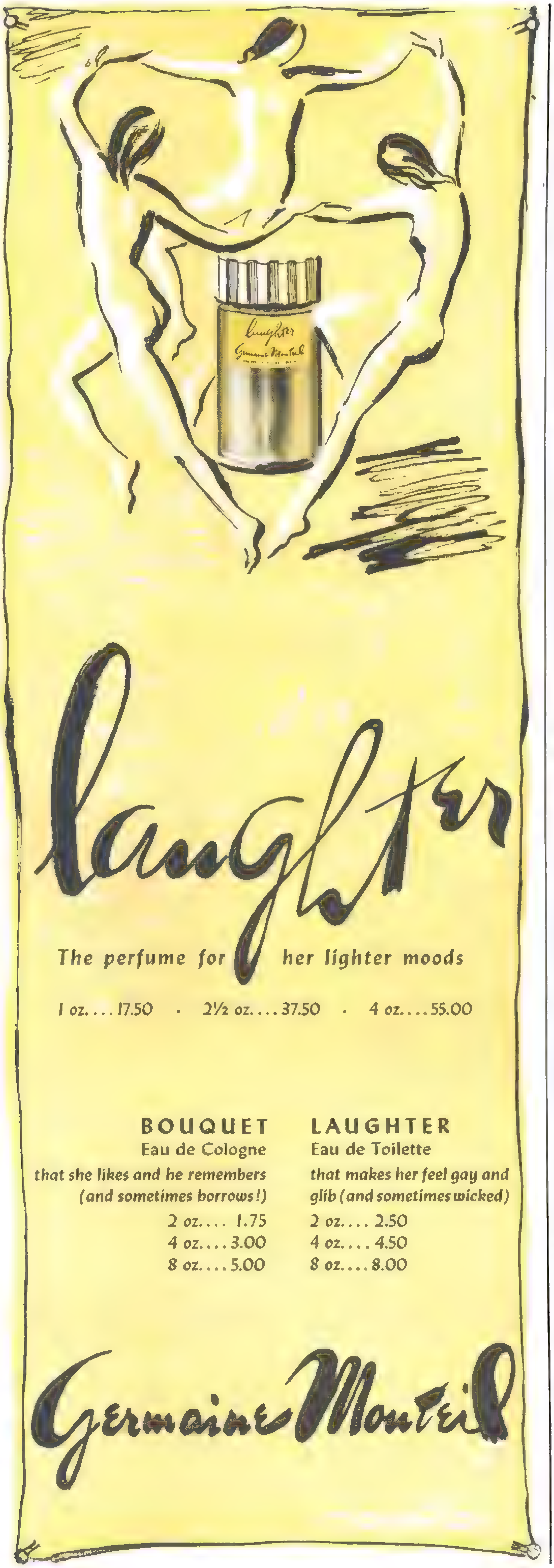

ROMA
BOTTLED AT OUR WINERY IN CALIFORNIA
RWC
Vintner's Select
CALIFORNIA
SAUTERNES
Naturally fermented grape wine
SERVE CHILLED
MADE AND BOTTLED BY
ROMA WINE COMPANY, FRESNO, CAL.

Roma offers a wide choice of table wines, appetizer wines and dessert wines—each true to type, faithful in flavor, sound of character and reasonable in cost. Roma wines are America's largest-selling wines.

ROMA WINES

Before you buy wine — buy War Bonds

Roma Wine Company . . . Fresno . . Lodi . . Healdsburg, California.



laughter

The perfume for her lighter moods

1 oz.... 17.50 · 2½ oz.... 37.50 · 4 oz.... 55.00

BOUQUET	LAUGHTER
Eau de Cologne	Eau de Toilette
that she likes and he remembers (and sometimes borrows!)	that makes her feel gay and glib (and sometimes wicked)
2 oz.... 1.75	2 oz.... 2.50
4 oz.... 3.00	4 oz.... 4.50
8 oz.... 5.00	8 oz.... 8.00

Germaine Monteil

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN, PRIVATE JONES

In the article, *To the Kitchen, Private Jones,* in the August copy of Esquire, there is a thought carried throughout its contents to the effect that enlisted personnel can be punished by K.P. duty.

In the Basic Field Manual—FM 21-50, C-2—War Department, January 19, 1943, ¶32-*f*—"Military Duty should never be awarded as punishment." Also, further prohibited by paragraph 102, Manual for Courts-Martial.

I thought I would bring this to your attention before some first sergeant brings grief to bear on some poor, unlearned private who might not be familiar enough with Army Regulations to protect himself from the difficulties of this most deplorable task.

Yours very truly,
San Marcos, Tex. WM. A. FOSTER, Av/c

TO THE KITCHEN, CORPORAL DRUDE

I happened to be reading your August issue of Esquire when I ran across the article, *To the Kitchen, Private Jones!* It gave the statement, "The only way you can get out of K.P. is to be higher than a P.F.C." As you have probably noticed by the return address, my rating is Cpl. I was sent to the Army Air base at Salt Lake City for processing where I had K.P. three times in one week plus one day of latrine duty, and the other three days were spent on detail and drill and calesthenics.

Sincerely,
CPL. J. A. DRUDE

Here are the signatures of two Cpls. who had K.P. with me.

CPL. CORNELIUS
Minneapolis, Minn. CPL. GUST

EDITOR HEREBY ORDERED TO SCUTTLE HIMSELF

I have read with interest the article *Underpassing the Wolfpack* in the July, 1943, issue of Esquire. My first reaction is that if the author would present his case to Dr. Goebbels, he surely would get the Iron Cross first class at least for services rendered the Third Reich in the propaganda field. The author has presented Germany with another "secret weapon" with which to fight the United Nations, namely, a piece of misinformation which contributes to a lack of confidence in the ability of the Navy. This thirty-six knot submarine with two 8-inch guns on each ship is enough to make a person lose confidence in any navy afloat, if they should be foolish enough to believe this article. If such be the case, the "super-sub" would not have to dive in normal circumstances; it would merely knock off all the escorts and then proceed to polish off the merchant ships until the whole outfit had been accounted for. In other words, the sub would have a field day; their cruising would be comparable to peace time yachting.

As regards the author, nothing will be said here except that apparently nothing is known about him, as he does not appear in your *Backstage with Esquire.* But as for the editor who permitted this article to go through, he should be shifted back to assistant filing clerk, and I'm not certain he could hold down such a responsible job efficiently. Any person in the publishing business today who knows no more about the war than to permit such trash to be placed before the public should change to other fields of endeavor. If the editor has a son in school of the age of ten or over, I will bet him five dollars on the line that his son will come closer to describing the characteristics of German submarines than did the author of *Underpassing the Wolfpack.*

No doubt in time to come submarines will be able to do thirty-six knots on the surface, will carry two 8-inch guns each, will have an under water speed of 15-20 knots, and will have many of the other fantastic characteristics explained by the so-called author in his article. In fact, some day we will have a machine which will be driving down a broad highway at a hundred per, suddenly it will take off into the air and clip off about four or five hundred, then land in the water for a short cruise, and finally submerge for a trip under the sea. All this is in the realm of possibility, but I do not predict it happening in this war.

Under ordinary circumstances I would pass this article up as another piece of trash, but there is a possibility that some persons may take your articles seriously, and thus some public confidence be lost through the publication of an article which has no background in fact. I suggest that you obtain some knowledge about the enemy submarines and then print an article which tells the public the truth on this subject.

Sincerely yours,
R. O. LUCIER, LT. CDR., U. S. Navy
Commanding U.S.S. OVERTON

DR. PAIGE CALLING

I was very much shocked and surprised on reading an article in Sound & Fury Dept. of the October Esquire written by one Don Martinez of West Yellowstone, Montana.

Mr. Martinez has made a series of statements that I wish to challenge. It so happens that I was one of the party of five including Dick Miller of Huntington Beach, Calif. who journeyed to West Yellowstone in June, 1941, to do some fishing.

On this trip I carried a fine assortment of flies, as did others of the party. These flies were tied by Mr. Miller.

Dick Miller's reputation as a fly caster needs no comment from me as anyone who wishes to look up the record will learn that he has won many championship records, both sectional and national. He was well enough known to be made president of the National Association of Angling and Casting Club.

As to his fishing ability. Of fifty-three pounds shipped to Huntington Beach, all were large trout, and Miller caught all but a few of them. Don Martinez saw these fish and knew who caught them. Martinez' statement that Miller is no fisherman will bring a laugh from those who have had the pleasure of accompanying him in the High Sierras of California. Miller is the best fly fisherman and as wonderful a companion, as it has been my pleasure to meet. I have known him many years.

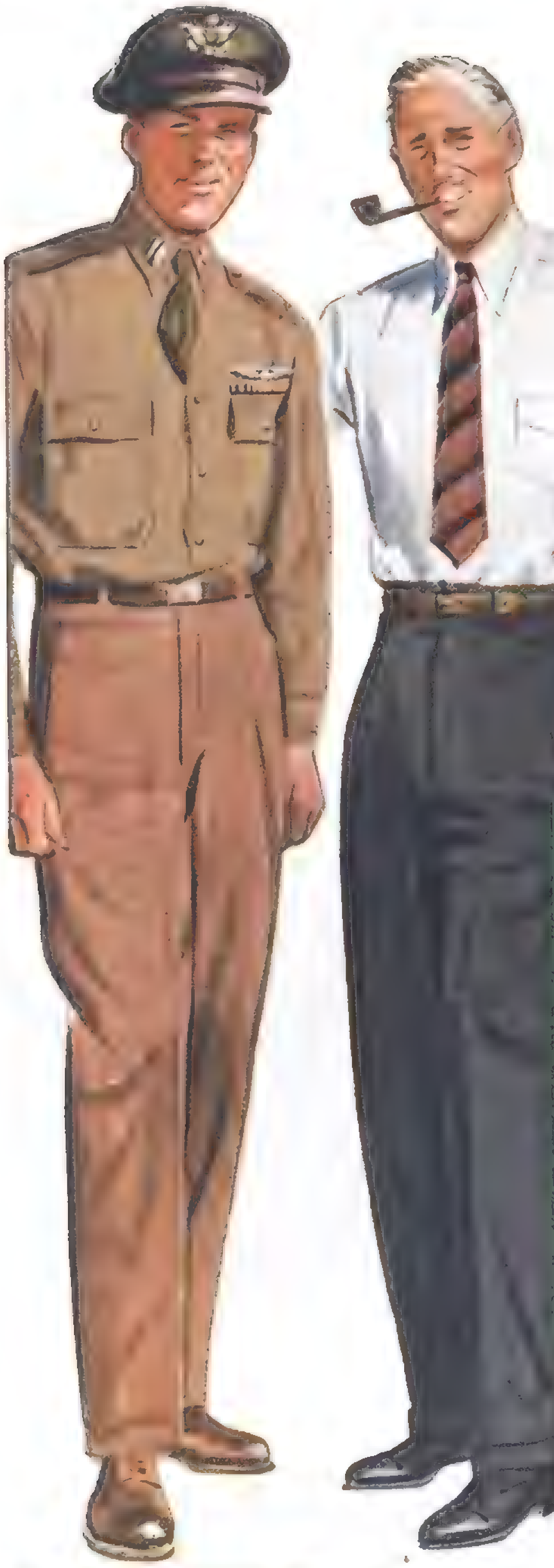
Regarding Hebgen Lake, Miller walked up to this lake, saw a hatch fly out over, and in about as many casts, took five trout weighing from two and a half to three pounds. The rest of us did not land a trout.

At the Huntington Beach Casting Club, Dick has been an instructor for many years, teaching the art of tying flies and casting. He has developed many proficient casters and fishermen.

It is a shame that a gentleman of Dick Miller's reputation should be attacked by one whom I once assumed to be a sportsman. No true sport could stoop so low as to write such an article.

I hope the editor of Esquire will publish this letter in defense of a friend who, for some unknown reason, has had his reputation attacked—a man too well known to the casting and fishing fraternity to be hurt by the scandalous pen of one Don Martinez of Yellowstone, Montana.

Yours very truly,
GEO. A. PAIGE, M.D.
Anaheim, Calif.



"We both get a break in Cristol-Ray!"

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

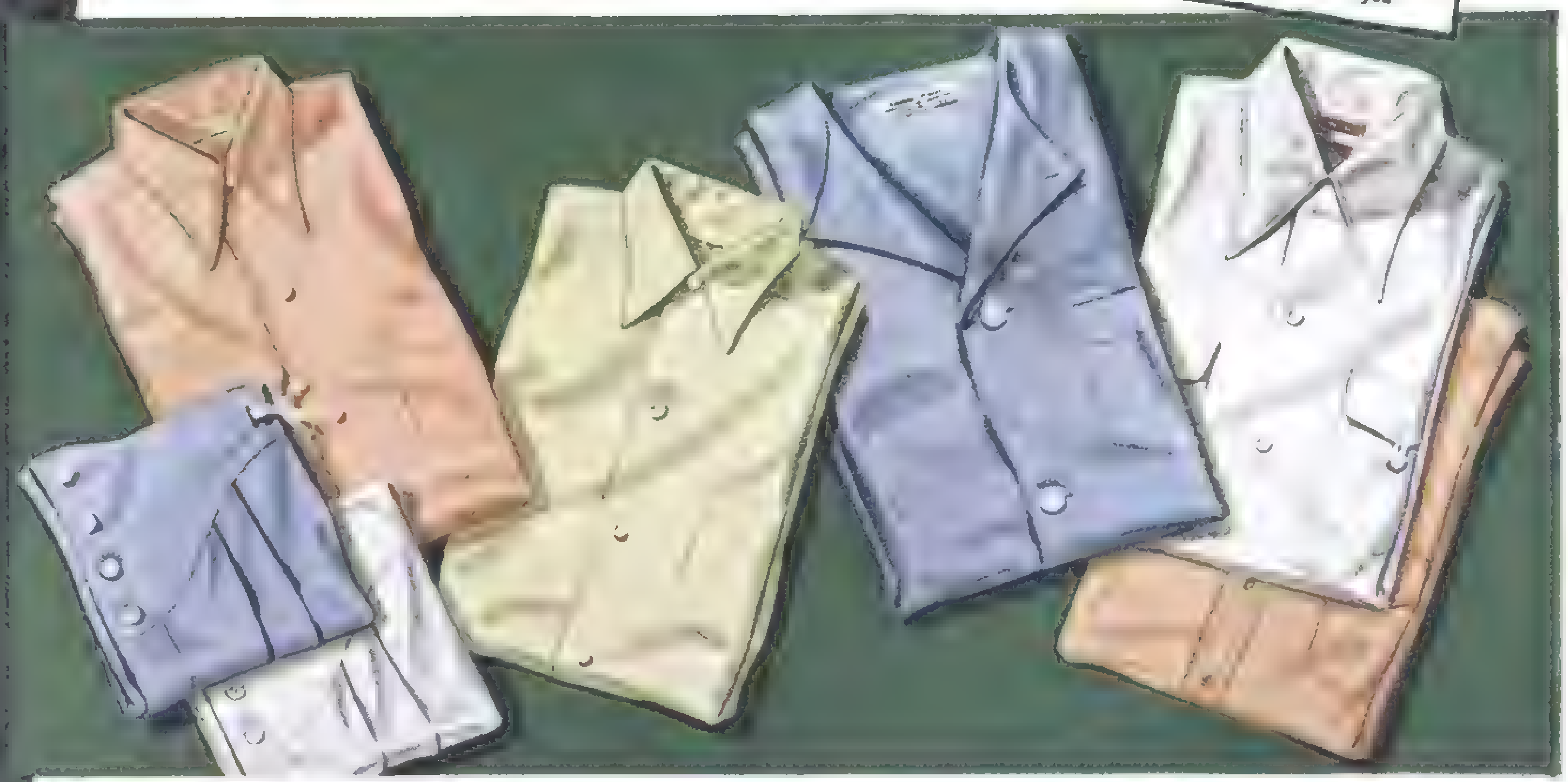
Army Officer or Home Fronter, he's a lucky guy who gets to own a Wilson Brothers Cristol-Ray shirt or other garment! These gorgeous duds are made of a new Austinized-Process* fabric**, spun rayon reinforced with cotton, that has the lustre and beauty of choice rayon, and the casual washing and ironing qualities of cotton! Of course, war contracts take a large percentage of Wilson Brothers production—and *that* limits output of Cristol-Ray Men's Wear. However, there'll be plenty later!

*Reg. and Pat. App. U. S. Pat. Off. **70% rayon—30% cotton

*AUSTINIZED-PROCESS

Spun Rayon with Cotton

Sanforized-Shrunk Vat-Dyed



Cristol-Ray Army Officer's Shirt is regulation cut and color. Super Shorts have Wilson Brothers special seamless seat, do not clutch or bind. Exclusive V-Shape Shirts are cut full through chest and shoulders, taper at waist to avoid bunching. Models are Biltmore and Rook. Cristol-Ray Faultless Pajamas in the new Wall Street model are roomily cut for complete comfort. Skipper Leisure Shirt (shown) of this luxury fabric, has deep convertible collar. A Western style Spectator Shirt, called the Pinto, has two-button cuffs, and button-down pockets. Weaves are Oxford and Twill; civilian colors are Cristol White, Amber, Blue, Sand.

All Cristol-Ray garments may be tubbed without special care, and ironed as casually as a hankie! That's because they're made of an Austinized-Process fabric, spun rayon stabilized with cotton, sanforized and vat-dyed. And note, the "Crown" Tested Green Light Tag on each garment tells you *every dye lot* has been tested for strength, washability, color fastness to sunlight, machine laundering and perspiration. This label is awarded only to fabrics containing American Viscose Corporation's product, "Crown" Rayon.
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

CROWN TESTED

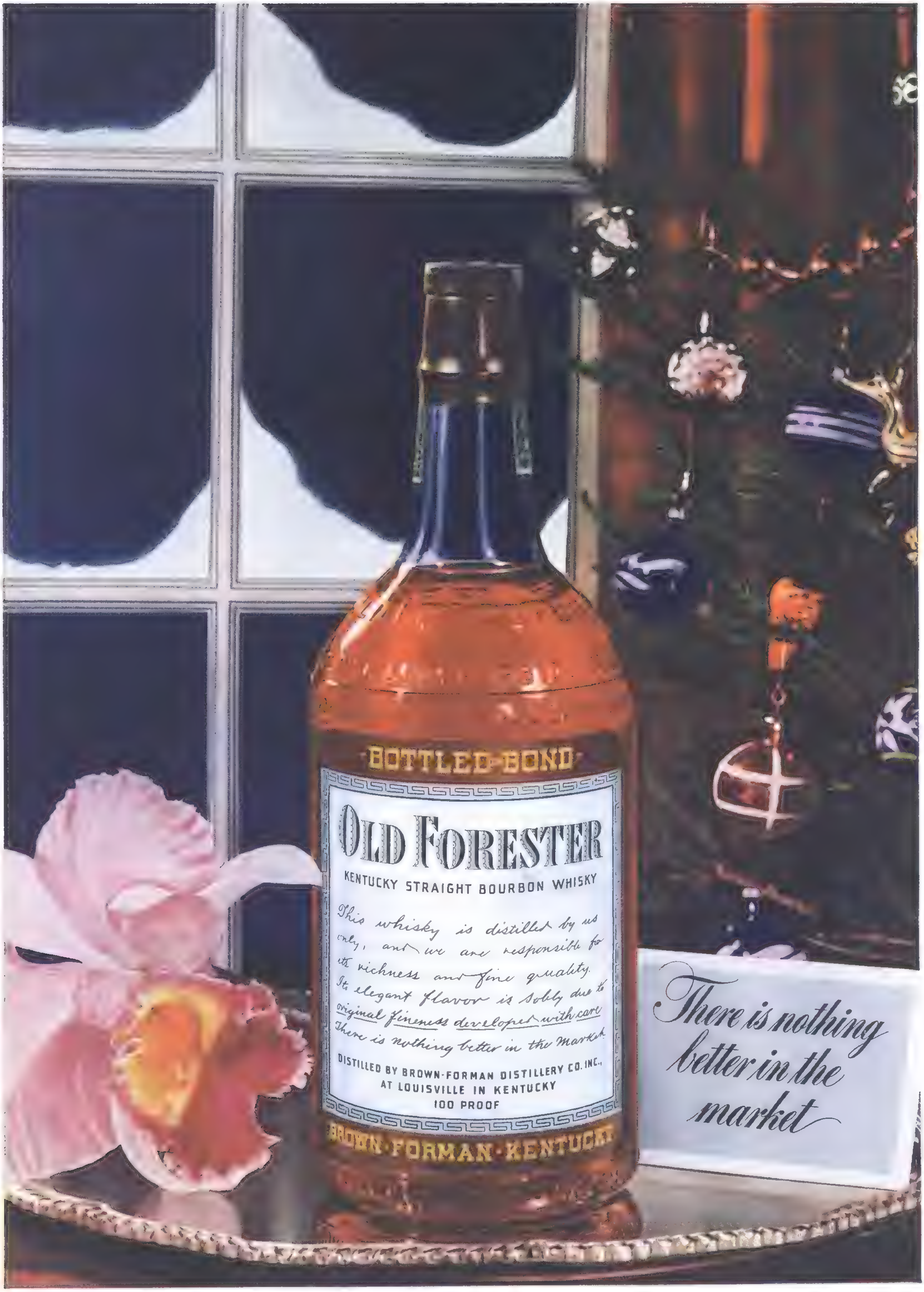
V-SHAPED SHIRTS
SKIPPER LEISUREWEAR
FAULTLESS PAJAMAS
SUPER SHORTS
WILCREST TIES
BUFFER SOCKS

Wilson Brothers

CHICAGO • NEW YORK • SAN FRANCISCO

[illegible]

Buy More War Bonds and Stamps!


BOTTLED-BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market.
DISTILLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO. INC.,
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
100 PROOF
BROWN·FORMAN·KENTUCKY
There is nothing better in the market

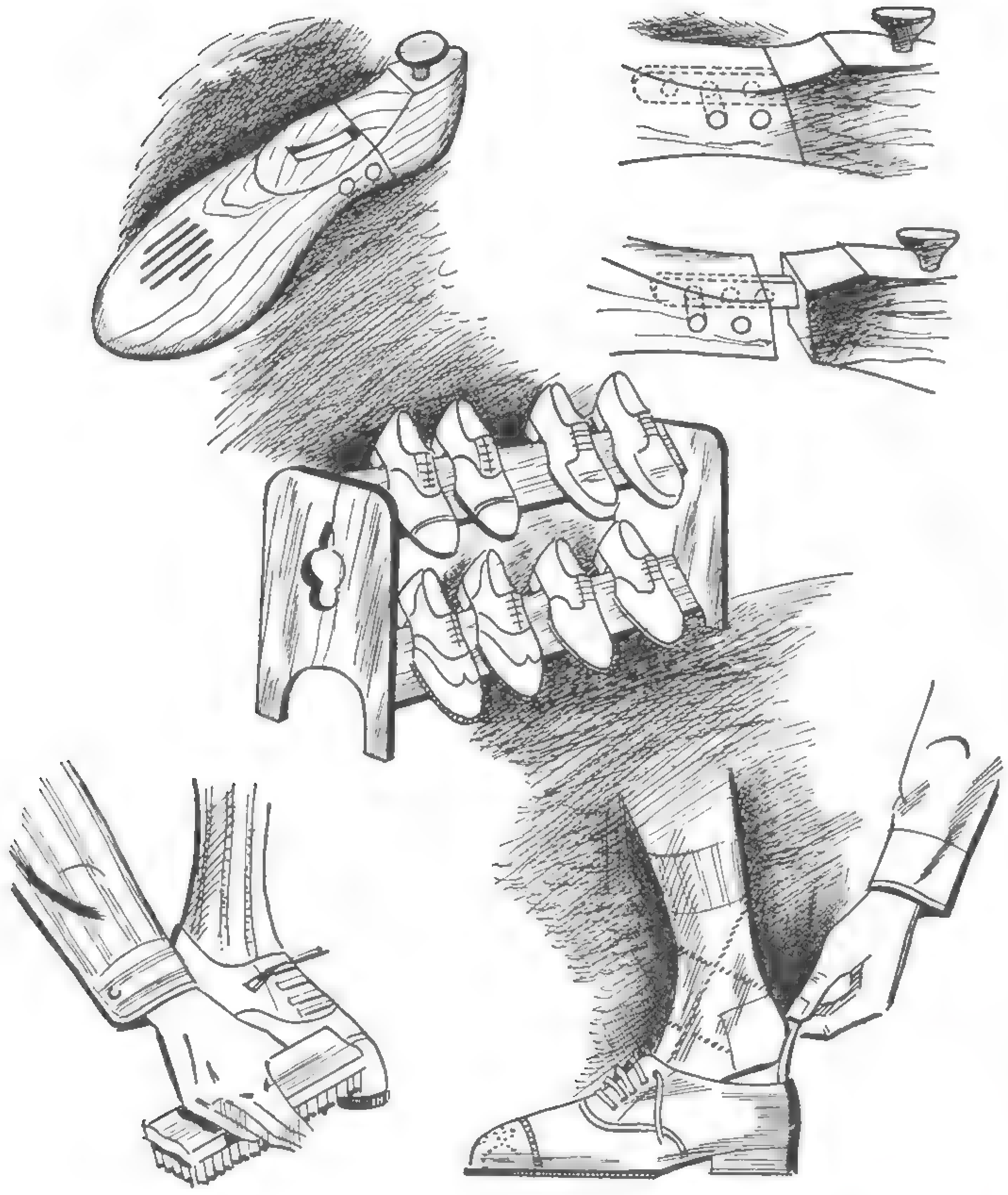
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

A New Slant on Shoes

Priority-free shoe trees and racks are available by the grace of American invention

by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**

▪ WEARABLES ▪



PROPER care of shoes, suggested from time to time in this paternalistic department, is the subject of recent correspondence from readers just learning to walk, and crazy about it, but desirous of more mileage from their footwear. Rationing of shoes on the present basis is adequate for every man to be well-shod, if he's provident. Reasonable care of shoes has now become a practical necessity and you may have to become accustomed to a new kind of shoe tree and to priority-free shoe racks.

One of the essentials for getting better service out of shoes is to keep them on trees. The former type with metal fittings were readily adjusted to the individual size. Wartime shoe trees are made entirely of wood without any metal. American manufacturers of shoe trees have been as ingenious as others in turning out satisfactory products with available materials. The all-wood trees may be adjusted to different lengths simply by pushing out the wooden pins that hold the front and back together. Once the trees are adjusted to the proper length, it is not necessary to make any adjustments (unless, of course, you're a growing boy). When the new trees are put into the shoes, the vertical heel piece should slant forward. Once the tree is in the shoe, greater tension is achieved by pushing the end back. Metal shoe racks may be available but wooden racks are being made in accordance with restrictions. When shoes are on a rack, the bottom of the soles dry out more quickly. Leather, as you probably know, is made of tiny fibers with air space between them.

When you get a new pair of shoes, have them polished before wearing. This prevents their getting scuffed. Frequent polishings not only keep up the good appearance, but also preserve the leather. Rest periods are good for shoes, allowing them to dry out thoroughly so that the leather is less likely to become cracked. Conversely, you should avoid not wearing a pair of shoes for too long a time, because inactivity of leather tends to weaken it.

A shoe horn is a great time and leather saver. It permits the foot to slip into the shoe easily without breaking the counter or seams in the back. ⧺

To your "choosy" friends—give

Marlboro

America's Luxury Cigarette

Smartest gift of the year... *luxurious, without untimely lavishness!*

Packed in ravishing holiday cartons.

Choose Ivory Tips, plain ends or Beauty Tips (red).

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS STAMPS

MARLBORO LUXURY CIGARETTES

The Sporting Scene

After scanning silhouettes in country club and factory, the gals' best friend tells them

by **HERB GRAFFIS**
SPORTS

The day of decision is coming soon, and every man worthy of the name must be ready to declare himself on this fundamental question: Are pants for women among the essential freedoms, or are they not?

The verdict can't be reached on the simple basis of esthetics or practicality. And the fact that women, bless their illogical hearts, refuse to see themselves from the rear, makes the problem a knotty one. Further, even if they are faced with their reflections in full-length, tri-part mirrors, most fillies, out of clothheaded stubbornness, refuse to admit they look as they do when their ample curves are clad in slacks.

Extensive research made by a patient scholar seeking to leave the world better than he finds it, while getting his M. A. degree, reveals that 999 women out of any thousand over the age of twenty-three, standing slack to slack, look terrible. Even the exceptional lass would look better in a skirt, or, if it comes to that, in nothing—as in the art galleries.

In a way, the popularity of pants for American women may be blamed on the failure of sportsmen to open their eyes and exercise prompt control when the first bloomer girl broke the stays that bound her. For before you could say Carrie Chapman Catt, she was followed by a new generation in knickers, who bottlenecked the fairways and affrighted the gents of the country club set. These stout defenders of conventions were so blinded at the time by basement gin and mock Scotch that it took them years to realize these panted molls were actual and not outriders of delirium tremens. By the time prohibition was repealed and vision was normal, the plague of lady's pants had reached alarming proportions.

Now, with women's dungarees having gained emergency acceptance as a war worker's uniform, federal laws may have to be passed to get the buttercups back into dresses and looking attractive again. Any man who doesn't now recognize women's slacks looming as a post-war problem is tapping his way through a cosmic cataclysm with a white cane.

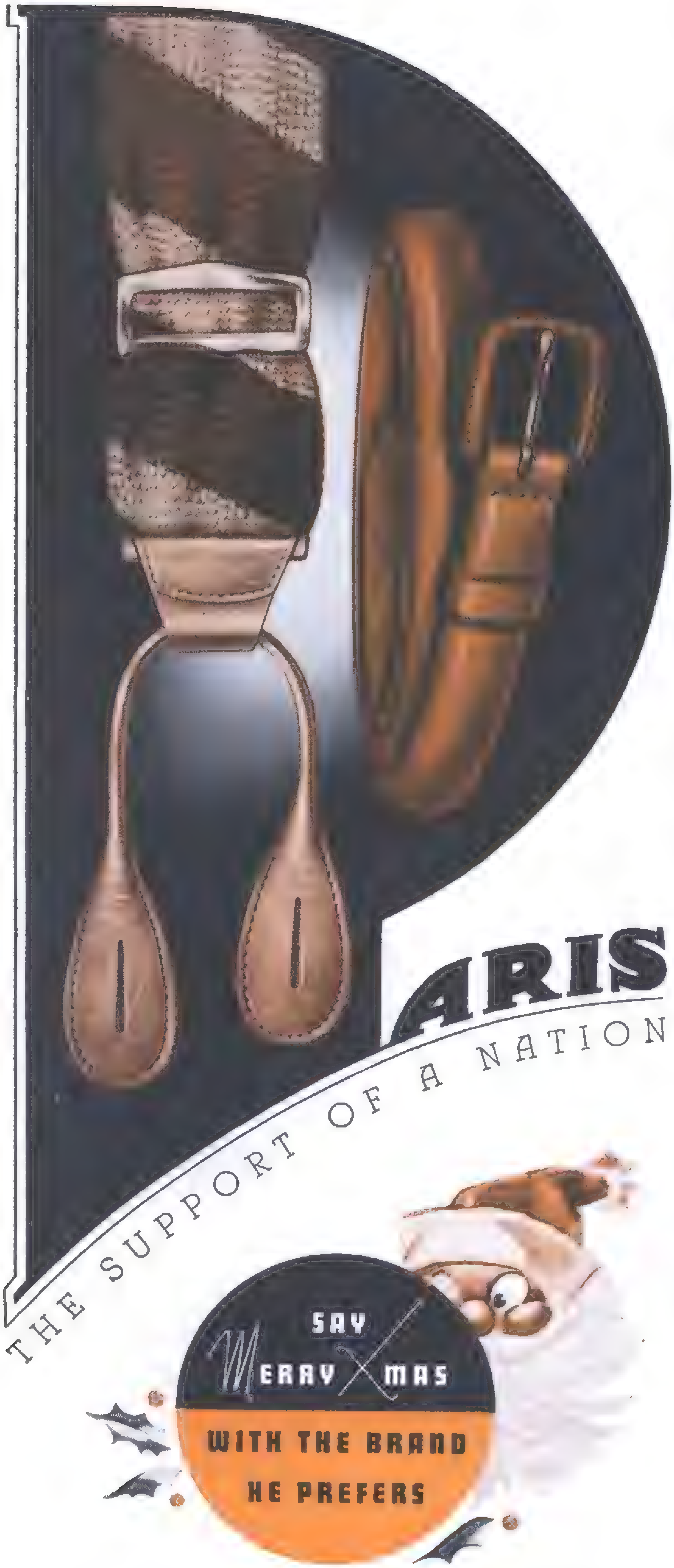
The questions now arise: have women become so careless about their work and fatigue attire during the absence of men at war, or have they become so wedded to any practical advantages that accrue in the wearing of pants, that they will not want to return to skirts with the armistice? If they remain as they are, victory will be empty to millions of returning fighters who must look upon empennages increased by the years and encased in tired gabardine.

Undeniably, there are certain utilitarian advantages to pants as a women's working garment. Anyone who has seen a lady golfer clutch awkwardly and in vain at the hem of her skirt to preserve the formalities while making a difficult niblick shot, has seen an argument in favor of slacks. But when a woman a brassie-shot wide wears slacks, usually in colors ranging from shocking pink to a lively chartreuse, the argument is against them. Due to such hazards as insects and sunburn, these plump pastimers must wear something, but just what the hell it should be baffles the most inventive male.

At industrial employment, even though slacks have the greatest logical justification, they arouse violent controversy. A grim battle took place some months ago among a committee of modistes and industrial experts about the apparently simple matter of whether women's work slacks should have one type of closing or another. The question would never have been argued if women's slacks hadn't been considered by experts the least flattering attire ever hung over any part of the female form.

Principally, the women's pants problem is caused by the chicks' inability to look with their eyes, instead of their imaginations, into a mirror. Even the least beautiful of them view themselves, with Narcissistic distortion, as streamlined models from Powers. Perhaps the poor dears are confused

Continued on page 124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THE SUPPORT OF A NATION
SAY MERRY XMAS
WITH THE BRAND HE PREFERS

There's an easy way to please him this Christmas—give him Paris—his choice for style, quality and the extra service that's so important today. And this is equally important—don't let anyone deprive you of your American right to choose the dependable brands you prefer. Trust the trade marks that have stood the test of time. Your favorite store is showing Paris Gifts for Him. Paris Belts $1 to $5. Paris Suspenders $1 to $3.50. Paris Garters 50c and $1. A. Stein & Company
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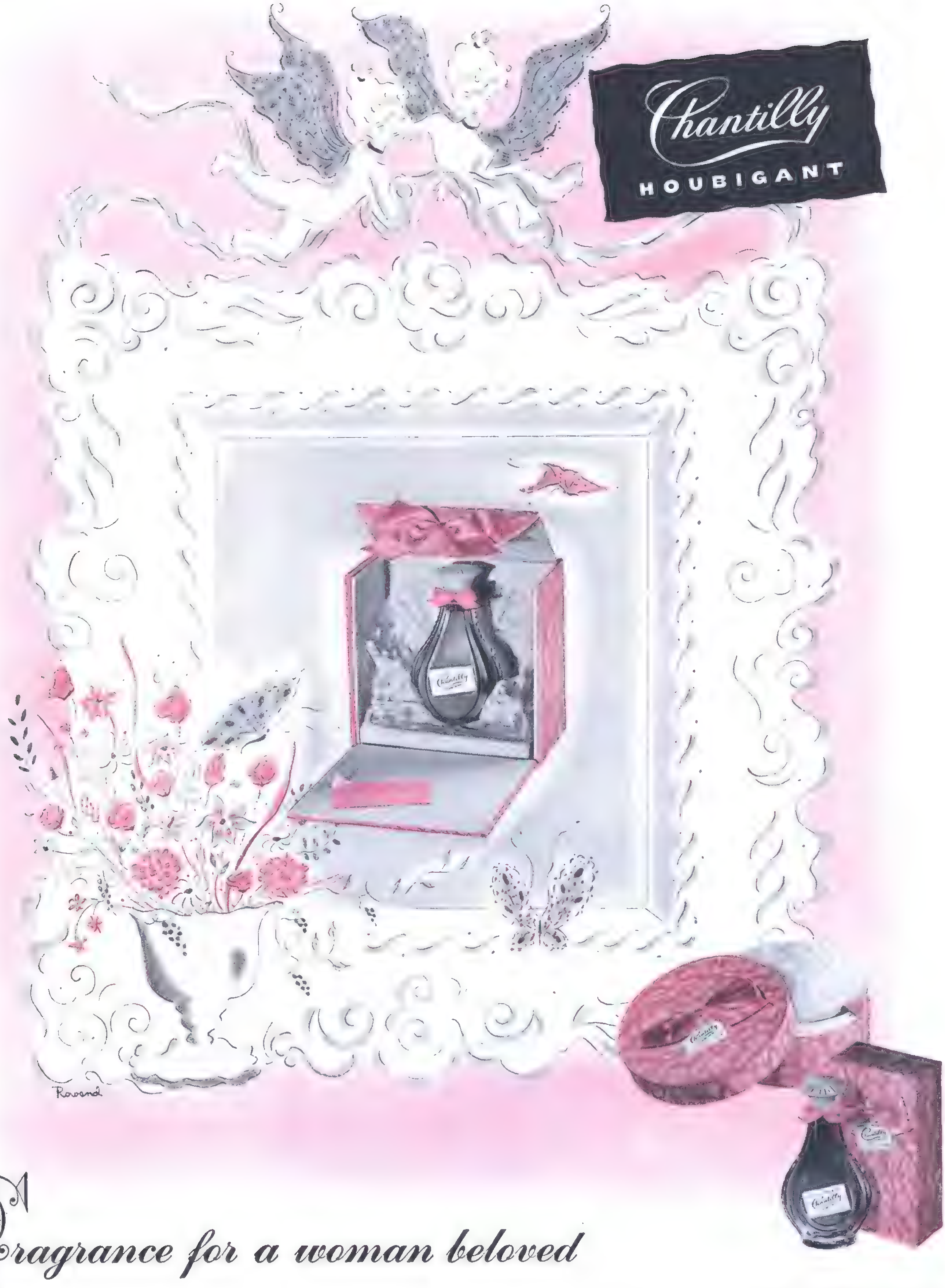
PARIS SUSPENDERS • BELTS



Fragrance for a woman beloved

For the one-woman-in-the-world . . . to make her heart beat faster . . . Houbigant has created Chantilly. A precious perfume, stimulating, slightly spicy . . . delightfully feminine. A fragrance never-to-be-forgotten . . . intoxicating as a kiss!

PERFUME—3.00, 6.50, 10.00, 16.50, 32.00

DUSTING POWDER de luxe, with huge fluffy lamb's wool puff, 3.50 . . . Personal size, 1.00

EAU DE TOILETTE, richly perfumed, delightfully refreshing, 2.00, 3.00

The Sporting Scene

Continued from page 122

by an afterimage left by their last look through *Harper's Bazaar* or the equally provocative pages of mail order catalogues.

Of course, Hollywood must be mentioned in any consideration of the slack evil. This is one sin that Hollywood can never live down. In its ancient and unsophisticated days, Hollywood's contribution to the daring debut of ladies' pants was the overall costume of Mable Normand who, as a rural character known as Mickey, was pictured raking the meadow sweet with hay.

At that time women generally were brighter than they are now, and every buxom lass and matron in the land didn't rush out to fit herself up with outside pants. In the past few years girls have taken to wearing dungarees with one leg rolled higher than the other, with shirttails outside and with shoes the Salvation Army would scorn to collect. It is said that these adolescents affected the attire as a make-believe life on the range. Anyone who has associated with clothes-conscious cowhands will testify that a puncher looking as dishevelled as these sartorially misguided juveniles would be seized by his companions and scrubbed down with lye, gasoline and vermin exterminator.

After the fortunate failure of the Normand overalls to establish pants as women's attire, the next appearance of feminine britches was far more sinister. Lost ladies, in their zeal to look both conspicuous and congenial, went for wearing pants. It wasn't long after this underworld boom that Hollywood sponsored the style and before our congressmen realized what had happened, American women had gone pants nutty. They might have chosen a better adaptation of the masculine mode if they had looked around.

For instance, Dr. Mary Walker, the pioneer Yankee campaigner for females' freedom of the pants, wore a long coat over her trousers. She knew what she was about. The Chinese women, smartened up by centuries of experience, wear kimonas over their pants. The charming crinoline girls had discreet ruffled pantalets peeking from beneath voluminous petticoats. These exhibits showed just how far a woman can go with pants without looking silly.

Ski suits provide the only other bifurcated garment that some women under thirty can wear without brutality to the appraiser's retina. Riding habits look acceptable on an even lesser number. And a distressingly large number of cuties defeat the original idea of practicality by wearing these garments so tight that throwing a leg over the saddle becomes impossible without presence of a hillock or boulder, and requires a hell of a lot of patience on the part of the horse.

The tennis girls are, in both senses of the adverb, the most smartly attired of all women in sports. They tried shorts for a while and the most callipygian of them didn't look good. Then when Suzanne Lenglen, who had chic to match her phenomenal game, popularized the present ballet model of tennis skirt, her followers became the glamor cuties of sports, taking on additional color by crooning over the radio, writing books, or cutting each other dead—each according to her own particular bent.

The golf girls were not so lucky. They probably have been forever marked by that frightful era when women golfers wore knickers. There has been only one costume more appalling than the golfers' knickers. That is the girls' softball outfit. A few wisps of straw on the butt ends of their bats and any girls' team looks ready to hop their sticks and fly over the outfield fences. This halloween garb has retarded women's athletics, speaking from a box office angle.

Whether or not it is due to the general deterioration of dress standards insidiously wrought by slacks or a shortage of elastic, there seems to be a general carelessness in feminine contours during wartime. The sweet mystery of life no longer excites the male prey and lures him to his undoing.

Probably the most terrifying sight ever witnessed on the American continent was that at Miami Beach several winters ago when women of unquestionable maturity, disporting themselves in that locale, aped their Hollywood sisters by adopting a costume of a halter brassiere and shorts. Property values slumped as these imports pedalled their bicycles along the Beach sidewalks, their overabundant flesh quivering in a way quite different from that which inspired Robert Herrick to write about his Julia.

Recalling the Miami Beach reign of terror, during which kindly Seeing Eye dogs were incited to growl and bare their teeth, gentlemen may be reminded that a like general deterioration of line and allure is in prospect, regardless of the merit of substitute materials for casting the female form.

Well, men, this social problem will be decided shortly after the war, and let us be ready with hands and warm typewriters. The crisis is coming. So hang onto your pants. ǂǂ

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Columbia
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You can get a cap with a lot of gadgets to weigh heavily on your brow. Or you can get Columbia No-Seam, with its free and easy jauntiness and clean curve that stays in because it's hand blocked. Columbia No-Seam is the only officer's cap in the world with the patented one-piece crown no-seam construction...the result of 47 years of specialization in military caps. Superlative quality fur felt, so fine it can be refreshed and reblocked year after year...$22.50 at better stores and post exchanges. If not available write: Columbia Uniform Cap Co., 45 E. 20th St., N.Y. 3

Superman Cocktail of the Jungle

A forty-three mile broad jump is an ordinary feat for one of the "House of the N'Kunda"

by COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI

"Here—you tell me how you get all those women"

Medicine men of the Bakumu Walengola in the Congo have a secret society of their own, the "House of the N'Kunda." Members of the N'Kunda are believed to have the power of transferring themselves from place to place without visible effort.

Baboons in general, and the Great Baboon especially, are believed by the Walengola to have superhuman wisdom. On the main road which connects Stanleyville, the capital, with the eastern boundaries of the Belgian Congo, one may find troops of baboons. The females, carrying their babies on their backs, and the young males will dive into the wall of vegetation. The old male leader, perhaps four feet high, will stand his ground arrogantly in front of your car until the last moment.

My friend, old Ivere, witch-doctor of the Walengola, lived on this main road with his three wives and relatives in a clump of huts hidden in the forest. I could tell by the roadmarker Km. 87 when I was near his path.

One day Ivere was telling me how the N'Kunda was founded. The old man was squatting in front of his hut. Covering his head was a flaring wig of white and black colubus monkey fur. His face was as wrinkled as a dried prune. His eyes in their own way were so beautiful and kind as to make one forget the ugliness of his huge triangular nose and his enormous mouth surrounded by a few spikes of white whiskers.

Abarambu, great *Effumu*, or wizard, of the Walengola long ago, was lost and dying of hunger far in the forest, so Ivere said. A Great Baboon of extraordinary size had pity on Abarambu and grubbed out for him some roots of the *fifero* tree. The super-baboon told Abarambu to boil the roots with certain leaves and drink the decoction. The Great Baboon also instructed Abarambu in other secrets. "And so," said Ivere, "Abarambu returned and founded the N'Kunda. The members today know many secrets. They can never become tired or lost because the distance a man can walk in a day a N'Kunda can cover easily in one stride."

Later I was to learn that the *fifero* decoction, in excessive quantities, can cause terrific hallucinations. In minimum doses it is a powerful stimulant.

I could not help a glance at Ivere's shrivelled old legs. He saw what I was thinking. "You white men," he said kindly, "never believe unless you see. Perhaps I will show you."

Going back to my car I looked at my watch. It was ten o'clock. I wanted to be at my camp at Km. 140 by noon. The distance was fifty-seven kilometers, about forty-three miles. The road was slippery from rain but at five minutes of twelve I was in sight of my tents.

There beside the road, waiting for me, was a skinny black figure in an unmistakable black and white colubus wig. It was Ivere. No car, no motorcycle had passed me. There were no possible short cuts. The road was straight. But there he was. Ivere was breathing easily. In the intense heat of equatorial midday there was no sign of perspiration on him.

"You see, *Bwana*," he smiled. "The N'Kunda have secrets. They know how to use the *fifero* and cross the forest in one leap without effort."

I had driven faster than twenty miles an hour for forty-three miles. Had he some way of chasing me and had he cut through the forest to be there ahead? He was just as I had left him except that his legs to the knee were plastered with red mud of the forest. He watched me trying to understand it.

"The peace, *Bwana*," he said and started to walk back up the road with the quick, elastic pace of an untired, active, young man. ⧺

"You sure look proud, McCloud!"

McCLOUD: I *am*, Jockey! I'm proud to give this lad my name, and to think of the honor he'll bring it!

JOCKEY: Being proud of one's name and living up to it is an old American custom, McCloud. As the trade-mark of Jockey Underwear, I ought to know. I've seen what Coopers does to make the name *"Jockey"* mean a great deal to the public.

McCLOUD: I'm a Jockey wearer, and I'll vouch for what it means!

JOCKEY: Good! You're a satisfied Jockey wearer because Coopers' research experts gave you underwear of the most comfortable design possible—and made of the finest available materials by highly skilled craftsmen.

McCLOUD: A man couldn't ask for more, could he?

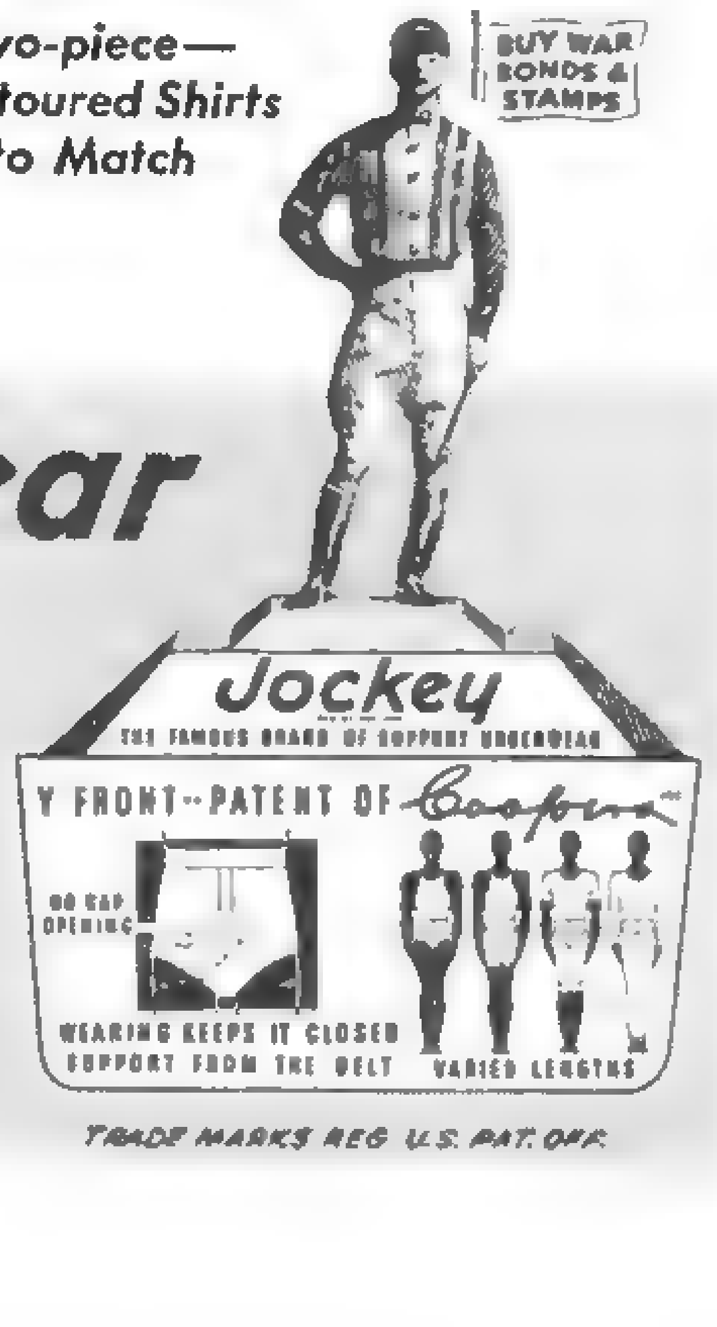
JOCKEY: No—except to be able to buy Jockey Underwear wherever he may be. That's why Coopers advertises it nationally, performs the distributing job by sending sales representatives to contact retailers throughout the country, and assumes responsibility for the consumer's complete satisfaction.

McCLOUD: But, Jockey, don't all those things cost money?

JOCKEY: Sure, but no more than any other method of distribution! With production running into hundreds of thousands of garments, the cost is only a *few cents* for each unit. And overhead is lowered so greatly that there's *no extra charge* for Jockey's extra quality. You get a similar "bonus" in quality whenever you buy a famous, trade-marked apparel item, McCloud.

McCLOUD: You're right, Jockey. That's why I have always insisted on branded products I know and trust—and why Americans everywhere are willing to shop around for them now that the war has made them scarce!

Jockey Midway
Two-piece—
Contoured Shirts to Match



TRADE MARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 116

meaning before this war, for now things of that sort have changed, it was regarded as almost disqualifying to dine on fish and chips. But many a walking cane and arrogant lorgnette has found its way to the fish and chips stores. Probably the swells brushed up on their history and learned that Edward II of England, who was murdered with intricate cruelty, bought his own fish and vegetables on the shores of the Thames and sometimes prepared them himself.

I often existed on fish and chips for weeks when I lived in London, but I distinctly remember having had my best portion at the port at Tilbury. Like the young Austrian, I was also hesitant about a future. And all of a sudden, I got tired of listening to the orators at Marble Arch, promenading on Pall Mall, and hanging around the bars of Piccadilly expecting to meet a young, beautiful and rich duchess. I took a trolley to Tilbury, deciding to become a sailor. For a week I loitered near the big ships that sailed, and at night I slept at a disabled seamen's home. The nearest I came to sailing the seven seas was when an officer motioned me on board, felt my biceps, looked at my uncalloused hands, turned me around by my shoulder, and helped me off the gangplank with a gentle kick in the seat of my fashionable pants. But while I was in Tilbury, I dined every night at a fish and chips shop where the cod and haddock were fashioned in squares and once they had white bait, which in England means a combination of smelts, eels, herring, sprats, weevers, and other small species fried.

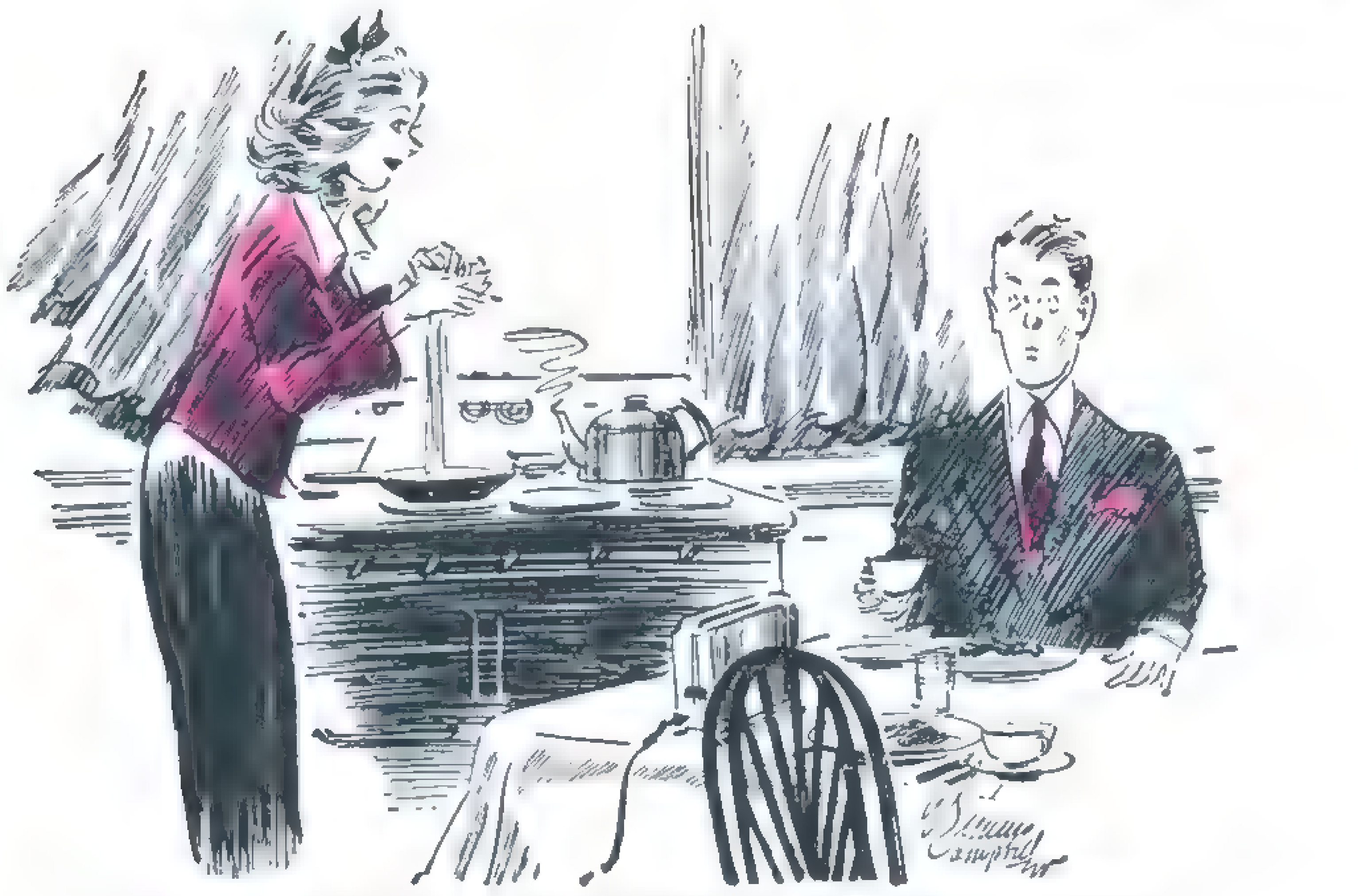
It is recorded that Queen Elizabeth of England loved her fried fish dinners, and insisted on a vast variety—salmon, pike, haddock, whiting, gurnet, tench, brill, sturgeon, conger, carp, eels, lamperns, lobster, perch, soles, red fish, bream, smelts, even porpoise at a single meal! Cardinal Campeggio, a legate charged to treat with Henry VIII concerning his divorce from Catherine, made an exhaustive report on English cookery to the Pope, and said that he found fried fish to be best in that country. And there was the first Earl of Carlisle, whose two fish dinners were famous—for there were always two of them. The company was ushered into the dining hall for the first dinner; the tables were groaning under gold and silver platters containing every known and unknown species of fish. But there was no eating, just admiration of the wonderful display. When finally the food grew cold, the tables were cleared and an entirely new dinner, the exact replica of the first, appeared, and the guests were allowed to eat.

The French went overboard for a tiny fish, the *goujon*, that was best in the Seine and the Marne, and which was fried and eaten whole, each fish constituting merely a fair-sized bite. Italy has marvelous fried fish (*frittura di pesce*), especially on the Adriatic, where the fish is small and sweet, and more especially in the towns of Venice, Ancona, Fiume and Trieste. Massenet, the French composer and a great gourmet, told how when he first visited Italy and enjoyed his fried fish, he was proudly shown the oil in which the food had been prepared—that oil was three years old!

There are countless varieties of inexpensive fish in the U. S. And there are inexpensive and fine American wines to accompany it. For there is an old Latin saying: *Maledictus piscis in tertia aqua*, meaning that fish is cursed in the third water—in the first water it lived, in the second it cooked, and the third is the water drunk with it by the uninitiated. Fish, once in our stomachs, cries for wine. Often this is the case even in cooking. To prove this, I give you a couple of recipes at the end of the article for cooking fish in wine. The recipes come from a fish cookery book published by the municipality of Boulogne-sur-Mer, once the most important fishing port in France.

This rare book belonged to Rear Admiral W. B. Young, Paymaster

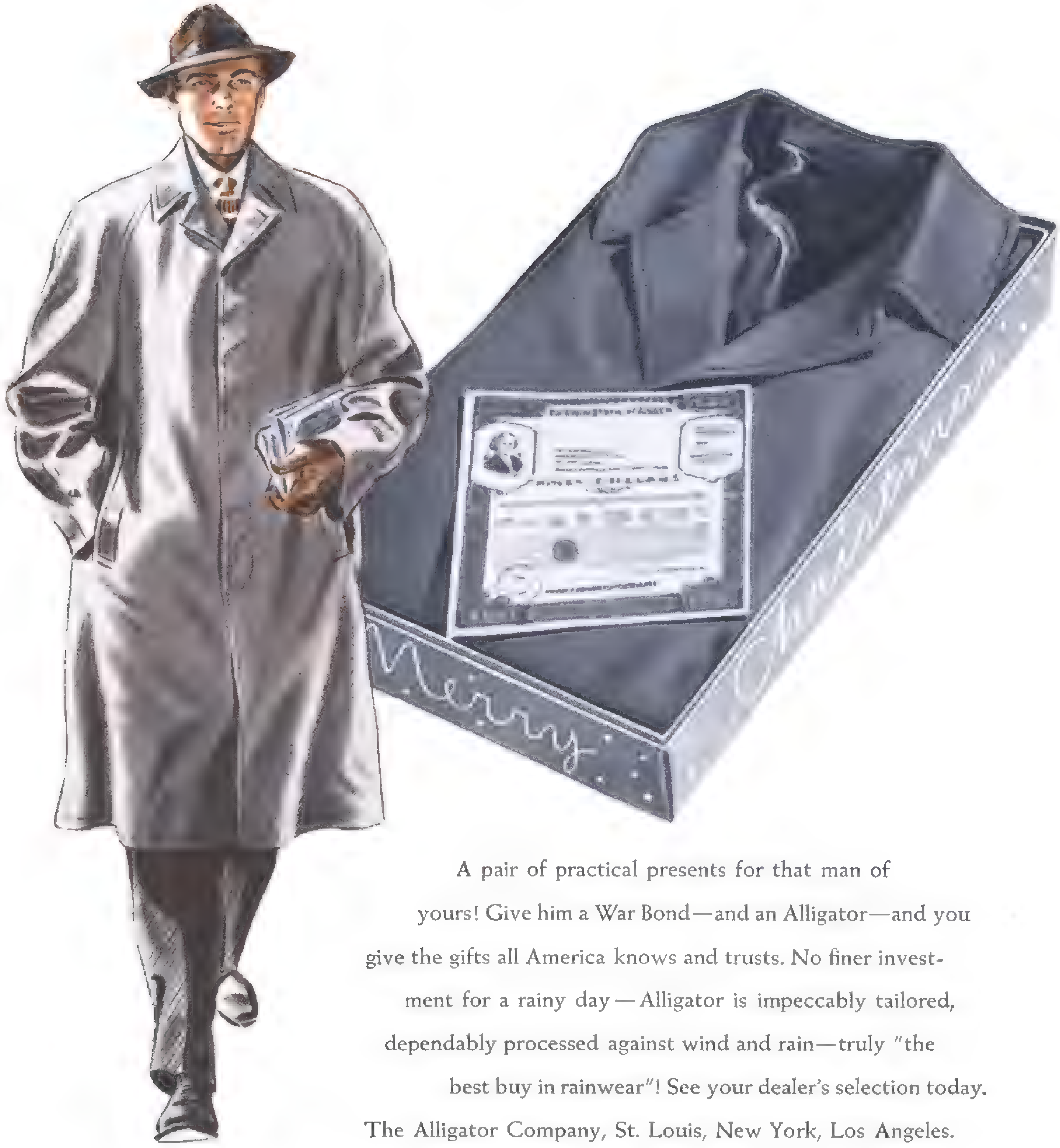
Continued on page 128



"I'm just frying the white of the egg for you, dear, tomorrow you can have the yolk"

GIFTS THAT PAY INTEREST

Throughout the Years!



A pair of practical presents for that man of yours! Give him a War Bond—and an Alligator—and you give the gifts all America knows and trusts. No finer investment for a rainy day—Alligator is impeccably tailored, dependably processed against wind and rain—truly "the best buy in rainwear"! See your dealer's selection today. The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

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Rainwear

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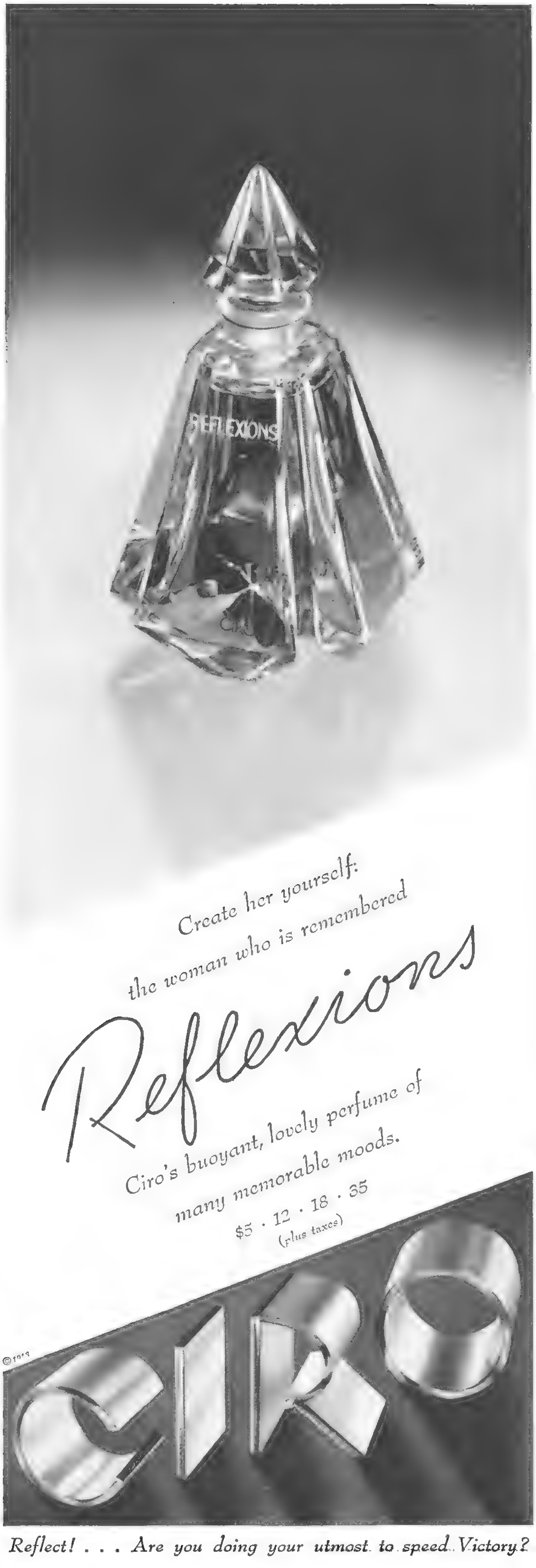


Reflect! . . . Are you doing your utmost to speed Victory?

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 116-126

General of the Navy and head of the Supply Corps, who made a very welcome present of it to me. However, I hope Mrs. Young doesn't see these lines, for I suspect the admiral—ladies don't part easily with such a remarkably good cookery book. And isn't Admiral Young harming his own palate with his generosity? But I often hurt my interests by talking and writing out of turn, and so the missing cook book, entitled *Les meilleures recettes culinaires pour Poissons et Crustacès*, will be returned if needed. I know the contents by heart now.

One of the greatest lessons in this book concerns the *court-bouillon*. As you know, this is most important in the alchemy of fish cookery, but few people know the secrets of a good *court-bouillon*. It is the united cooking of fish, water, wine, vegetables, and seasoning. But the vegetables must be put on about an hour before the fish, otherwise they won't get done and their perfume will not infuse the fish; in other words, the fish must cook in the vegetable water that already is so good that it could be eaten as is. Then before you put the fish in, envelop it securely in a thin piece of linen or any other kind of thin, clean rag. If you don't do this, the fish might fall into little pieces. Don't ever cook fish too long; it isn't meat. If you want to retain all the flavor and perfume of the fish, do not cook it over a large flame; just simmer. The liquid of the *court-bouillon* is used for soups and sauces, or if strained, it can be put away in bottles if all of it is not needed immediately. The fish is eaten warm with a sauce and vegetables, and what remains is eaten another time, cold, with a sauce that complements cold fish.

Here are several ways to make *court-bouillon:*

1. Simmer together two quarts of water, a pint of milk, a generous quantity of salt, and the juice of half a lemon. Place the fish in this after about twenty minutes and simmer till tender.
2. Two quarts of water, salt, vinegar, two carrots sliced in small round shapes, two small onions, a *bouquet garni* (see my December, 1943, article), pepper-corns according to taste; cook for a half hour before you add the fish.
3. Two quarts of red or white wine, one quart of water, and all the other ingredients mentioned in recipe No. 2. (This *court-bouillon* is very good to make fish sauces with.)
4. Two quarts of water, salt, garlic, one carrot, one branch of celery, one onion, one clove, a *bouquet garni*. Cook very slowly for a half hour. Strain, and add a quart of milk. Now put in your fish and simmer, don't bring to boil. (This kind is excellent for soups.)

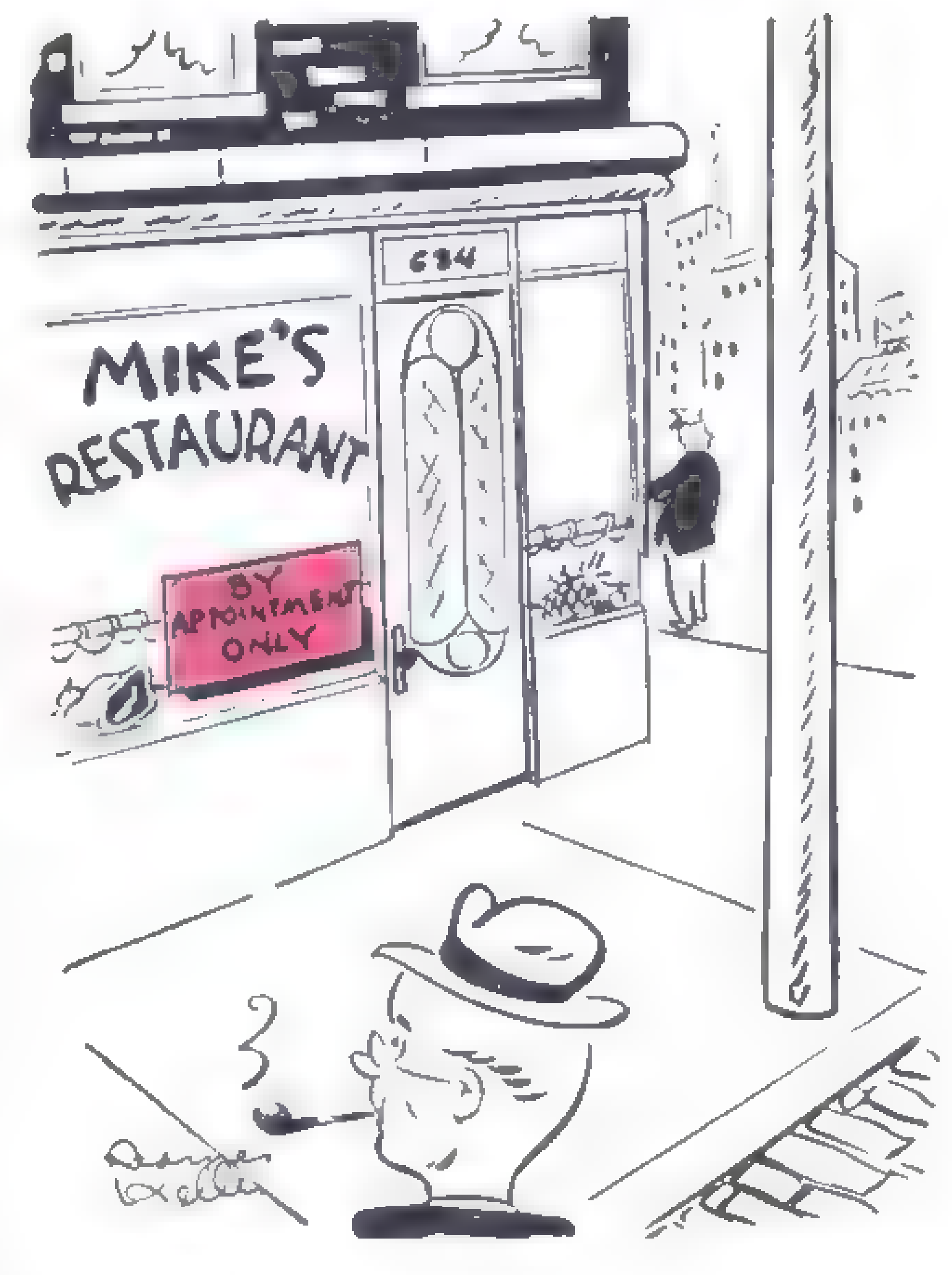
Always remember that the smaller the fish, the easier it is to digest. And even if fish is less nutritive than meat, it pleases the palate even more; fish has the property of waking up the appetite of difficult feeders and keeping convalescents interested. Meat leaves you heavy, especially if you adopt it as a too steady diet; I don't want to intimate that meat is bad for you, just because there is little of it nowadays. But it is a proved fact that too insistent meat eaters encounter trouble in later life. Fish is a light and sane diet, and as I have told you so often, a light diet is best for us all. Julius Caesar said: "Let me have men about me that are fat." Change the word "fat" to "fit" and you'll be all right . . .

Court-bouillon Soup

Place your *court-bouillon*—minus the fish, of course, for you've eaten that—in a pot together with an equal amount of water. Add potatoes, diced, carrots sliced, leeks, watercress, and a bit of sweet cicely. Cook till vegetables are tender, add a glass of white wine and season with salt and pepper. Finally, add a small piece of butter and pour it over small pieces of toast in the tureen.

South African *Marka* Soup

Fry a chopped onion in oil in a large pot. Pound in a mortar some pepper-corn, all-spice, coriander, salt, and garlic (according to taste; the Tunisian idea on this score is exaggerated). Add this to the onion-oil concoction when it is already golden brown, but not burned. Stir, add enough water approximately to cover the fish that you'll add later. Bring the liquid to a boil, and now put in your fish, several small kinds if possible, or large fish cut in pieces. Boil for a quarter of an hour, and pour the liquid in your serving dish on pieces of bread. Anoint both the liquid and the fish with the juice of a lemon, serve the fish separately.



Fish Ragout
(*Matelote*)

You can make this dish with one species of fish or several. Best combination is haddock, cod, and eel. Cut the fish in about three inch squarish pieces; remove the skin. Put a few slices of bacon (diced) in a pot, together with chopped parsley, small onions, salt and pepper, a glass of white wine, a glass of water, and your fish, and bring to a boil. After this put in a moderate oven for 20-25 minutes. Take out the fish, place on a dish, and keep warm. Add a glass of good red wine to the liquid, bring to a boil, add a piece of butter mixed with a little flour to thicken. Correct the seasoning, pour sauce over the fish and serve.

Fish Mayonnaise

(Excellent leftover fish dish.) Cool the fish. Debone and cut in pieces. Make a mayonnaise, and cover thinly the bottom of a dish with it; place a layer of fish on this, and cover the fish layer with mayonnaise, and so *ad infinitum*. Place the dish for two hours in the refrigerator. Chop some sweet pickles, olives, capers and a little tarragon and mix well. Add this to a cupful of mayonnaise which you saved, mix well and pour over your fish. Serve cold. ⌗

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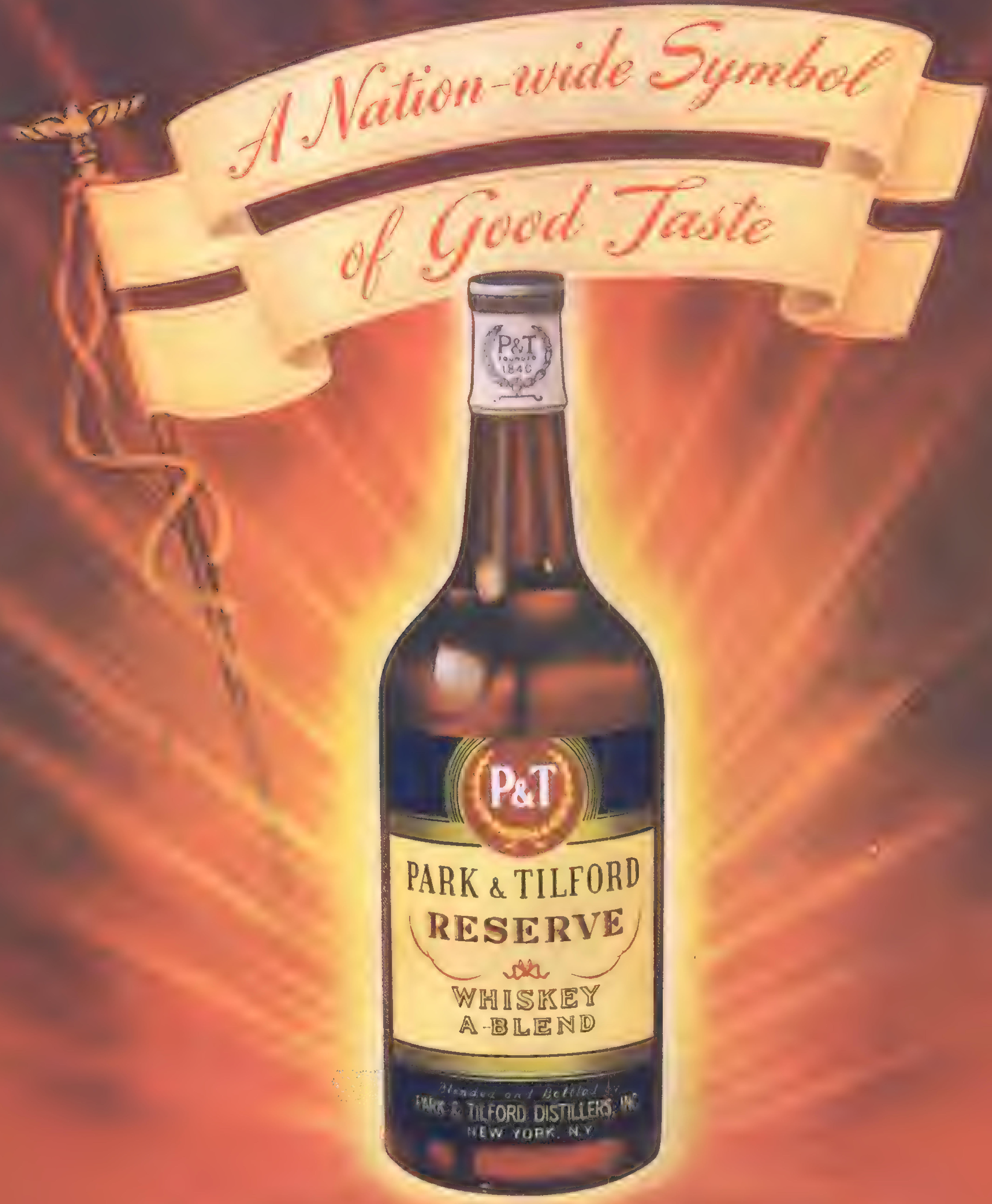
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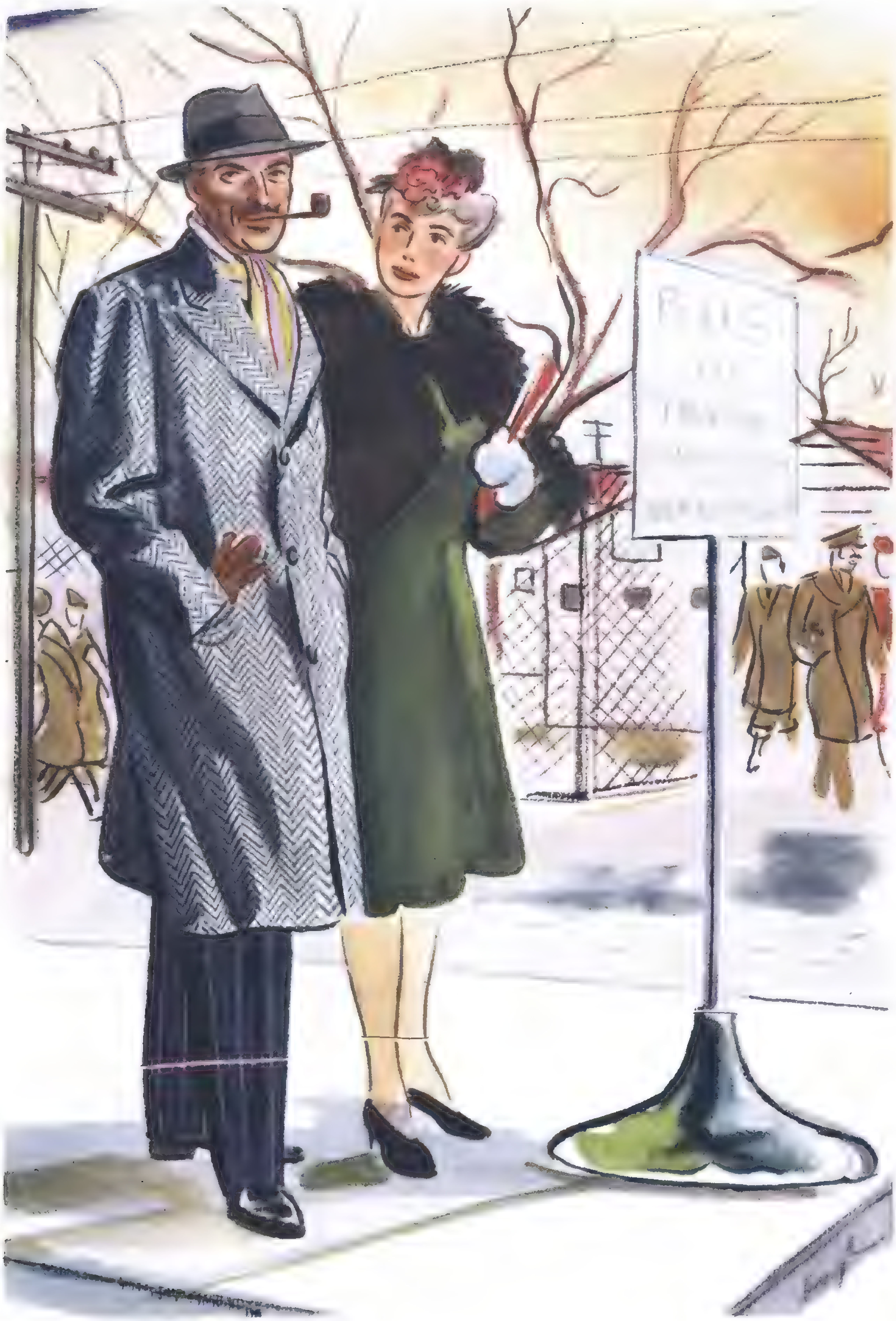

they also serve

Since their son couldn't come home to them, these practical parents have reversed the process and brought the home to him via a visit to his camp. The boys in the foxholes, judging from their letters, are unanimously agreed on what they are fighting for: Home sweet home. So let that be the keynote and cue for all of us morale-builders in our visits, V-mail and other communications. . . . G.I. Joe, Sr., stands inspection in a blue-grey overcoat of pronounced herringbone pattern with a button-through front and peaked lapels. His hat is a grey snapbrim felt and his blue worsted suit carries alternate stripes of grey and brighter blue. A wool muffler with vertical stripes of red, blue, yellow and tan, capeskin gloves and black straight-tipped shoes complete the outfit. And Mama looks right pert too. We're sure Junior will hit the hay with a happier smile on his puss tonight.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

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Obsequies in the Grand Manner

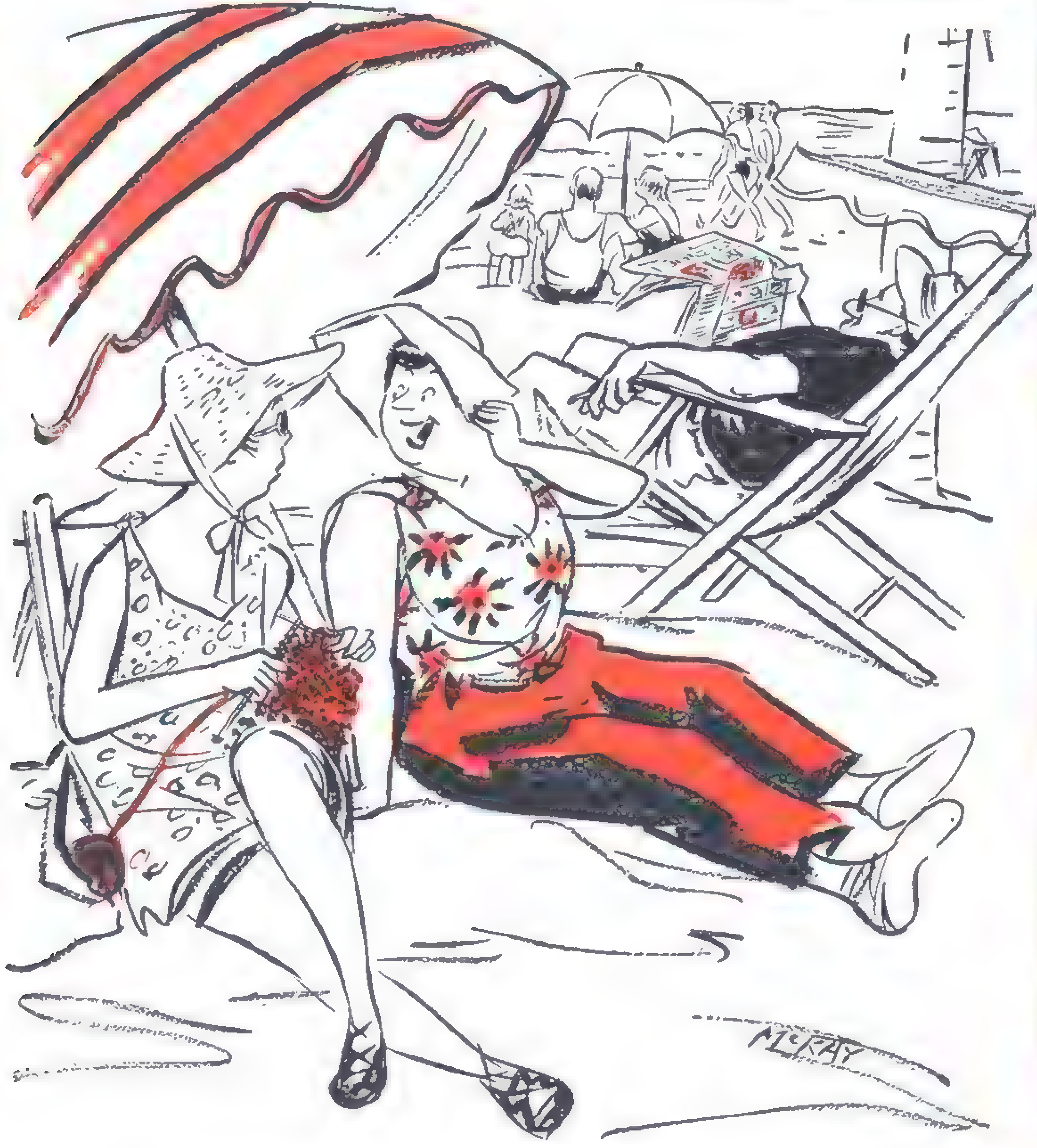
Continued from page 43

thing revolting about being hauled in a patrol wagon, even though the man was unconscious; for if he recovered, his friends would kid him and if he died, his family would be afflicted by a more or less blushful memory. Third, it was notorious that whenever the cops took charge of a man unable to protest, they galloped him to the morgue straightway, and proceeded to a hospital only after the morgue-keeper had turned back his eyelids, stuck pins into him, and declared him still alive. A happy chance solved the problem. One of the magnificent beer-wagons of the Scharnhorst Brewery, drawn by two Percheron horses, dashed up to the front of Haubenschmidt's place only a few seconds after he fell. Bortsch and the driver threw off kegs enough to make room for him, and the run to the hospital was made at dizzy speed, with Bortsch holding the patient's head. Alas, it was all in vain. The young doctors found that heartbeat and respiration eluded their most delicate instruments. In brief, life was extinct.

It fell to Bortsch, I suppose, to notify the widow, but of that I know nothing. What I recall is the funeral three days afterward—an immense outpouring on a gorgeous autumn day, with La Haubenschmidt and her five daughters so swathed in crepe that they seemed hardly human, and delegations present from at least a dozen organizations of one sort or another. The widow, with her husband screwed down safely in a 450 dollar casket, had insisted on her dower right to call in her pastor, the Rev. Dr. Liebmann, for the last rites, and he took his place, not without a certain unction, at one end of the grave, with the family running down the two sides and the delegations fanned out behind them. At the other end stood Leopold Bortsch, calm, serene and confident—a fine figure of a man in his black cutaway coat, his striped gray trousers, his plug hat with its six-inch crepe band, his white Masonic apron, and his brilliant blazoning of Shriner, Knights Templar, Odd Fellow, Red Men, Knights of Pythias and other badges and watch-charms.

He and the pastor eyed each other coldly, for there had been constant belligerency between them, as there had been between the pastor and the deceased. The pastor, a true ecclesiastic, was not unaware of the advantages lying in his sacred immunities and the piety of the widow: he was free, he knew, to give poor Haubenschmidt (and Bortsch likewise) the works, and this he proceeded to do at a painfully slow *tempo* and with every mark of sacerdotal gloating. But Bortsch was not to be upset by any such boorish challenge. The Lutheran Book of Common Prayer was no mystery to him; he knew it, in fact, backward and forward, just as he knew every other such textbook of the enemy, and he was well aware that there was no way for any pastor using it, however anti-social, to drag out the office for the dead to more than twenty minutes. He could bide his time, for the whole afternoon was ahead of him. He not only bided it with a fine show of tolerance and even

Continued on page 134



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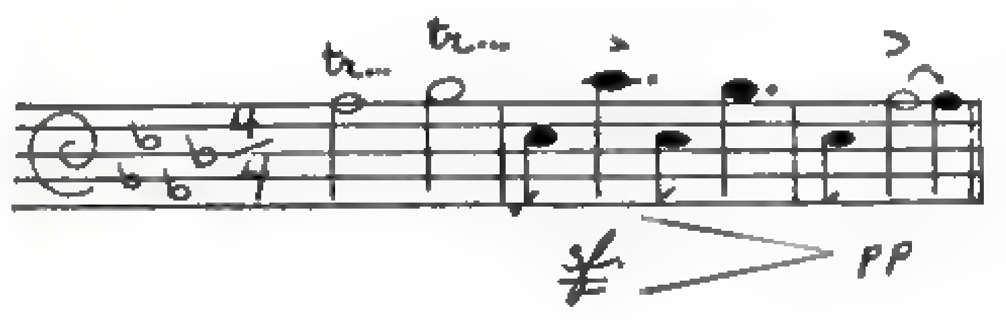
Obsequies in the Grand Manner

Continued from pages 43-133

cordiality; he astounded and disconcerted the pastor by making correct responses whenever there were cues for them in the service.

At long last this painful mummery was over, and the members of the Rosenkranz Singing Society stepped up to pay their last honors to their dead colleague. They were prepared to sing two compositions—*Morgenrot* and *Ich hatt' einen Kameraden*—both written originally for fallen soldiers, but also more or less appropriate for an heroic civilian, dead at the post of duty. Bortsch, as a bass, was supposed to confine himself to the lowest reaches of the harmony, but before the first stanza of *Morgenrot* was done he reached out for the melody, and thereafter he led with all the power of his triple-expansion lungs. The effect was very striking, and when, in the last stanza of the second song, he introduced a dramatic tremolo and then proceeded to a series of unmistakable sobs, first *sforzando* but quickly diminishing to *pianissimo*, thus:



the whole company, including even Pastor Liebmann, burst into a stealthy "Ah-h-h-h" that could not be altogether shushed down. The leader of the Rosenkranz, Professor Windhorst, thereupon glanced at Bortsch, Bortsch gave a flicker of his eye, and the brethren burst into *Es hat nicht sollen sein* as an encore. This was the toughest of the pieces that they commonly attempted, and Professor Windhorst had to do some deft herd-riding to get them off in consonance, but again Bortsch saved the day, for at the first occurrence of the words *Behut' dich Gott* he staged another sob, this time *crescendo*, and when the last words were reached every eye in the assembly was dripping wet and the widow was launched upon the first of the classical series of six bouts of hysterics.

Once she was quieted the Freemasons took over, and Bortsch's robust bass led every "So mout it be" of their poetical graveyard ritual, which was done in English. The Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and Red Men followed with their more prosaic lamentations, and Bortsch led again. There followed a slight stage wait, and some anxious glances, for everyone knew that both the deceased and the officiating *Totsäufer* had been professed freethinkers, and everyone wondered if Bortsch would speak in that character, and if so, what he would say. He did not keep them waiting long. Raising the right hand for attention, he launched without ceremony into a discourse upon the nature, pains, costs, social effects and philosophical significances of somatic death which soon had the whole gathering in a lather of mingled horror and delight. As it began Pastor Liebmann took a firm stance and gritted his teeth, for he naturally expected a bitter denunciation of the Christian view; but in this he was disappointed, for Bortsch avoided everything even remotely approaching the controversial. There was, in fact, not a word in his speech that could have offended the most pious Lutheran, or even Calvinist, or Hard Shell Baptist, or Buddhist, or spiritualist. Not once did he raise the delicate question whether Haubenschmidt, lying there in his Sunday black suit, was simultaneously roving, in gaseous form, the fields of asphodel. He put all that to one side and confined himself to quoting the safely neutral sages and poets—Socrates, Confucius, Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Jean Paul Richter, Victor von Scheffel, Longfellow, Eugene Field, Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Some of his extracts from them were of considerable length, but no one showed any impatience, no one got an overdose. In the midst of a scene from *Faust*, done in the original German, the widow came down with her second fit of hysteries; at the second shot of Heine she had her third.

And so, at last he came to his peroration—in form, a solemn farewell to the dead Haubenschmidt. "Good-bye, Gustav!" he intoned. "The time has come to shake hands forever. Take care of yourself, dear friend, and don't let anybody tell you we will ever forget you. You were a faithful husband, father, brother, brother-in-law, nephew and cousin. (*Sobs from the family reservation.*) You were an honored member of the Masons, Odd Fellows, Red Men and Knights of Pythias. (*Murmurs of approval.*) Many a poor widow, left with a mortgage on her humble home, had reason to be thankful that you were chairman of the loan committee of the Carl Schurz Permanent Building and Loan Association. (*A burst of wailing from far back in the crowd*). You were a business man who discounted his bills and kept a respectable family place. No one ever dared to speak a word against you, not even the Prohibitionists. (*Faint hisses.*) And now we part, as all friends must. You have our good wishes as we know we always had yours. Good-bye, Gustav! Farewell, old friend! We are here today and gone tomorrow. May we all learn by your example how—"

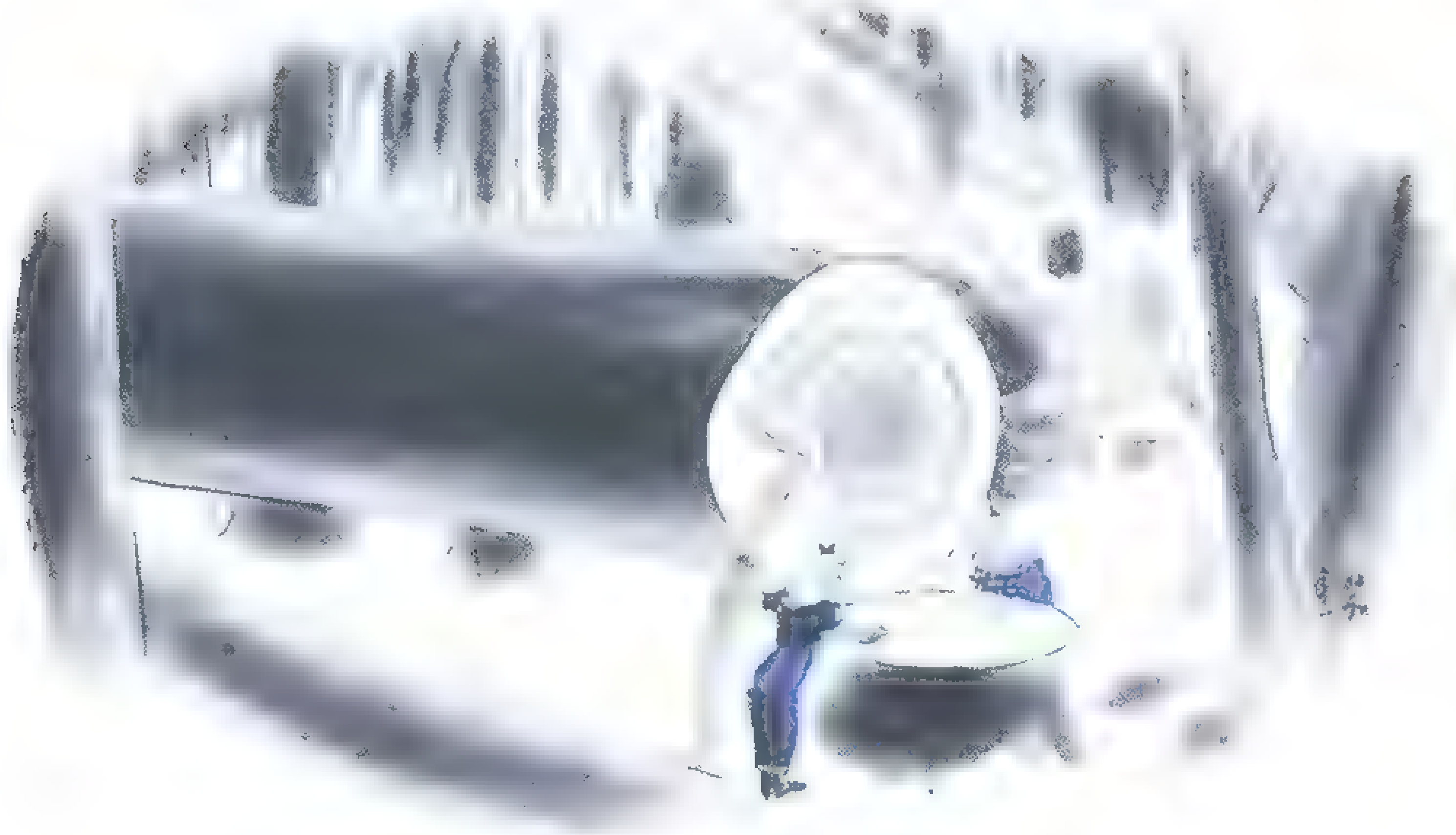
But what they were to learn the assembled mourners and fans never heard, for at that moment Bortsch began to stage his Class A exhibition of woe. His voice broke and was silent, tears gushed out of his eyes, his chin fell upon his breast, and his whole frame heaved and shook. At his first audible moan the widow gave an unearthly shriek, sank into her weeds, and launched into her fourth attack of hysterics. Pastor Liebmann rushed to her aid, but was so affected himself that he could do no more than pat her on the shoulder. In a few seconds dozens of Freemasons, Red Men, Odd Fellows and so on were sobbing, and even Professor Windhorst, though it was now nearly an hour and a half since he had had a drink, was mopping his eyes with his red bandana handkerchief. I was myself no novice to such scenes of mass melancholy. I had attended some of the historic performances of the greatest *Totsäufer* of Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and Norristown, Pa. Once I had seen three of them do their stuff simultaneously, while the widow of the deceased fought it out at the graveside with his lady friend, and a blood-sweating pastor of the German Reformed Church hurled anathemas at both. But never had I been present at a more genuinely dramatic spectacle—not even at a hanging in the yard of the Baltimore city jail. The widow had barely recovered her legs after her fourth paroxysm of hysterics when a rapid series of piercing sobs by Bortsch plunged her into her fifth, and in this one all five of her daughters, hitherto silent, joined with sepulchral yells.

The end was now on us. Resuming articulate speech, Bortsch issued his solemn command to the undertaker, Hugo Eisenmenger, "It's all over! Do your duty, Eisenmenger! Let the clods fall!" Down they went with a dismal rumble, and simultaneously the widow leaped from her corner and made as if to jump into the grave. It was the traditional climax expected of her, and Pastor Liebmann was not unprepared. One of his hands grasped her left arm and the other gripped her veil, and with all five of her daughters helping, it was an easy matter to haul her back. But what of Bortsch? Who would have expected *him* to attempt anything of the same wild, desperate sort? Where did it stand in any book that the *Totsäufer* too should demand the consolation of suttee? No wonder there was a gasp when he took a little run to the very brink of the grave and made as if to dive in! How many hands were laid upon him I do not know, but there must have been dozens, for the whole delegation of Freemasons rushed up to drag him ashore, and on their heels came the Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias, the Red Men and the members of the Rosenkranz. Bortsch not only amazed them; he also fought them, and by the time he was safely collared and Eisenmenger's goons began hurrying in the rest of the sand and gravel, his cutaway coat was a sad mess, his fraternal-order jewels were all awry, and his plug hat was squashed flat. "Let me go with him!" he sobbed piteously as they led him away. "My best friend is gone! Take me with you, Gustav! What is life without you?"

By this time we had all been standing for more than two hours, and it was a relief when the Freemasons loaded Bortsch into one of their hacks, and made off at a gallop for Adam Dietrich's beergarden, just outside the cityward walls of Loudon Park. All Baltimore hack horses turned into Adam's drive automatically on their way home from funerals, for they knew that pallbearers accumulated raging thirsts, especially when the obsequies were prolonged. I followed on foot, and when I reached the place found that Bortsch was already virtually recovered. Anchored at the bar, with swarms of Freemasons, Red Men, Odd Fellows and Knights of Pythias milling about him, he was getting down a large mug of Scharnhorst beer and apparently enjoying it, though it was the worst in Baltimore. Presently a group of four or five men armed with rifles pushed their way through the crowd and began to upbraid him. They were members, it appeared, of the Moltke Schützenverein, a club of riflemen to which Haubenschmidt had also belonged, and they had gone to the funeral on the understanding that they were to be permitted to fire a salvo over his grave. They were now indignant because Bortsch, in his capacity of stage manager, had forgotten them. But he refused to listen to their complaint.

"You got enough for your money," he said, "as it was. You don't see such a funeral every day."

"So say we all of us," piped up Eisenmenger, the undertaker, and without another word the riflemen slunk away. #



"I think it would look better over there!"

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by **ROBERT W. MARKS**

• ARTICLE •

MILO of Crotona, about 600 B.C., is the legendary father of self-developed strong men. He appears to have been a mathematical student who made himself the physical wonder of the antique world by an intelligent course of training. The classical joke about carrying a calf on his shoulders every day until it grew to be an ox indicates his method.

It still is the method. Take a hint from Milo. Work progressively. Start with easy exercises, using light weights; gradually increasing the number of times you repeat each exercise; then add poundage to the work you do.

At sports you are lucky if you can play once a week, over the year. A real conditioner must be something you can do at home. The answer is in barbell work, a form of training that can make you look like a Greek statue. Once you can get under way, you may forget such half-way measures as diet and massage. You may eat and drink and lounge as much as you like, and your body will nonetheless become as streamlined as that of the Apollo Belvedere and as powerful as a steam winch.

Try this three-months' muscle-building course and see it happen. The procedure is this: get yourself a barbell with weights adjustable up to one hundred pounds. They are not expensive. If you can't get it from a sporting goods dealer, you can make it or have it made. What you want is a bar—wood or pipe—an inch and a half in diameter and about four feet between the weights, which will be fastened at each end.

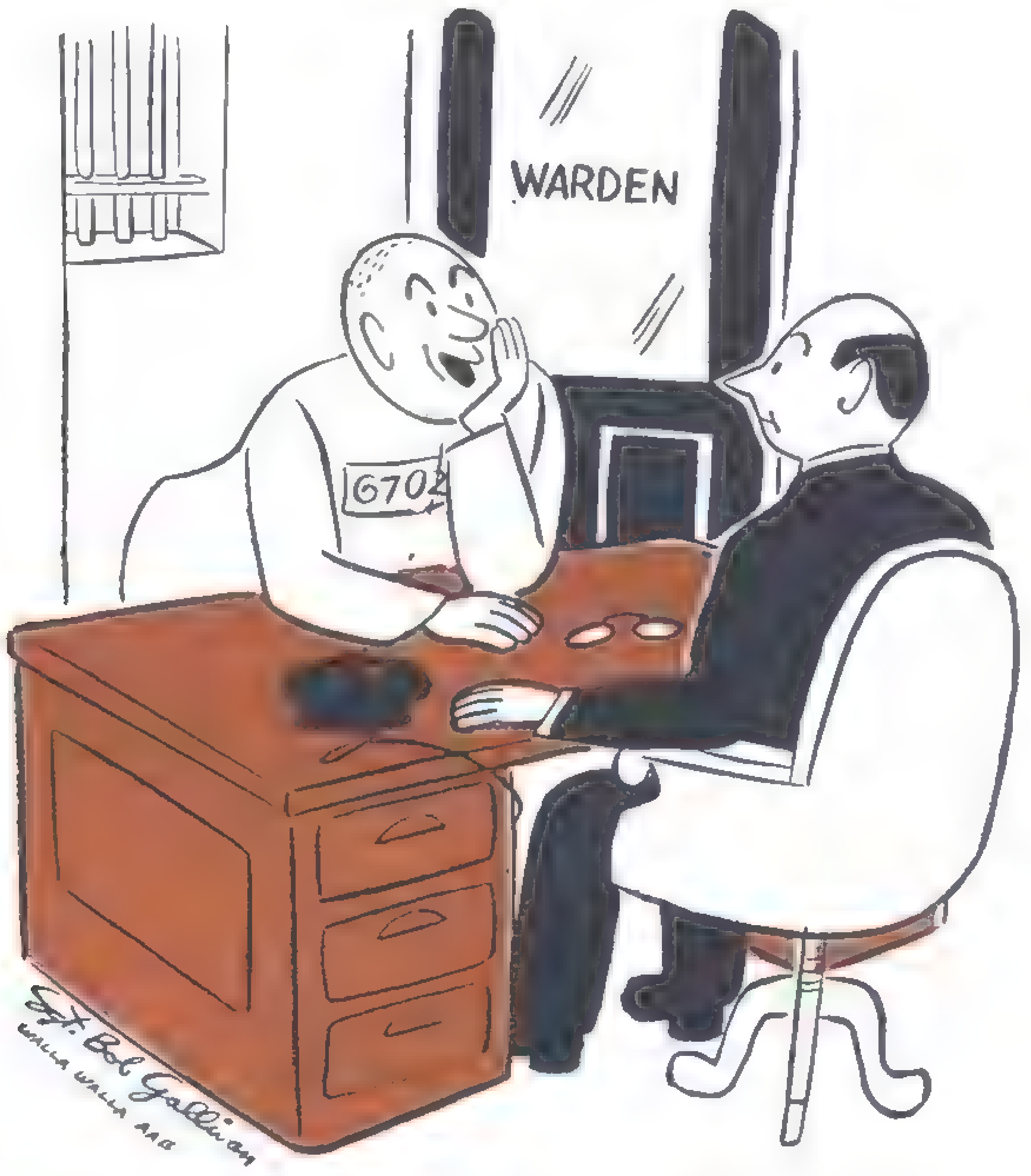
The chief point to be observed is that none of these exercises should be over-strenuous or over-tiring. Exercise, like life and love, should be taken without excess. If any procedure seems tedious, lighten it. Don't exercise every day. Give your muscles time to recover.

With these words of sage advice well digested and a few pounds lifted from the floor every day, you are pretty well vaccinated against ill effects of indulgence in things you like best. Your waistline will take care of itself.

If, when you read this, you are already in course of being put in shape by the Armed Forces, you won't need any other training. But if you are compelled to be a civilian, your barbell will prevent you from being a stoop-shouldered weakling among strong-bodied men in uniform.

There are always the skeptics, of course, who agree with Oscar Wilde that nothing is less compatible with a civilized life than cold baths and exercise. To this it can only be said that both life and aesthetics mean more to the strong man.

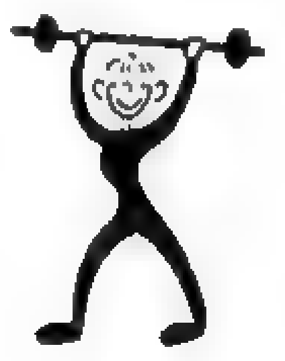
The progressive series of exercises is explained and illustrated on the opposite page. ⵌ



"I've been around quite some time now—I feel we two should know each other better"

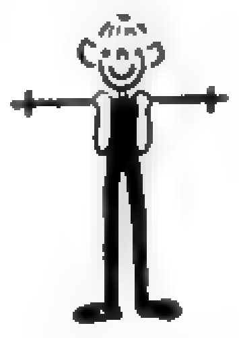
Muscle Builders

A ninety-day progression of barbell exercises for civilians. (Those in the Armed Forces don't need them.) Do each exercise ten times at first, adding one exercise each period until you have worked up to twenty-five. Then add ten pounds and start again with ten repetitions, increasing movements and weights as desired. Starting weight varies.



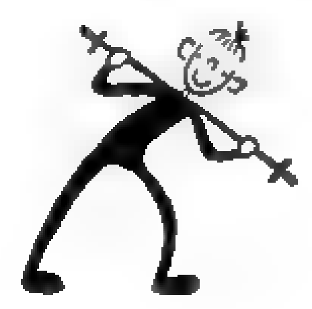
1. The Warm-up.

Bar loaded with thirty pounds. Stand legs apart. Pick up bar, bending knees, raise overhead and put bar back on floor.



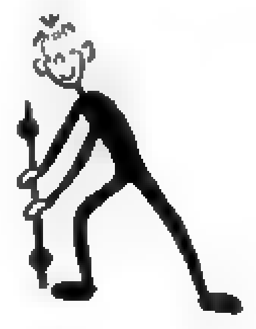
2. Two-hand Curl.

This develops the biceps. Start with thirty pounds. Stand erect and, with arms close to sides, raise bar to shoulder height ten times.



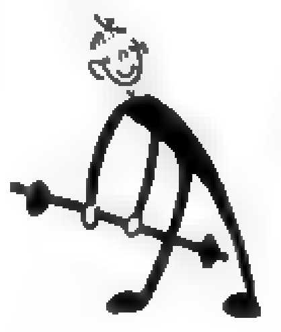
3. Rocker-beam Bend.

Thirty pounds. Stand erect, legs apart. Put bar on shoulders behind neck. Holding firmly, bend as far to right as possible. Hold a few seconds, straighten up and bend to left.



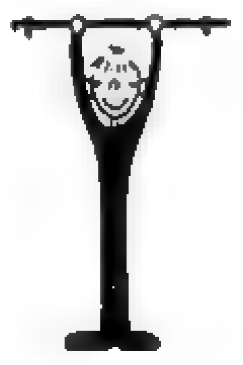
4. Waist Reducer.

Thirty pounds. Stand erect, legs apart, barbell held slightly below waist. Bend forward and swing bar to right and touch floor. Bar should be at right angle to starting position. Raise and repeat motion to left.



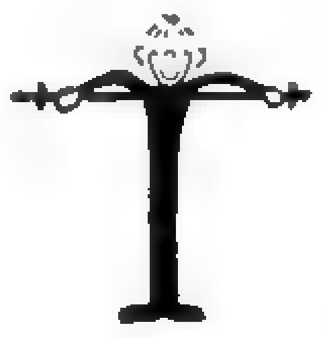
5. Dead Lift.

For muscles of the lower back. Double the weight. Stand with legs apart, bend over, grasp bell and pull up to erect position, keeping knees stiff. Lower bell to within one inch of floor.



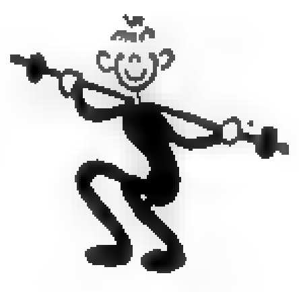
6. Two-hand Military Press.

For muscles of shoulder and back. Sixty pounds. Stand erect, heels together, barbell against chest with overhand grip. Slowly push bar to full arm length overhead. Lower to chest.



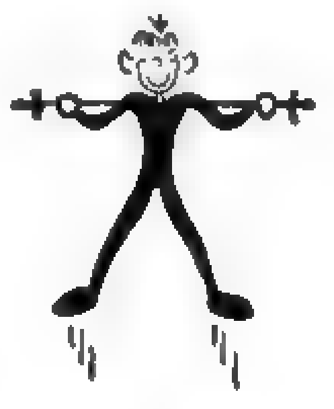
7. Shoulder Shrug.

Sixty pounds. For the trapezius muscles. Stand erect, heels together, bar at arms' length, overhand grip. Shrug shoulders high as possible. Start with fifteen repetitions.



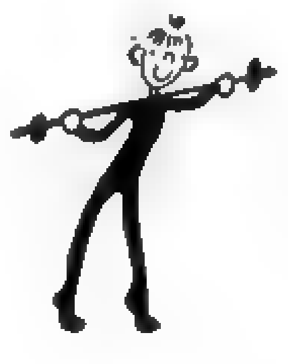
8. Deep Knee-bend on Toes.

For all-round body tone. Sixty pounds. Stand with legs apart. Bar on shoulders behind neck. Raise to tip-toe position, then squat to full knee-bend.



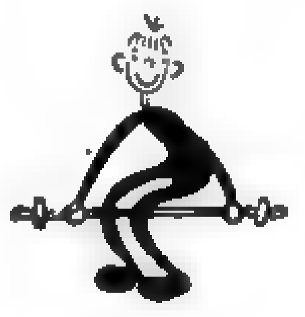
9. Boxer's Hop.

Sixty pounds. Stand erect with bar on shoulders behind neck. Jump, landing with feet apart, then jump back to original position. Repeat rapidly.



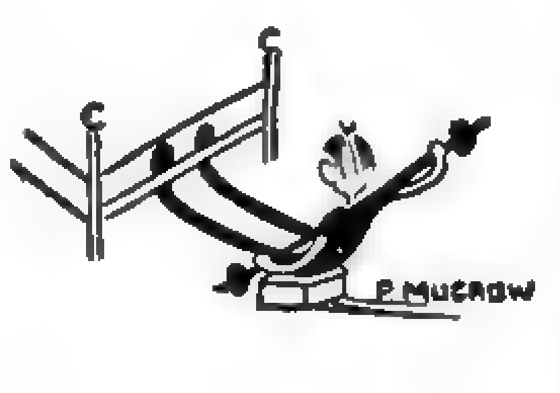
10. Tip-toe Bracer.

Load to full 100 pounds. For muscles of the calf, buttocks and arch. Stand erect, legs slightly spread, bar on shoulders behind neck. Rise to tip-toe position, bring heels slowly back to floor.



11. Straddle Lift.

One hundred pounds. Stand astride the bar and grasp it with right hand in front of body, left hand behind body. Straighten and stand erect, not moving feet. Bend knees again until bar almost touches floor. Change hands.



12. Abdomen Builder.

For muscles of stomach and lower abdomen. Sit on a stool or box. Hook feet under edge of bed—or something. Lean back, pick up barbell from floor. Holding it behind neck, raise to sitting position. This may be too hard at first. You may start with the bar unloaded for ten repetitions. Then twenty-five, then load bar with ten pounds. Increase as you can do it comfortably.

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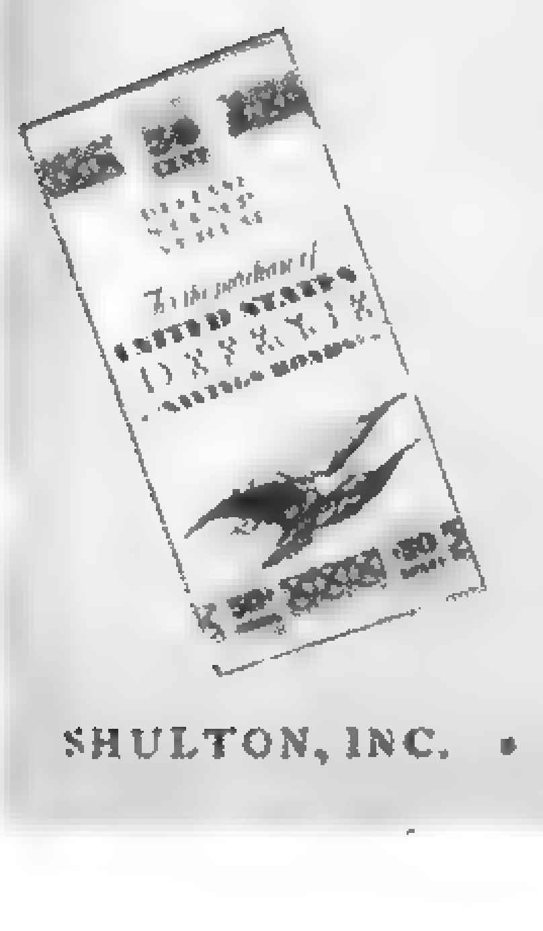

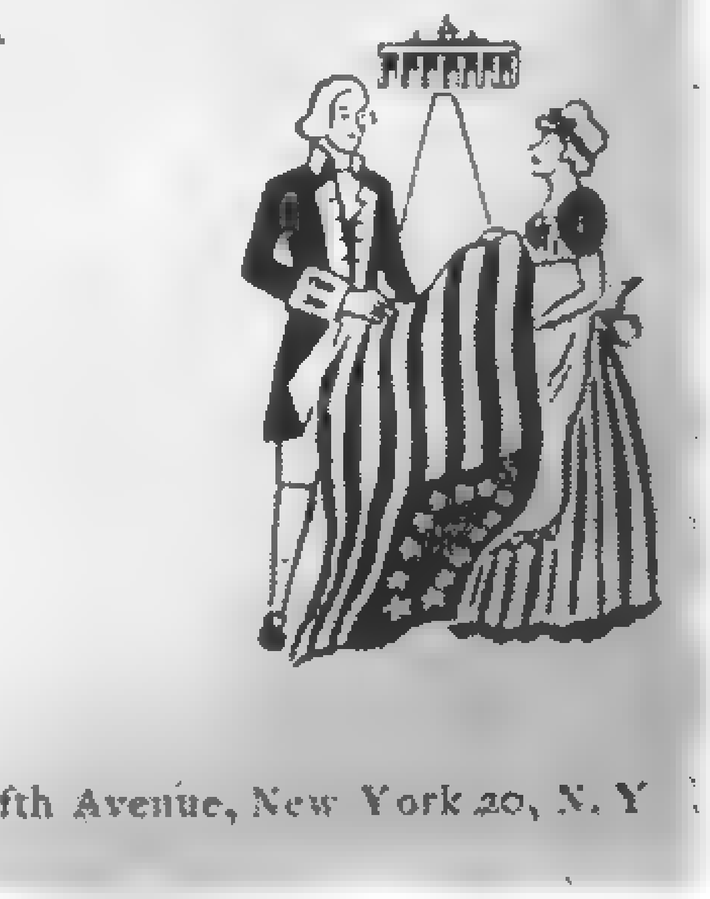

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Mr. Kono and Mr. Blake

Continued from page 99

be of great value if he ever found himself in a tight spot wherein a flicker of facial expression might betray him. Blake's instructions were to follow through with what the Japanese had in mind, particularly a trip to Hawaii. In Hawaii he would find that figment of his imagination—Yeoman Jimmie Campbell of the U.S.S. *Pennsylvania*—had become a reality. The O.N.I. had sent a coded wireless to Hawaii and a Naval intelligence operative was already planted on the *Pennsylvania* under the name of Campbell.

None was more aware than Blake that in the months to come he would have to call often on his ability to screen his emotions. The Japs had made a major blunder in deciding that Keeno, King of the Robots, would turn traitor. But in other respects they were playing their cards very close to the vest. While Mr. Yamato and Mr. Kono were making arrangements for Blake to sail for Honolulu, the white man was under surveillance by the Japanese twenty-four hours a day. The O.N.I. knew this because Naval intelligence officers were trailing the Japanese who were trailing Blake. Blake's mail was steamed open by the Japanese and a dictograph was planted in the arm of an overstuffed chair in his apartment. But if the O.N.I. was learning how closely Blake was watched, it was also learning about the men keeping tabs on him.

As a result of an exchange of coded intelligence between San Francisco and Tokyo, some arresting information came to light. American operatives in the Japanese capital learned that for several years Kono had been in the pay of the Japanese Secret Service. More than a decade previously, he had been called back to Japan for an intensive course in espionage training. He had climbed into such high favor with officials that before he left he had been presented with a large estate on the outskirts of Tokyo.

As to Mr. Yamato, his real monicker was Itaru Tatibana and he was no less a personage than a Lt. Commander in the Imperial Japanese Navy. He had been educated at the Japanese Naval Academy and at the Naval War College in Tokyo and had first come to the United States eleven years previously—in 1930. At that time he had attended the University of Pennsylvania, specializing in American history and American foreign relations, and then, like many Jap spies, had enrolled at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles.

For several years now, Commander Tatibana had been flitting up and down the Pacific Coast and over to the Nipponese Embassy in Washington, holding conferences with compatriots who had but one thing in mind—Pearl Harbor. When Blake sailed from San Francisco on the *President Garfield* he was aware that a Japanese on board was keeping an eye on him. When he landed in Honolulu and checked into his hotel, the first thing he noticed upon reaching his room was the dictograph planted there. Blake phoned the U.S.S. *Pennsylvania* lying in Pearl Harbor, and reached the intelligence officer calling himself Jimmie Campbell. "I'll be right over," said Campbell.

When the operative arrived at Blake's room, the King of the Robots was afraid that Campbell would begin discussing plans that would be picked up by the dictograph. But the Americans had been tailing the yellow men in Honolulu, too, for the first thing that the intelligence operative did was to point to where the dictograph was hidden behind a blind.

Now the two men put on a good act. Blake began sounding Campbell out as to how he liked the Navy. Campbell said he couldn't wait until his enlistment was up. "That's great," said Blake, "because I can show you how to make some dough—but big dough."

Campbell wanted to know how. Blake said he wanted to lay hands on certain information that anyone in Campbell's spot could get —information that cannot be commented on here but which would have been of inestimable value to the Japs and which might well have foreordained our Pacific fleet to sudden disaster at the outbreak of the war.

"Who do you want this dope for, Al—the Japs?" asked Campbell.

"That's right, and you can name your own price."

"The way this lousy Navy's treated me I'd give it to them for nothing," said Campbell. "But seriously, Al, how much chance do I stand of getting caught?"

Blake parroted some of the words that Commander Tatibana, alias Mr. Yamato, had drummed into him during conferences in the Hollywood hills. "Any yeoman can get the information." "Nothing will be paid by check, so the transaction can't be traced." "But don't spend a lot of money right after you get it."

Campbell paced the floor, weighing the matter. "I'll have to think this over, Al," he said. "It sounds good, but I got to think of my own neck, you know."

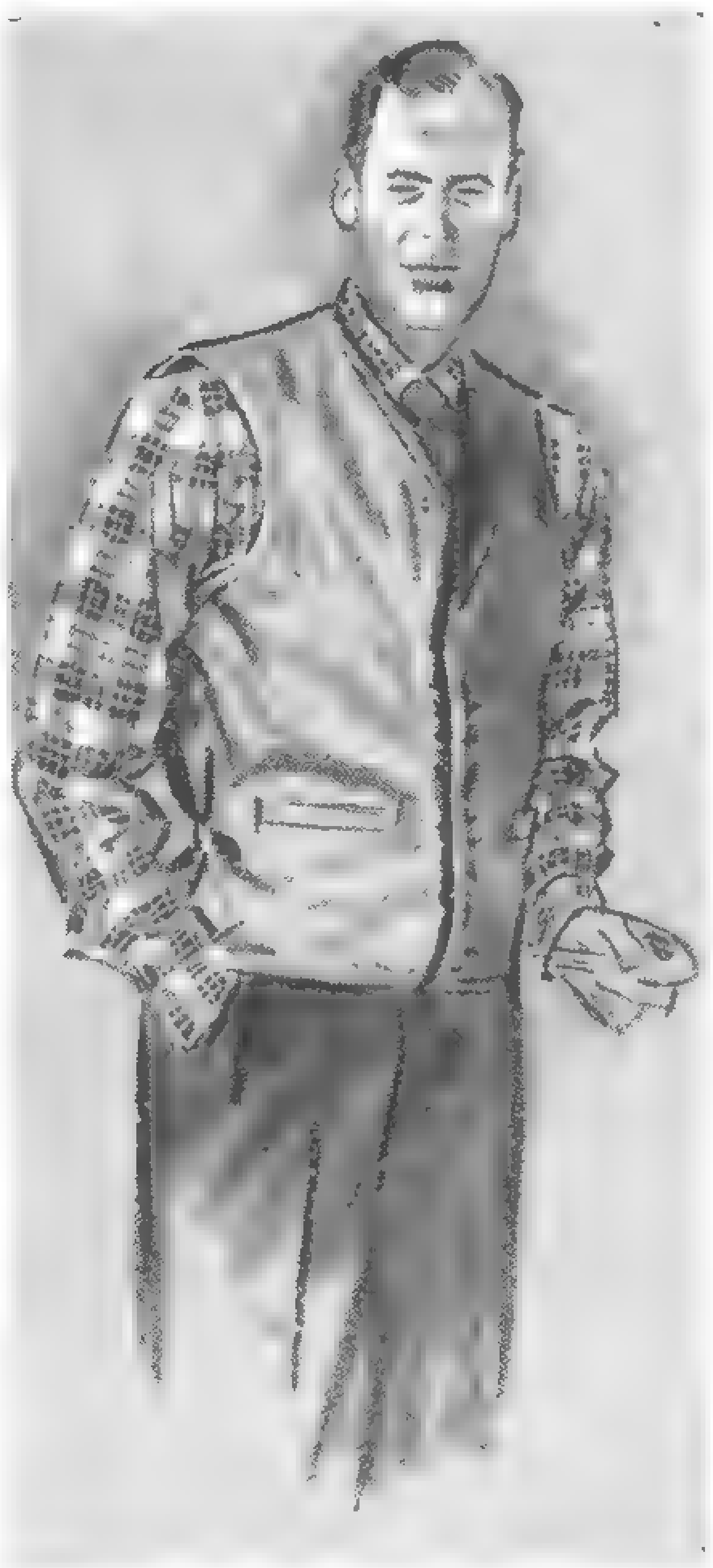
There were more conferences between the two for the benefit of the dictograph. When they actually discussed things privately, they did so in public places, like night clubs. There they would discuss the scenario of their next act.

Finally, at a conference near the dictograph, Campbell announced that he was ready to go through with the plot. Then he told Blake precisely where the wanted information was aboard the *Pennsylvania*—and here he was speaking the truth, for the Japs would have recognized a lie. Now the question of payment came up. Blake said that he would have to return to the United States with the information and split whatever he got with Campbell. Campbell wanted cash on the barrel head. Apparently the plot was at a standstill.

When Campbell left, an envelope was slipped under Blake's door. In it was a one-thousand-dollar bill with the note, "You are doing good work. Give this to your friend as a down payment."

Three days later Al Blake left on the Dollar Liner *President Garfield* for San Francisco bearing the sweetest collection of spurious information ever planted by one power on another. Among other things, the Japanese were going to think they were obtaining the latest code book of the Navy.

Contrary to popular belief, all Federal agencies are not necessarily in on each investigation. So far, for example, the F.B.I. had not been called into this, and when Blake was on a plane between San Francisco and Los Angeles he found himself confronted by an F.B.I. agent sitting in the very next seat. The result was that the plane made a stop enroute so that Blake and the F.B.I. agent could get off and some questioning be conducted and an examination of Blake's documents made. For once Blake, the King of the Robots, put reverse English on his gift of muscular control. He put all his ardor into convincing the G-man that he was on the up-and-up. The agent let Blake go.



Processed cotton waistcoat with pile fabric lining and a Tartan flannel shirt team up for cold weather.

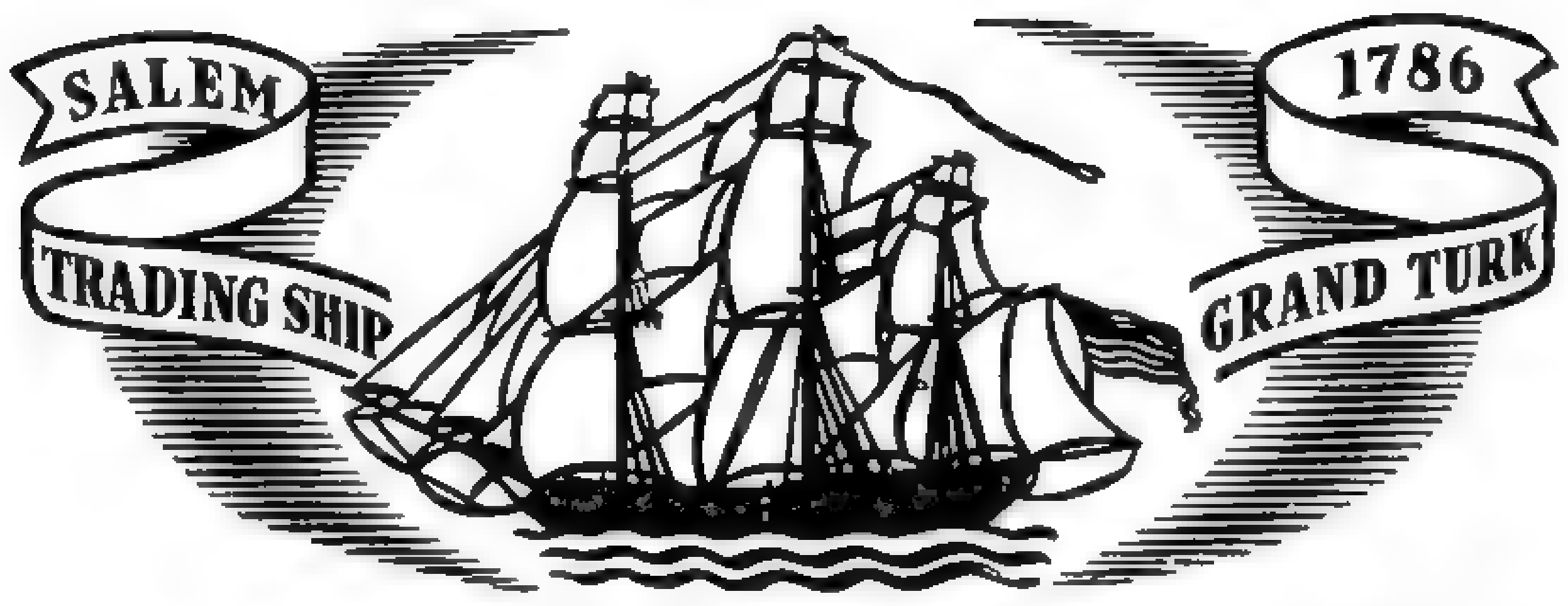
Comdr. Tatibana and Mr. Kono were highly pleased with Blake's haul, and some dough changed hands. Now the whole plot took an unexpected turn. Tatibana told Blake to return to Honolulu, and this time he gave him an order to get information that nobody less than an admiral could lay hands on. The Office of Naval Intelligence suspected a trick to find out if Blake was a counter-espionage man. So the cards were ordered played accordingly. Blake was to return to Honolulu as instructed, but was to come back practically empty-handed.

The King of the Robots had to summon up his deadpan powers several times during the second trip. It became clear to him, and to the operative called Campbell, that the Jap shadows in Honolulu, having satisfied themselves that Blake was not a counter-espionage agent, planned to kill him. After all Blake had quite a bit on the Nips. He knew far too much.

The situation in the hotel where Blake was staying was something like you might expect to find in a spy movie. Two Huns, who bulged suspiciously at the hips, checked into a room adjoining Blake's. It became obvious to him that the Heinies were working for the Japanese Secret Service and, in espionage parlance, getting Blake up in the morning and putting him to bed at night. Blake couldn't even go down to the bar for a quick one.

As if the kraut-eaters in one adjoining room were not coverage enough for the Japs, two almond-eyed gentlemen ensconced themselves in the second adjoining room. The only break that Al Blake was getting was that there was no outer balcony that connected the three rooms. Blake didn't leave the hotel; he figured that it would be curtains for him if he did. The Naval Intelligence operative continued to call at his room, and he and Blake carried on talks for the benefit of the listeners, at the same time communicating their real thoughts by gestures or writing. Finally a plan was evolved . . . a plan that cannot be disclosed here . . . whereby Blake was spirited from the hotel and placed aboard a steamer bound for San Francisco. He was on the high seas before the Huns or the Nips planted in the hotel even caught on.

With Keeno, the King of the Robots, back on the mainland again and the basic case well-established, the F.B.I. was officially called in on the case. The O.N.I. had decided to close in on Commander Tatibana andMr. Kono. The two were picked off in a sukiyaki joint in the Japanese section of Los Angeles one night in June of 1941. Uncle Sam had enough on them to send them away for a long, long time. But the policy of our government, in the months preceding Pearl Harbor, was that it would be unwise to offend a technically friendly power. And so, startlingly enough, the charges against the two were dropped. Commander Tatibana sailed back to the Orient, carrying with him, no doubt, the information obtained from Al Blake . . . information that had been falsely cooked up by Naval Intelligence. Mr. Kono was also given his liberty and wandered about until Pearl Harbor, when he was interned with the rest of the little yellow men. ⧻



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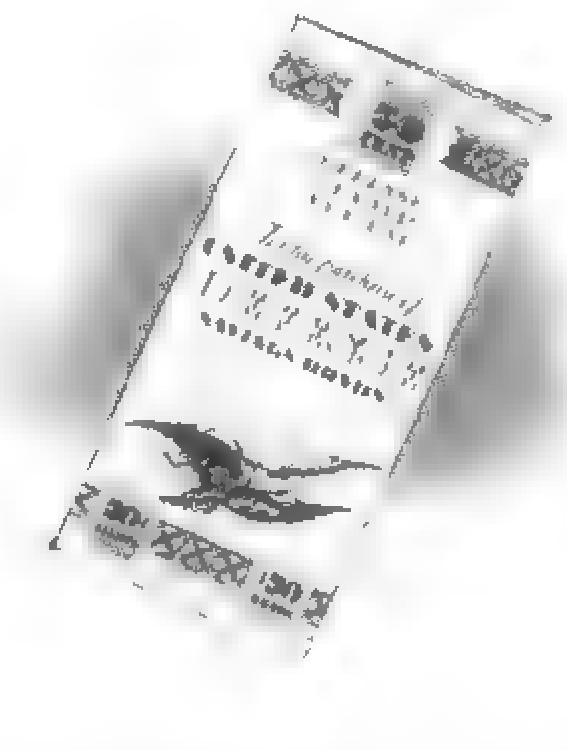
First choice in Christmas Gifts this year is United States War Bonds and Stamps. Buy them today . . . for the Peace tomorrow . . . for the Prosperity of the future.



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Esquire on the Record

BEST SELLERS

Compiled by GILBERT SELDES

Quick Ones

Slip of the Lip (Victor—Ellington) *Bear Mash Blues* (Victor—Erskine Hawkins) *Your Socks Don't Match* (Victor—Fats Waller) *In the Blue of Evening* (Victor—Tommy Dorsey)	These four of Victor's top five are from hot to sizzling. Three of them aren't "popular" in the same way that *Let's Get Lost* was popular. You buy music which you can't sing—and don't hear on the air often enough.
Pistol Packin' Mama (Okeh—Al Dexter and his Troopers)	As exclusively predicted by everybody last month, this is riding high. See below for coming competition. There's also a Pistol Packin' Papa at Decca—by Gene Autry—listed as an "old time tune."
All of Me and *Rusty Dusty Blues* (Columbia—Count Basie)	Characteristic jobs by a great master of his job.
Mother, Don't Cry If Your Son Goes to War (Decca [Race]—Selah Jubilee Singers)	Hill-Billy is in vogue, now. This is different—in another mode. A to-be-expected kind of American Calypso timely song.
One O'clock Jump (Columbia—Harry James)	On the other side, guess what! *Two O'clock Jump.* Note: All the Sinatras of the past two months (Columbia chiefly) are still best sellers; so are the Harry James' and Goodman's (Columbia). So are the Dick Haymes and Crosby records (Decca) listed before. Since fewer records are made, popularity is counted longer.

Steady Goers

Finlandia—Sibelius (Victor) *Bolero*—Ravel (Victor) *PathétiqueSymphony*—Tschaikowsky (Victor)	Victor has three recordings—by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy and under Stokowski; also by Victor's own recording outfit, at a 25 per cent reduction. How come Finland's tone poem is popular now? The others will never die—so long as simple excitement and simple tears are not verboten by aesthetic dictators.
Don Cossack Chorus (Columbia—Under S. Jaroff) *Songs of the Red Army* (Columbia—Under Alexandroff)	These two albums are politically a reply to *Finlandia* above. Actually, all Cossack singing is superb—and the Red Army songs are the best of any army so far. (At least the best printable ones.)
Concertstück—Weber (Columbia—Casadesus)	A chance to meet a notable pianist—in an agreeable work.
Bing Crosby Revivals (Decca)	This month's list is top-heavy with Crosby—and *Lazy* in this album of re-issues is too fancied up. But if you have missed the "groaner's" recording of some special song, maybe it's here.

Specials

Adeste Fideles (Decca—Bing Crosby) (Victor—John McCormack) (Victor—Helen Traubel) (Columbia—Lyn Murray Singers) *Silent Night* (Decca—Bing Crosby) (Columbia—Engel-Madrigal Singers) (Victor—Ernestine Schumann-Heink)	You have plenty of time to buy records for your own enjoyment. There are many *Adeste Fideles* and *Silent Nights*—magnificent, beautiful—to be bought according to taste. The Crosby version is not in place of any other—but no Christmas is complete without it.
Dicken's *Christmas Carol* (Columbia—Basil Rathbone) (Decca—Ronald Colman)	The sinister Basil, the suave Ronald—are both entertaining Scrooges. These are, of course, albums.
Russian Christmas Music (Victor—Leopold Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra)	It's as well to be traditional at Christmas; It's also good not to be hidebound. The records above are in the good tradition; this one is to add liberality.

Looking Ahead

Pistol Packin' Mama (Decca—Bing Crosby)	Before the ink was dry on the Decca-Petrillo contract, Mr. C. was recording this cheerful, fast-moving song—sensational in a time of languor and lethargy. The record will catch the song at its peak, give it a further lease on life.
Delius Society Set, Vol. 1 (Columbia—London Philharmonic and Sir Thomas Beecham)	Delius is England's joy—in their own phrase, not everyone's pigeon. On the other hand, a recording made in England is legitimate—and Sir Thomas is the man to interpret the composer. There will be more.

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Season's Best
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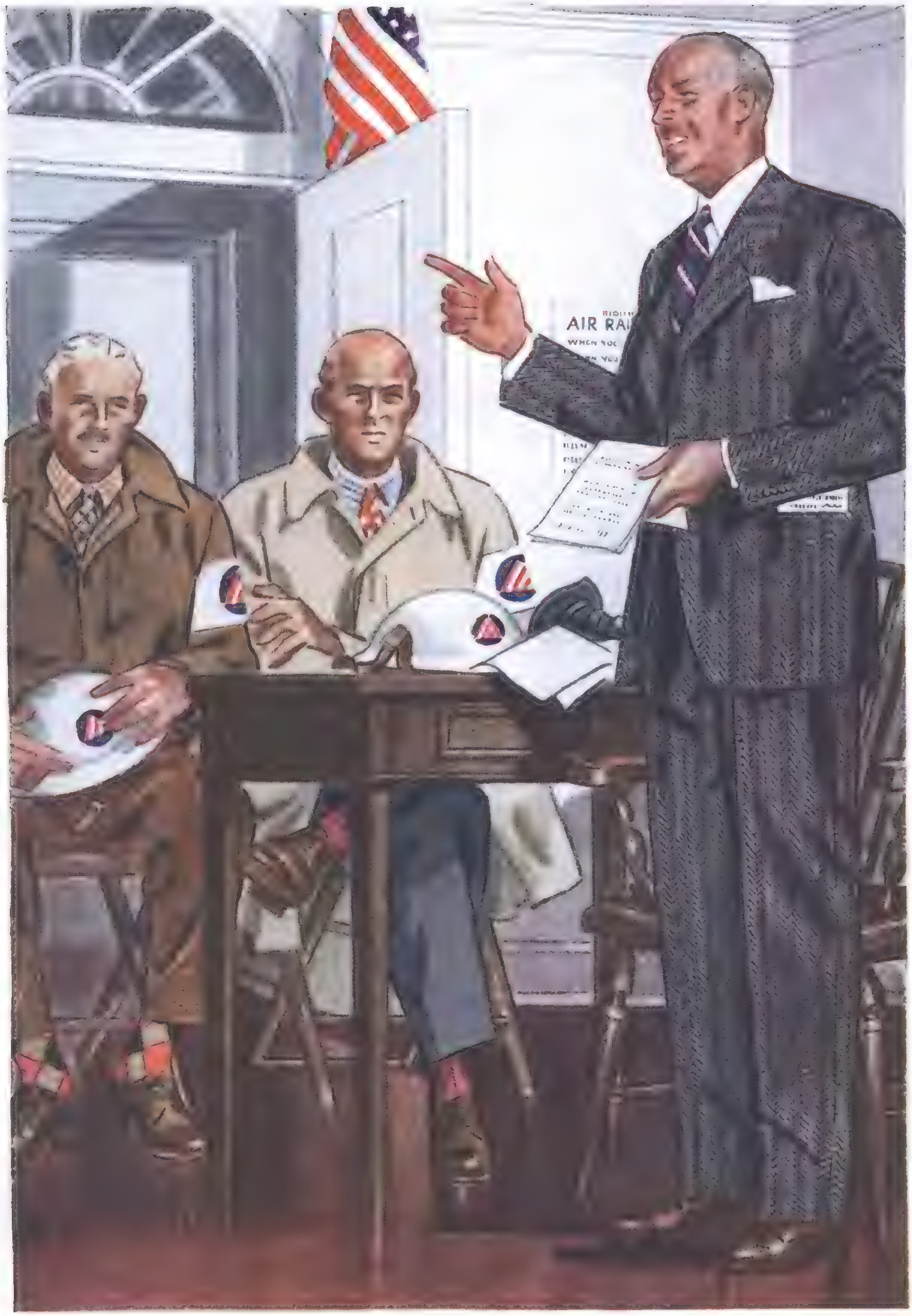

three if by air

They used to follow the siren call of a little white ball, but now they follow the siren call of a plain ordinary siren that goes *ahooee—ahooee* like the blues in the night. Playtime America has converted to war, and it's remarkable how well those free-swinging golf jackets and other sports wearables are adapted to the hazards of the air raid warden's course. We don't know the purpose for which the speaker originally bought his outfit, but it seems perfectly adequate for wear while delivering the straight facts at a Civilian Defense meeting. The suit is grey Cheviot with dark red and blue stripes, single-breasted model. The accessories are a white broadcloth shirt, striped tie in blue, maroon and silver, and dark brown blucher shoes. They all seem to be very much on the alert and very much on top of their Civilian Defense jobs. Are you on the top of yours?

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Wine has a way with the foods of Wartime

The wine growers of California invite you to share some cheerful secrets of good eating. These secrets start with simple foods. A knowing recipe, a bit of wine at the right point in your cooking—and you come out with dishes great chefs could boast about. Dishes you'll enjoy most with glasses of good table wine

Kidneys en Brochette, with Red Wine: To serve 4, cut in cubes 2 veal or 5 lamb kidneys, soak in salted water ½ hour. Drain and arrange on skewers, alternating kidney cubes with squares of bacon. Marinate 30 min. in this sauce: ½ cup red table wine, ¼ cup salad oil, salt, pepper, cayenne, mustard, grated onion. Remove from sauce, broil very slowly 15 min., basting with the remaining sauce. Serve very hot. Enjoy with this treat one of our fine California red table wines, a Burgundy or Claret. Or a good red wine bearing the name of the grape variety from which it was made, like Pinot Noir, Cabernet or Zinfandel

Baked Fish Vin Blanc: For 4 or 5 persons, salt and pepper 1½ lbs. fish fillets or thin slices. Poach 10 minutes in 1 cup California Rhine Wine and ½ cup bouillon with a bay leaf and 1 tbsp. each of chopped celery, parsley and onion. Remove fish to shallow baking dish and arrange with halves of 3 small tomatoes. Boil down liquid one half, add 2 tbsps. cream, season, and strain over fish. Bake in hot oven (450°) 10 minutes, or until lightly browned. With this tempting dish, serve a California white table wine of the Rhine Wine type, or one labeled with the name of the grape variety from which the wine was made

Breaded Calves Brains au Sauterne: For 4 persons, parboil 2 pairs calves brains or 4 pairs lamb brains in usual way. Place under weight to flatten into patties. When cool, season, egg-and-crumb, and brown in oil. Prepare this "Sauce Delectable": Saute 5 minutes in oil a little chopped garlic, onion and parsley, a cup of chopped mushrooms, and a pinch each of marjoram and thyme. Blend in 1 tbsp. flour, stir in a cup of Sauterne. Add salt and pepper and bring to a simmer. Serve the patties very hot on crisp toast, the hot sauce in a separate bowl. Bring to table, well chilled, one of the delicate California Sauternes; or one of the fine varietals, such as a Sauvignon Blanc or a Semillon

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...Milshire—the Pot Still Gin—is used exclusively in these cocktails.

Mm-m-m Marvelous!
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The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 107

part of boxing's gate build-up and would be sorely disappointed if they weren't fooled. But the chumps, so these observers declare, suspect that certain material favors are bestowed by fight promoters on journalists in return for the free space so generously given to so-called contests in the manly art of self defense. The Sports Editors' vote on the fight ballyhoo is quite plain indication that the bribery element is not as extensive as the chumps believe it to be.

That is not the fault of the promoters, most of whom have the ethical standards of Nazi party members. The sports writers whose opinions carry any weight are not on the "take."

"Boxing has always been too overwritten," admitted **Herman S. Reifsnyder,** Altoona *Mirror.* "Few bouts were ever good enough to merit their pre-fight publicity. Sports writers who feature boxing have too much time to devote to their hobby, and they run very wild in their statements." **Ed Ogborne,** New Castle, Indiana, *Courier-Times*, agreed that: "Very few boxing bouts, except amateur cards, can be dignified any longer by calling them sports events. This racket has no business getting any space unless, as in the case of a heavyweight championship scrap, the event is too important and too risky for the fixers to bother with." **John O'Donnell,** Davenport *Democrat and Leader*, had this to say about the heavyweights:

> Where else can a man be a bum and still make thousands of dollars like a heavyweight fighter? If he can't break an egg and even though he can't tell North from South, a behemoth needs only the streamers and the ink to make him a box-office attraction. There are many crimes committed in the name of journalism, but nothing has the peculiar odor to it of the build-up given nine-tenths of the heavyweight fights—nine-tenths of which are busts. You notice I confine my remarks to the heavyweight circle. The other divisions will furnish more good bouts in one night than the heavyweight division will in a month.

J. Albert Dear, Jr., Jersey City *Jersey Journal* argued that:

> Newspaper sports writers are restrained enough. The ballyhoo comes from the promoters, and boxing fans would lose their main pleasure if restrained from kidding themselves by being allowed to believe the hokum handed out by one promoter and disbelieve the other promoter's baloney. Besides, a perfectly fair fight can be won with the first blow struck in the first round, and a dud fight can be strung out for 10 or 15 rounds.

"Why try to restrain sports writers who go off the deep end because of ignorance or insincerity?" asked **Paul A. Schrader,** Toledo *Times.* "Their day of retribution comes surely, but sometimes not quickly enough. Any sports writer who can't see through a bad boxing bout is guilty of failing a great trust reposed in him by his publishers and his readers. Furthermore, the public today knows as much about boxing as the average fight writer." The comment of **Joe Colton,** Gardner, Massachusetts, *News* was: "You'll always have your ballyhooey. Papers have to be sold. Sport writers have to eat. And how would you get all the newspapers to act in what seems to be a common and highly worthy cause? Circulation is still pretty important, especially in the large centers where competition is keen, to put it mildly." **Hal Middlesworth,** Oklahoma City *Daily Oklahoman*, doubted that "sports writers are more guilty of ballyhooing boxing matches than football, say. Writers are no more gullible on matchmaking than the matchmakers themselves. A bout that looks fine on paper but smells up the ring isn't invariably the fault of the writer—or the matchmaker. You just can't always tell." **Leo Kautz,** Davenport *Times*, contributed the following interesting testimony:

> Boxing died a sudden death in Davenport four years ago because the public had been led to believe that Johnny Paychek was a great fighter. This former bellhop was ballyhooed four months in Des Moines, and local writers fell for the propaganda when Paychek was matched with Unknown Winston for a local bout. More than 4,000 fans turned out for the "fight," which lasted barely one minute. It has been impossible to draw more than a few hundred fans for a boxing show since the great Paychek came to town.

"As to sport writers ballyhooing the boxing bouts too much," wrote **Max Moseley,** Montgomery, Alabama, *Advertiser*, "it's mostly the promoters and the boxers who frame up the outcome of these matches. And very seldom does a sport writer know of any such plans. He does his work with the enthusiasm of a fan, not knowing of any fakery."

"Over-enthusiastic sports writers," wrote **Dick Freeman,** Houston *Chronicle*, "can be restrained by their public—and *are.* If they ballyhoo anything too much, they lose the confidence of their readers, and when they do that, they're dead ducks—sooner or later, and usually sooner." **Harry Keck,** Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph*, declared that: "Sports writers should handle not only boxing bouts but all other sports from a strictly news value standpoint; they should realize that they're working for the readers' interests and not for the promoters' pocketbooks. Readers should be able to believe what they read in an honest appraisal of the worth of the product offered."

According to **Ben Greenstein,** Wilmington, Delaware, *Journal Every Evening*: "You ballyhoo or you don't ballyhoo, and when you do, you don't restrain." **Ira Seebacher,** New York *Morning Telegraph* thought:

> This is a cute little Mickey Finn you're slipping the boys. Answering either "yes" or "no" to this question is tacitly

Continued on page 146

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The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 107-145

to admit we sportswriters are persuaded to ballyhoo a stinkeroo, the implication obviously being that we are on the take. It isn't possible for this writer to judge the acumen of boxing fans outside New York but let it be stated here and now, no New York writer ever deludes himself with the idea he can ram a lousy fight down the throats of the local fight nuts. In too many cases the fans know the records of the fighters as well if not better than the scribes. The answer to the large crowds at second-rate fights is the same that has Henry Morgenthau frothing at the mouth—there's too damn much loose change about and nothing to spend it on.

"This question reminds me of an instruction I once received from Paul Neill, managing editor of the Yakima, Washington, *Morning Herald*, about 1929," recalled **R. G. McBroom,** KFIO, Spokane. "As sports editor I had complete latitude and this was the only directive from the m.e:

Instructions to Sports Editor

1. If the fights are good, the sports editor will say so.

2. If the fights are lousy, the sports editor will say so."

B. A. Bridgewater, Tulsa *World*, said: "I asked some fans. They said NO, the sports writers should not be restrained; that was half the fun of it, reading the screwy, sometimes bizarre things they had to say." **Sec Taylor,** Des Moines *Register*, concluded that: "Too many writers take the word of managers, promoters and fighters, fail to check records, present a lot of nonsense that isn't news and therefore are a party to fooling the public."

Among the university boxing coaches, there was a difference of opinion on this question. Among those voting "yes" were **John J. Walsh,** Wisconsin; **Dwight Hafeli,** Missouri School of Mines, Rolla, Missouri; **John A. Warren,** Oregon; and **Caswell A. Mills,** University of Washington. On the other side were **Al Kawal,** Michigan State; **Robert D. Knox,** Idaho; and **Thomas Prouse,** Texas Christian.

QUESTION IV

Does the present value of hand-to-hand combat indicate that wrestling will come back as a popular sport after the war?

The Public	**No 68.39%**
Sportscasters	**No 58.43%**
Sports Editors	**No 63.79%**

Not much hope for a wrestling revival in these answers.

That's too bad, in a way, for wrestling has demonstrated its value as a fundamental of hand-to-hand combat training and all-around conditioning of the American warrior.

The sport's partisans, in holding a post mortem over wrestling as a popular spectacle, generally have the view that too good defense ruined wrestling-on-the-level as a gate magnet. One of the most tedious of all of sport's presentations is that of watching one grappler try to pin down the shoulders of another who is not in the mood to be vanquished.

After ten minutes of that monotony, even the most obvious faking is welcome relief to the bored patrons.

Possibly wrestling rules could be revised to restore the sport to a legitimate and lively basis, but even then it would have to wrench itself loose from its management as a white slave traffic. There could be legislation against the transportation of wrestlers for immoral purposes of fake bouts, but Congress may have more important matters to attend to after the war.

Henry Lamar, Harvard wrestling coach, felt confident that "wrestling will stage a comeback as a sport if it is truly wrestling. This should show up in an increased popularity in intercollegiate and amateur contests." **Walter C. O'Connell,** Cornell mat coach; **Isaac Eassey,** Washington and Jefferson wrestling coach; **F. S. Eisenhauer,** Lafayette wrestling coach; **Glenn C. Law,** Illinois mat coach; and **Henry A. Stone,** University of California wrestling coach, agreed with him. **J. L. Picard,** wrestling coach at the University of Arizona, marked his ballot "no," adding, "but I wish it would."

"Straight out-and-out wrestling will never swing into popularity," adjudged **L. D. "Birdie" Gasser,** Owensboro, Kentucky, *Messenger-Inquirer*, "although the public seems to go for the side-show stuff put on by the grunt-and-groan artists to keep the spectators awake." **George Sutherland,** WFCI, Pawtucket, Rhode Island, said: "If wrestling does zoom as a popular sport it will unquestionably do so on a different basis than heretofore. It will be on outright ability and honest supremacy, rather than by prearranged selection." **Jack Martin,** WKBH, La Crosse, Wisconsin, agreed that "To return to public appeal wrestling would have to rebuild from the foundation, and I'm afraid promoters will get right in the groove and again ruin the game."

"Wrestling as it is known today," wrote **J. C. Stewart,** Wheeling, West Virginia, *News-Register*, "falls under the heading of 'sport,' but as everyone knows it's naught but a hippodromish act; myself, I hope it is entirely forgotten." **Roland Hughes,** Roanoke, Virginia, *World-News*,

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agreed that: "Wrestling as it was practiced before the war should never come back, but a new type of hand-to-hand combat might develop."

"Wrestling, my own favorite sport," wrote Adolph Markel Jr., Wilmington, Delaware, "will never gain any great popularity because in college it is a scientific sport and not spectacular as in professional bouts." W. L. Hammond, Beaumont, Texas, said:

> Wrestling, to me, is just a darn good vaudeville act. Wrestling will always be popular, and those of us who enjoy it the most are those who know no real damage is being done to the apparently agonized under-man. I've seen two wrestlers beat the stuffing out of each other and then have a midnight snack together after the bout. But more power to them. We praise other acrobats on their physical prowess and fine sense of balance and timing; why not the wrestler who puts on such a good show that women, *and men*, have been known to pass out while sharing the exquisite agony of a well-applied toe-hold!

Art Griffith, coach of Oklahoma A & M's famous wrestling teams, and Raymond Swartz, mat coach at the United States Naval Academy, were among those expecting wrestling to pick up after the war.

QUESTION V

Do you think that skiing will increase in popularity as the result of its present utilization by the military?

The Public	Yes 78.98%
Sportscasters	Yes 76.92%
Sports Editors	Yes 74.14%

Skiing got its first great advance in the United States as the result of smartly designed ski costumes for women. Prior to that time skiing, which meant ski jumping to most Americans, was almost entirely restricted to those who were exposed to the Scandanavian-American influence, or to students of Dartmouth and a few other New England schools.

But when a maiden saw how good she looked in ski garb, and a youth also responded to the picture, skiing took hold—and so did the lads and lassies.

Now that training for warfare in the snows has taught many thousands of personable American young men to disport themselves competently on the staves, the trend will be reversed. The girls will go where the guys are. But skiing will continue to gain in popularity and northern sports resorts will compete with the southland's establishments for winter trade.

The Sports Editors are least enthusiastic about the prospect. Their comparative reserve is no mystery when you contemplate covering a ski meet. The first two days after the meet has ended the reporter spends in thawing out, then he must suffer from the delayed hangover he sowed when he was endeavoring to keep himself from freezing to death.

"Skiing, especially in Canada, was having an overwhelming increase before the war," declared Zotique Lesperance, *La Patrie*, Montreal. "It's still immensely popular and, war or no war, skiing was due for great expansion. The Army will, however, develop more skiers de luxe." Robert S. Kunkel, Associate Editor of *The Sporting Goods Dealer*, St. Louis, said: "Skiing, like flying, is a sport with finesse that will attract more and more supporters as mankind evolves."

J. Fred Bohler, ski coach at Washington State, said: "Skiing will continue to be on the increase regardless of the military aspect." T. S. Curtis, ski coach at the University of Maine, agreed, as did Hay Finlay, ski coach at McGill University, Montreal, and L. S. Armstrong, Minnesota hockey coach.

QUESTION VI

When the war is over, should athletes who left school to enter the service be eligible to compete in sports their first year, thus abrogating the one-year rule?

The Public	Yes 87.50%
Sportscasters	Yes 86.81%
Sports Editors	Yes 94.28%

Some voters commented that their answer to Question VI should be determined by how long the war lasts. They believed that after a long war the great disparity in ages between students entering college athletic competition at a normal age and the returning veterans would make competition unequal and uninteresting.

The heavy vote was in favor of allowing returning servicemen to do as they pleased about playing on college teams provided they are scholastically eligible.

"Athletes who had their educations, on the football field as well as in the classroom, suddenly blasted by the necessity of going to war, certainly are entitled to a few privileges when they return," insisted Floyd Olds, Omaha *World-Herald*. "Whether or not they care to go back to school may be determined by whether or not they would be eligible for athletics immediately. Let's by all means give them this encouragement." Wilson Murrah, Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, urged the qualification that: "Athletes returning from the war should be allowed to return only to the school they left if they desire to continue athletics." Ray Michael, WMAL, Washington, D.C., pointed out that: "Abrogating the one-year rule for a stipulated period after the war would encourage a lot of young men to return to school immediately and speed up the colleges' return to normalcy."

The objection of Joe Nolan, WABY, Albany, New York, was that "men returning from service have received better training in sports and will be advanced in years, giving them a tremendous advantage over the boy who was not in the service."

Fred Digby, New Orleans *Item*, said:

> I believe every boy should be encouraged to return to college to complete his education, get his diploma and be given the privilege of taking up where he left off, athletically speaking. That is, if he has two or three years of eligibility, that he be allowed to fill it. ⌗

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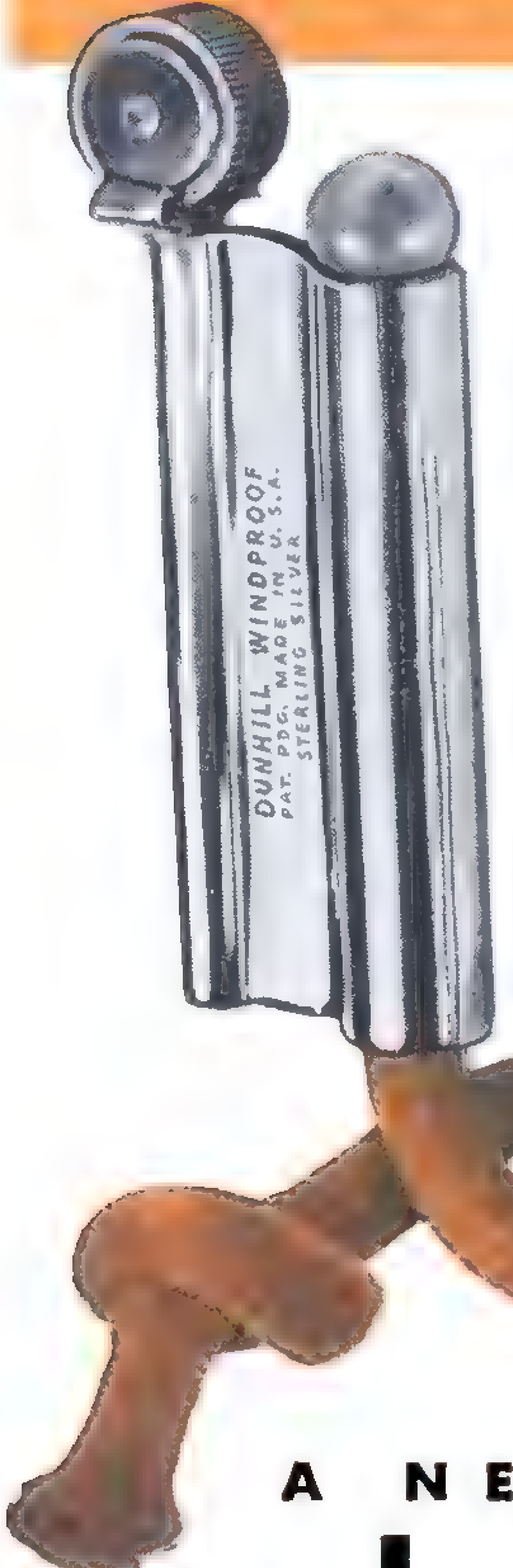

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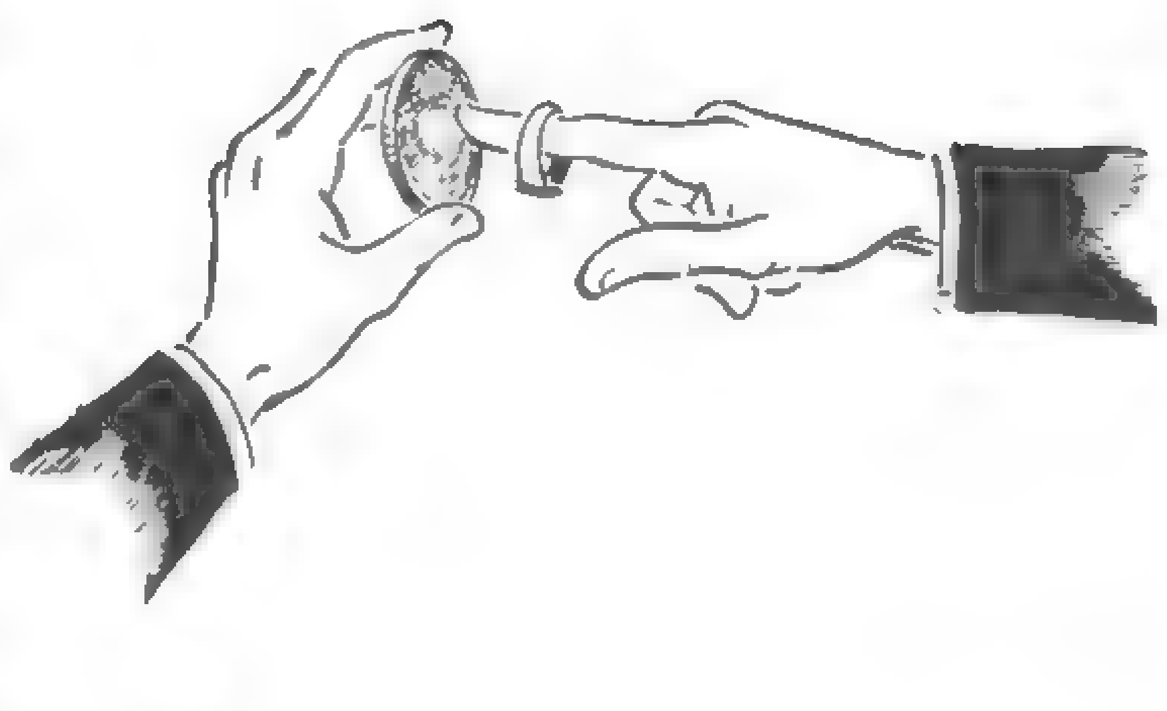

Drink in the New Year

Continued from page 108

and a shot of yeast produced in the laboratory but of the same clan as the squatter colonies on the outsides of grapeskins. Whereupon the whole *cuvée* is clapped into bottles designed to withstand at least 150 pounds pressure, with temporary but substantial corks, each held firmly with a clamp called an *agrafe*. Stacked in a warm, dark cellar, these bottles undergo internal commotion of second fermentation so fierce as to cause any faulty ones to explode like bombs. This "spring frenzy" is kept up for a number of weeks, after which the bottles are transferred to cool storage, where they lie stacked till desired age is attained.

4. Clarification—all hand work. Still wines are unhampered and unclouded (unless shaken) by the sediment they throw off in bottle; restless sparkling wines can't be allowed any—which means that the spent yeast particles and other flotsam and junksam had to be collected and ousted. To accomplish this, the bottles are thrust muzzle-down into sockets in steep-slanting racks where daily, or twice daily, they are given a rattling shaking and a one-eighth turn, which is kept track of by means of a white streak painted on the bottom of each bottle. (The winemaker in a famous champagne establishment in Sonoma County, California, the neatness of whose racks with all white markers angled exactly alike I was admiring, assured me that his crew of eight men could shake 60,000 bottles in two hours.) This goes on for months, till the handlings total 150 to 200 per bottle. In such manner, the sediment is coaxed down into the neck of the bottle where it collects in back of the cork.

5. Bottle necks are then dunked into a brine which freezes the wine immediately below the cork.

6. Disgorging. Cagily uncorked, the bottle expels the ice projectile explosively, with loss of an appreciable amount of good wine—in some cellars as much as one-sixth of a bottle per outburst. This upper emptiness is filled up from another bottle; a *dosage*, consisting of a shot of sweetened liqueur of old wines, is added—or omitted if the champagne is a *brut* (ultra dry)—and the final cork is installed, together with wire harness for hog-tying it through hell and high water.

Anyone who wanders through such caverns of fantastic care can't help wondering why a bottle of champagne or sparkling burgundy, made the same way, doesn't cost as much as a piano.

Modern American scientific astuteness has also been doing a bit of cogitating on the subject of bubblewares and the idea that only by fermentation in the bottle can authentic vinous ebullience be achieved. Didn't experimenters in France devise a bulk process for making champagne whereby the endless manipulations were brought within reason?

Yes, they did—producing a champagne which was drinkable but far below the quality of the faithfully manipulated, being strictly a short-cut proposition that missed out on delicacy and subtlety. Leery of adopting any such innovation as this, American vintners improved on it, devising new apparatus which would live up to the in-bottle principle but on a bulk scale. That is to say, the job is done in suspended tanks which function like gigantic bottles turned upside down. Blends of wine from the wood, yeasted and sugared, are shot into them, to be warmed by a jacket of hot water, second fermentation taking its regular course of violence and throwing off waste matter which has collected at the bottom. The wine is then cooled as though stacked in a cool cellar, and finally disgorged by the simple process of opening a tap. Its one and only cork is applied when the wine has been bottled under exact pressure control and with the *dosage* duly inserted.

Important batteries of these bulkies are on the job in key places under the supervision of veteran experts versed in everything that Reims ever knew. Naturally, I recoil at such heresy but am puzzled to know why my subconscious keeps shouting "Hurray!" as though practising for the time for libations and bells. ##

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 100

with a speaking voice that one affectionately remembers. There isn't one with the dry and wonderfully impressive voice of a William Gillette, or one with the grand romantic tones of a William Faversham, or one with the smooth finish of a John Drew, or one with the warm gentleness of a Bruce McCrea, or one with the crackle and fire of an Arnold Daly, or one with the halting charm of an early William Courtenay, or one with the winning inner smile of a Leo Ditrichstein, or one with the summer thunder of a Henry Miller, or one with the silken challenge of a Kyrle Bellew, or one with the quiet style of a Sir Guy Standing, or one with the soft ease of a Frank Worthing or an E. S. Willard.

3. While plot as plot is the chief concern of our amateurs, box-office hacks and deficient literary and dramatic practitioners generally and while I myself am perfectly willing to leave it to admirers of detective stories, murder melodramas and other such diversions of the emotionally unwashed, it nevertheless paradoxically strikes me that the fear of it, instilled in them by literary and drama critics, has dulled the plays of a number of our younger and more ambitious playwrights. Afraid of plot, lest they be superiorly relegated by these critics to the company of mere pulp writers, they hit it over the head, whenever it pops up in their plays, with wisecracks, satirical spoofs, heavy witticisms and similar self-criticisms. The consequence is usually plays not only without sufficiently satisfactory stories, however slight, but without sufficiently satisfactory wit, humor or original viewpoint to make one remit the absence of plot.

4. A theatre without first-rate playwrights can achieve fortune, but not fame. Our theatre at present is lacking in such playwrights, and the public seems to be revelling in the fact. The box-office returns show that the great mass of theatregoers has never been quite so happy. And still editors pay dramatic critics!

5. The lament over bad musical comedy books is louder this season than ever. Partly to reduce its volume, why doesn't someone get around to utilizing for the purpose Max Beerbohm's *Zuleika Dobson* and Eric Linklater's *The Crusader's Key*, among several others?

6. The difference between an actress like Elisabeth Bergner and one like, say, Ethel Barrymore, is the difference between a minute chemical analysis of a coconut pie and the coconut pie itself. #

Fairy Stories Up to Date

When Jack came down the beanstalk with the treasure-bags full of gold coin, he walked proudly into the house and set the money on the table before his mother.

"How do you like that?" he asked.

"O.K." admitted his mother, "but now get back on that beanstalk and get to work."

"You mean I'm to go to the giant's castle and steal more money?" asked Jack.

"Heck, no," snapped the old lady, "I mean you're to get to work and pick some beans. I'm going to can a hundred quarts of those things before a frost nips 'em!"

* * *

"But Cinderella," protested the prince, "why are you leaving me in the middle of the dance? Have I offended you?"

"Jackson," retorted Cindy, "you're solid. You're in the groove. I'm carrying the torch for you. But right now it's quarter of twelve, and I've got to get out of these rags, into my welder's outfit and report at Consolidated Aircraft for the midnight shift. D'ya dig me?"

* * *

"Help!" said the grandmother, when she perceived the wolf was about to eat her up, "Help! Help!"

At that instant a smartly clad figure in military uniform threw open the door and entered.

"Praise be!" sighed the grandmother, "The U. S. Marines."

"You betcha!" snapped the other. "Sergeant Red J. Ridinghood reporting for duty—and the Marines have the situation well in hand!" And with that she grabbed the w., gave him the commando-tactics routine she'd learned in training camp, and busted his bones all to pieces.

—Parke Cummings

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A Mad Soldier Slept

Continued from page 51

Derain?" asked Langley quietly.

Derain looked at Langley. Then his face screwed up happily.

"The court-martial gave me six months! That's all! And just because you told the MP what to say!"

"You've got the MP to thank, not me," began Langley, anxious to avert the implication that he'd coached the pink-cheeked desert cop. Then he shrugged his shoulders and smiled contentedly. Perhaps he'd had something to do with saving Derain from a long stretch. It takes three U.S. soldiers to minister to one in the guard house. And what was Derain's crime? Going AWOL over a woman! Could any soldier say it would not happen to him?

The incinerator was a deep, wide, round hole, dug near the edge of the cliff which dropped off to the beach below. Over the hole former prisoners had laid a framework of iron bars covered with old iron screens. The garbage trucks dumped their loads atop the screens. To burn the trash a prisoner entered the space under the wire screens and ignited the pile from the bottom.

The two old prisoners told Derain to go underneath the screen floor of the hole and start the fire in several places at once. Then they began sorting the fatigue clothes, shoes, flashlights and other articles they had "seagulled" from the garbage pile the day before.

Derain wandered out of the hole, watching the fire spread.

Langley turned his back to the flames to get the morning chill out of his muscles. His hands automatically clicked the safety catch of his shotgun to "on," then returned it to "off." He examined Derain's dreamy face curiously.

"How come you went AWOL?"

Derain told him: "I saw her again after five years. She . . . I'd been in love with her all that time. There is something in her that draws me. She didn't love me, but she liked me a lot. She has green eyes and red hair. She is beautiful."

Langley nodded.

"Oh, don't get her wrong!" Derain hastened on. "She didn't want me to go AWOL. When I met her this time she was out of work and I had most of my furlough money. But it wasn't the money! When we'd spent that, she got a job in a dive. She worked for both of us. Then her boss got fresh, so I made her quit. Found me a pair of overalls and went to work, trucking. We took a shack way off the highway. She wanted me to turn myself in, but I wouldn't. Then the kid came up to get me, a helluva swell MP, and here I am. . . ." He smiled ruefully.

Langley shifted his body to get more benefit from the fire, trying to imagine this beautiful woman who'd caused Derain to exchange his uniform for overalls.

"She must be beautiful," he said.

Derain sighed and smiled. Langley saw that his vision of the woman was never quite interrupted.

"I'm only sorry for one thing," said Derain. "I think I convinced her. She was falling in love with me. Really in love, the way I wanted her. A little more time. . . ."

The new prisoner worked languidly, but steadily. Langley did not prod him. He let him dream out the arguments he had not thought of in time.

There was not much work at the incinerator. After the first pile had burned, the prisoners had to wait for the trucks to dump more fuel. As soon as a truck backed to the side of the incinerator the driver let down the rear panel. Before shoveling the trash off the truck they scavenged it as thoroughly as the seagulls scavenged the refuse in the water below. Langley watched them work, thinking of their case histories.

Many prisoners never learned to wear the "P" stenciled on the back of their coveralls easily. They felt ashamed at robbing the Army of the manpower of the guards, besides their own. They begged for a chance to be sent overseas, until they got it.

A man like Young felt the same. He had been a sergeant on the Island before he went AWOL with a girl in Oakland. He made the "seagulling" an orderly drill.

Yet there were many to whom the guardhouse was another adventure. Others believed the Army's desire to be rid of them would insure them leniency.

And once in a while there were madmen in the guardhouse. When Longo, who was mad, plunged into the garbage, the other prisoners moved out of reach of his whirling elbows. Longo had not slept for weeks. The doctors could not put him to sleep with six pills. The "seagulling" seemed to calm him.

The prisoners prodded the trash, shouting and arguing over shoes, jackets, razor sets, soap dishes, flashlight batteries, holders for polishing brass buttons; and laid them away to carry back to the cell block. Langley watched indulgently. When they found useful articles which they were not allowed to keep, they tossed them at Langley's feet.

The truck driver came out of his cab to stretch himself. He pointed out a warship silhouetted between the towers of the Golden Gate Bridge and argued with Langley about her type.

The trucks dumped their loads and went back for more. A few more loads and it would be chow time.

Langley automatically counted his prisoners. One, two, on the truck, and one behind it. One, two. . . . He drifted around to the other side of the truck to check up on his third prisoner.

One, two. . . . One, *two!*

Where was the third prisoner?

Langley spun all the way around, hoping to glimpse Derain somewhere. He jumped on the truck, peered over the side, jumped off and ran to the incinerator. He squeezed his body between the truck and the corrugated iron that fenced in the big hole. No Derain!

Dumbfounded, he pushed himself out in the clear, looked about once more and called desperately: "Derain, Derain! Where the hell are you, goddamit! Derain!"

The prisoners, the other guard, the truck driver, watched silently, wondering whether it was a game or in earnest. An escape?

Langley ran to the tiny tool shed near the incinerator and tore open the door. No one was there. Derain had walked out of the hole under the rubbish pile and down the hillside to the beach, arguing with his phantom. He was meandering along the beach, hidden by the tortuous cliffs. The frantic shouts of the guards and the truck driver did not break his musings.

Langley hopped a few futile steps along the cliffside. Then he returned to the truck.

"Is he gone, Langley?" asked the truck driver stupidly. The prisoners grouped in and about the truck had frozen, queerly contorted faces, some grinning, some blank-faced.

"Yeah, he's gone, the louse," grated Langley bitterly.

He lurched toward the drop to the beach once more and looked down hopelessly. Then he leveled his shotgun, slid the pump handle up and down the barrel, and fired out to sea. He pumped another shell into the chamber and shot again. Let them, at least, think he had tried to stop his prisoner.

Not so far away along the beach, hidden by the tall cliffs, Derain had been ambling along, talking to his dream.

"Look, darling," he was saying, "can't you see how well we get along together? . . . Is there anyone who will love you more than I? How lovely it is to be with you, to look at your face, to talk to you . . . You like me a lot, I know, my sweet, and once in a while I feel as if you love me, but you don't quite know it yourself. Well, darling, it doesn't matter . . . You will love me in time. We will be so happy together. . . ."

Bang!

Derain heard Langley's first shot scatter out to sea. He jumped as if the steel beebies had really torn through his flesh.

Bang!

The second shot brought Derain fully to his senses. He looked wildly at the towering cliff at his right and at the ocean at his left. Half weeping and out of breath before he started, he tried clambering up the bank, slipping and sliding back to the wet strip of beach.

"Here I am, Langley," he cried. "Down here! I'm not trying to escape! I'm not going anywhere!"

He attacked the sheer cliff again and again. In his desperation he clawed deep into the crumbling clay and made his way upwards, still gasping, "Here I am, Langley. I don't want to get you in wrong! I didn't mean to go off!"

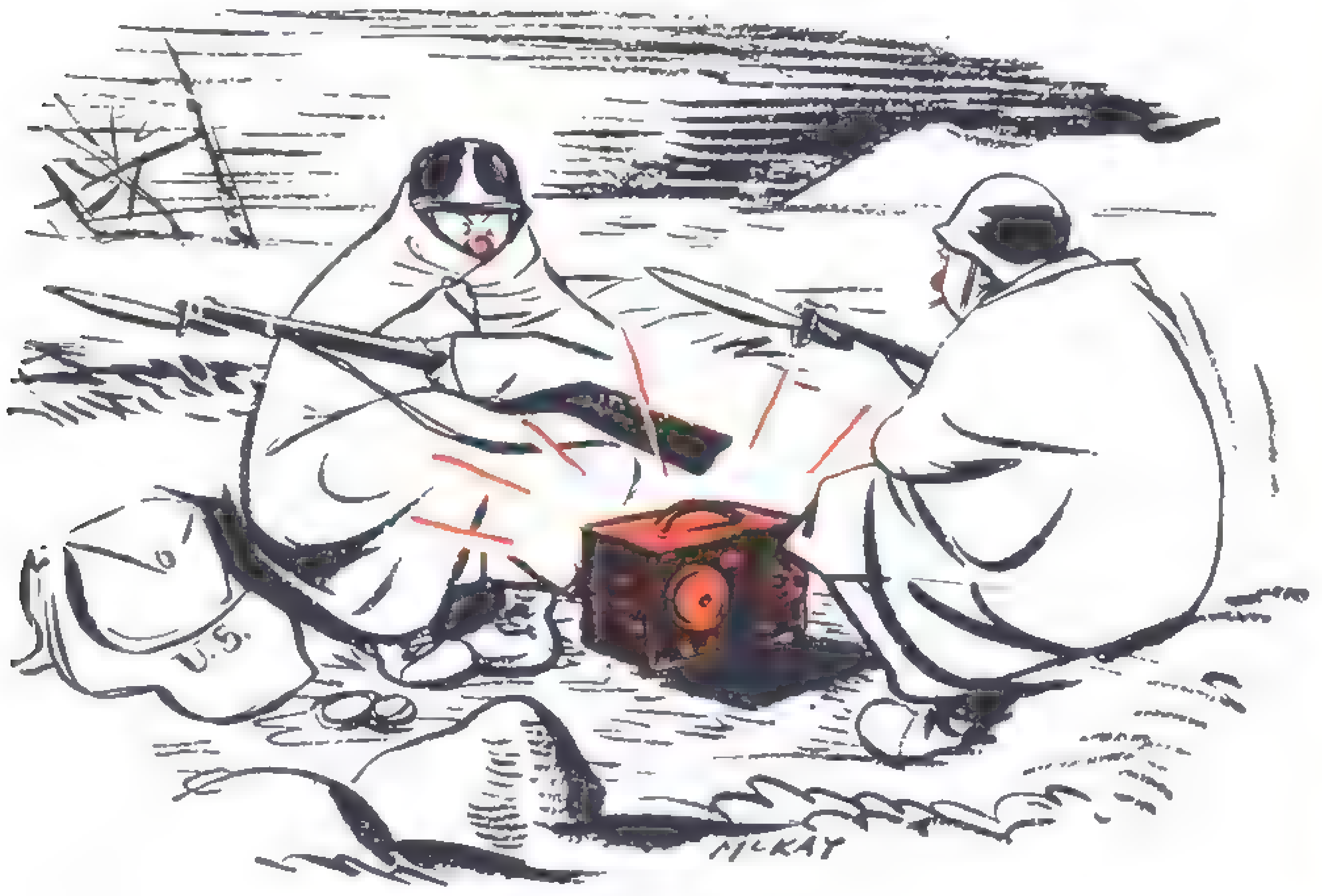
But when he reached the top and Langley saw him, it was too late. For, careening around the bend of the road where it joined the fork leading to Stone Point, appeared a garbage truck. And in the front seat next to the driver bounced the electrified form of the Provost Sergeant, screaming contempt and rage at his luckless underling who had dared let a prisoner out of his sight.

* * *

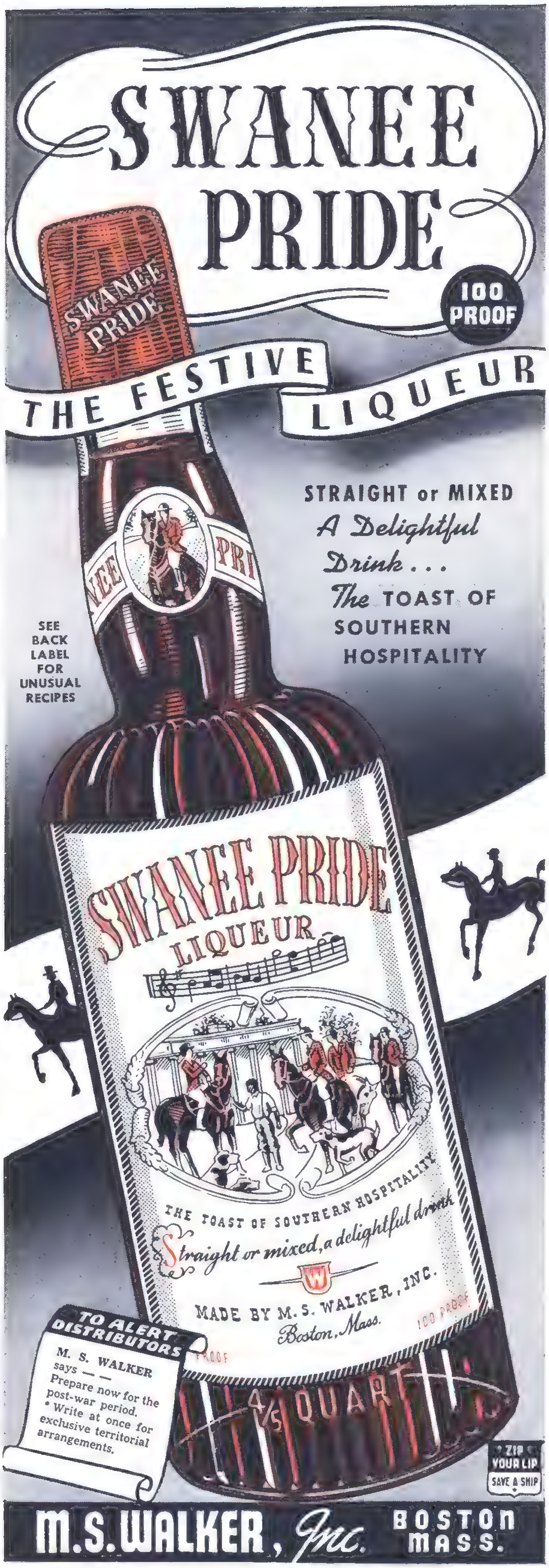
A lot of the prisoners in the cell block tried to keep awake that night to see Langley take vengeance on Derain. They tried to keep awake in the cell block because they wanted to see Derain get what was coming to him for faking up a good guard. They fought sleep bravely, while fatigue from the day's hard labor stole their consciousness one by one, until only Langley and Derain and the mad Longo were left awake.

Langley lay rigidly in bed, his fists clenched, his short, shallow breathing keeping cadence with his rage. His eyes bulged straight up toward the thick round bars that were the roof of the cage which formed a smaller box set within the guardhouse room. Yet he did not see the bars of his prison. All his senses were fastened upon the still form of Derain, who lay just as rigidly several beds away. The newest inmate and the

Continued on page 152



"—don't let poor health cause absenteeism—eat a good, hot breakfast, Americans"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A Mad Soldier Slept

Continued from pages 51-151

Jonah who had got him inside the guardhouse lay waiting for the moment when the wronged man's rage would send him stalking across the few feet to Derain's bed. Even the mad Longo, whose mind went down in a whirlpool of rhythm, felt the tension and let his babblings stumble.

Derain waited hopelessly for the blows he felt he deserved and would not parry. He whispered, but only to himself, "I didn't mean it, Langley. I didn't mean to get you in wrong! I am sorry, terribly sorry! You did me a favor. You saved me from a long stretch. And now I get you in the guardhouse!"

In Langley's mind there were no words. There were only rage and the need for revenge. On his ears fell the cadence of Longo's mad incantations. He felt that Derain would submit to his rage without the least attempt to defend himself. That only made him want to hurt him more.

Longo sat chanting on the edge of his bed. "Red, white and blue. Red, white and blue. Ladies and gentlemen, the President of these United States of America. Rhumboogie! Rhumboogie! Beat it out, eight to the bar! Beat it out, eight to the bar!"

Longo's body writhed in rhythm to his words and his feet and hands beat out a stealthy patter. And quietly and stealthily he pulled sweaters and field jackets from under the bed and wriggled into them, growing bulkier all the time.

"Red, white and blue," beat out Longo. "Ladies and gentlemen. GI all the way around. And all the way square! GI all the way around. And all the way square!"

Suddenly Langley swung himself out of bed. Simultaneously his rage found words.

"You dirty s. o. b.," he hissed. "You louse! I do you a favor! I treat you like a soldier and you fake me up! I'll fix you, you louse! I'll get you!"

Derain heard him coming and relaxed in relief that the inevitable had come to pass at last.

Langley stumbled furiously toward Derain's bed. Longo saw his distorted, pale face, ghastly in the moonlight that seeped into the cell block.

"Please, boss! I'm sorry! I can't sleep! I'm sorry!"

The angry man turned from his path to face the madman shrinking from him in fear. They stared into each other's eyes.

For a moment Longo's body and lips were still. Then he resumed:

"GI all the way around. And all the way square! Red, white and blue! Ladies and gentlemen! Ladies and gentlemen!"

"Go to sleep, Longo, will you," whispered Langley fiercely. He felt he'd known all the time he would never reach Derain's bed. He knew very well the reason for his rage. He had lived in contempt of the soldier's fatalism. He had tried to escape the guardhouse by keeping free of women, by starving himself of their kindness and beauty. He knew what hurt most was being in because of another man's woman.

"Go to sleep, Longo, can't you?" whispered Langley.

"Can't boss! Can't go to sleep! Gotta catch the boat!"

"Catch what boat?"

"Gotta catch the boat, boss! All dressed to catch the boat! Can't go to sleep! Can't miss the boat!"

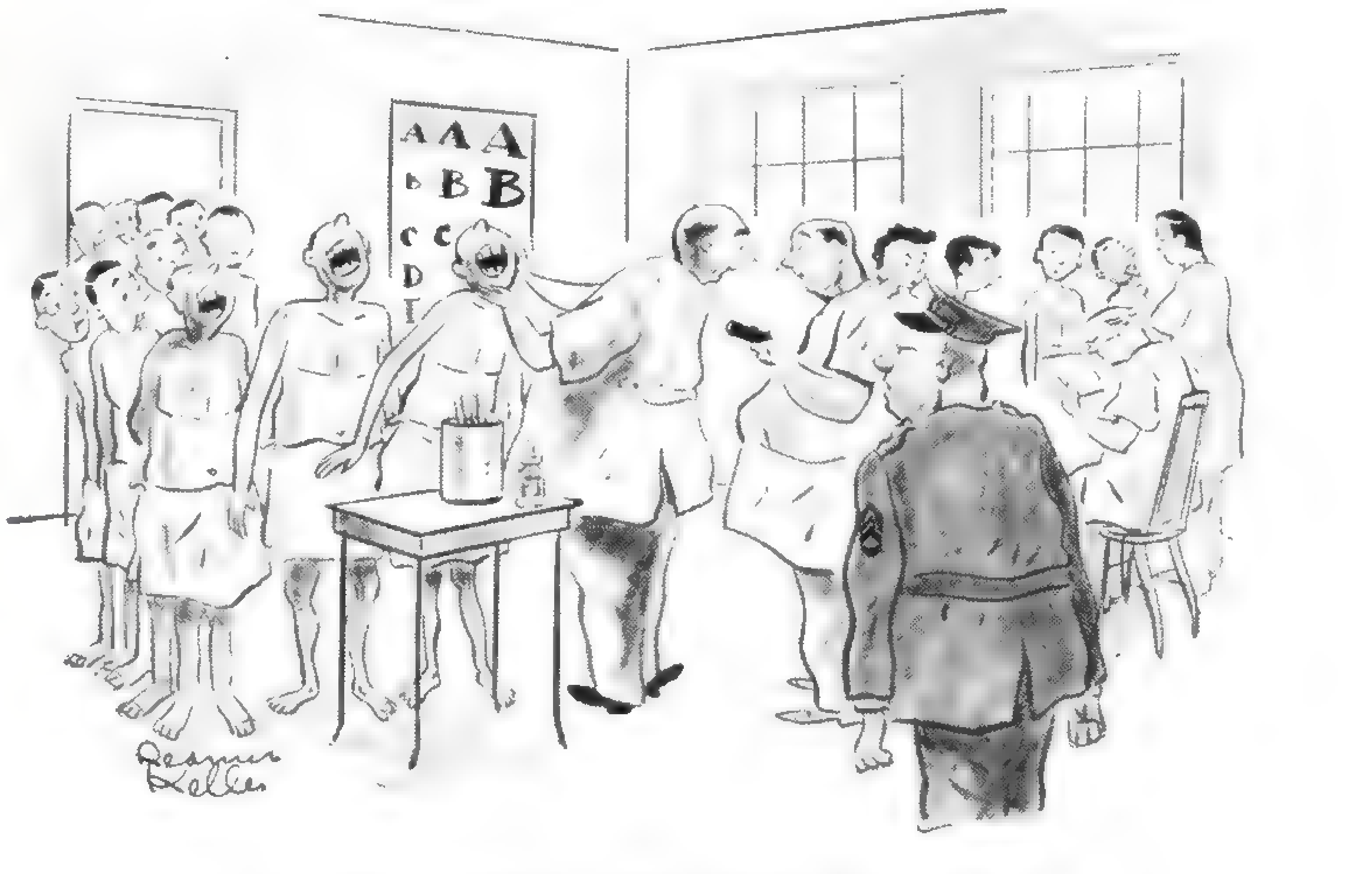
"Go to sleep, Longo! If you go to sleep I promise to wake you in time for your boat!"

Unable to believe his deliverance Longo stared at Langley.

"You promise? You promise to wake me up?" The madman's pleading eyes tried to read every line of Langley's shadowy face.

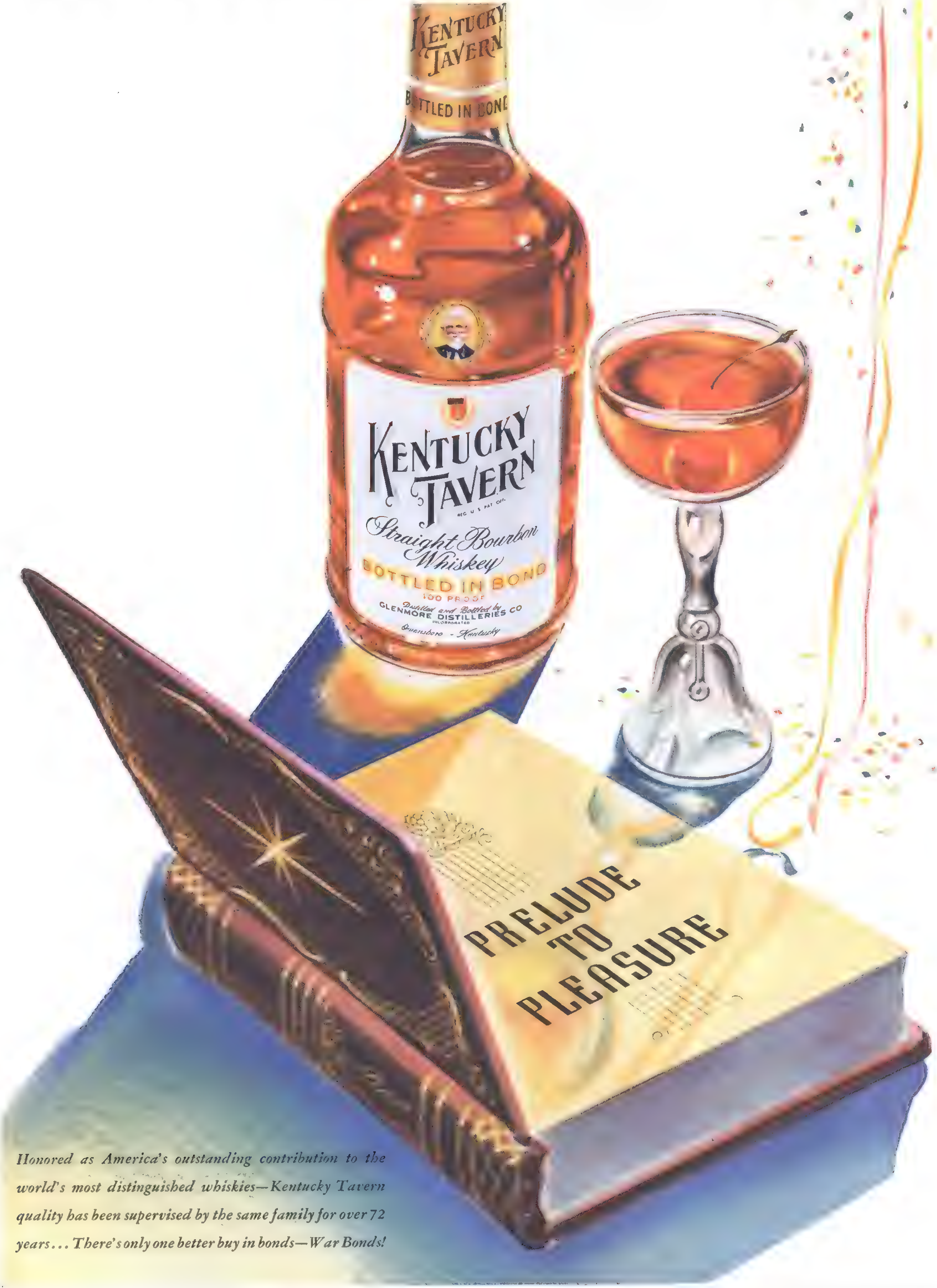
"I promise."

Langley turned stiffly and went back to his bed. Longo followed his form with doubt-tortured eyes. Then with the sigh of complete happiness he stretched himself on his bed, still wearing his countless sweaters and jackets, and fell asleep. Soon Langley and Derain also slept with the rest of the prisoners in the cell block. ⧺



"Confidentially, just what is it we're supposed to be looking for?"

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS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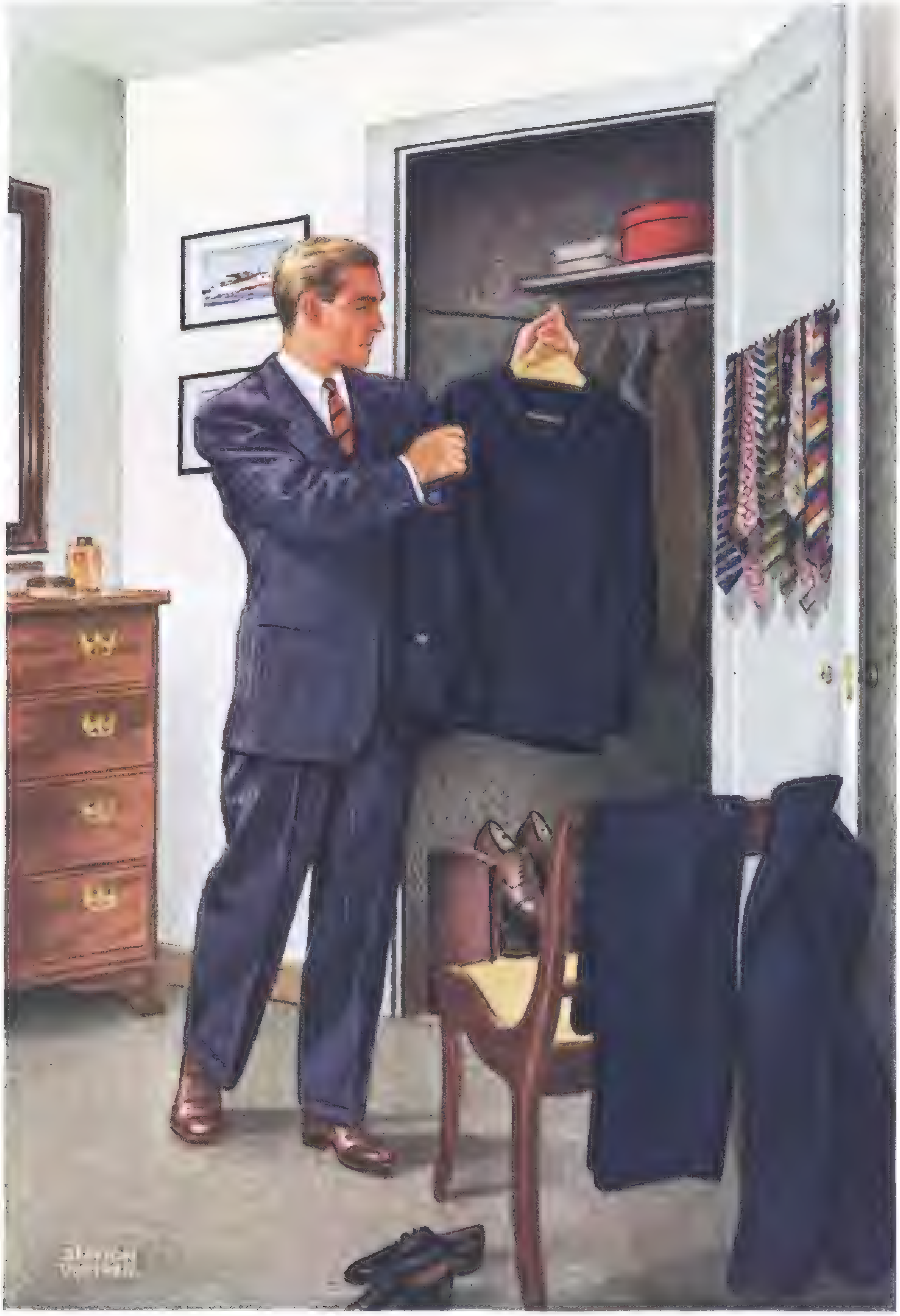

Sunday sailor

It's down to the sea again for this part-time gob. As a temporary member of the U. S. Coast Guard Reserve, he devotes a minimum of twelve hours a week to patrol duty. There's no compensation other than the thrill of a dangerous job well done, and no member of this service has ever asked for more. His uniform, furnished by the Government, includes the middy blouse, the trousers and pea jacket on the chair and the shoes in the foreground. Everything is very ship-shapely and as neat as a pin stripe—which brings us to the suit in point. This pattern is called a pin dot stripe, and many find it a happy compromise between the bolder chalk stripe and a plain fabric. His shirt is plain white broadcloth with a regular collar, a type that almost every man can wear to advantage. A twill rayon Campaign Color tie, wine color half hose and dark brown straight tip shoes complete the outfit.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

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HOST: Just this. I'm buying an extra war bond for every boy I know who's away this year. It'll mean extra weapons to fight with.

GUEST: Great. I'll join you in that if you join me in giving blood to the Red Cross.

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So let your holiday greeting be

"ENJOY THIS DISTINGUISHED WHISKEY, SIR"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 105

is doing to him. Then richer and more intriguing game turns up in the person of Richard Miles, a veteran foreign correspondent, who comes home from Europe to set up homekeeping with his motherless young daughter, Mary. Verplanck twists the love of these two into a horrible and obscene thing. That a worldly fellow like Miles would fall for such obvious machinations is pretty hard to believe. I know a doctor in New York, very good when he sticks to straight medicine, who dabbles in the same meddling in other people's lives. It is silly and unhappy women who fall for his palaver, however. Most of the men who have watched him at work soon develop an unholy desire to give him a poke on the jaw. . . . The most amusing characters by far in *Equinox* are the incidental figures who wander through its pages; the unrelated incidents are so flavorsome that I look forward to another and much pleasanter book by Allan Seager.

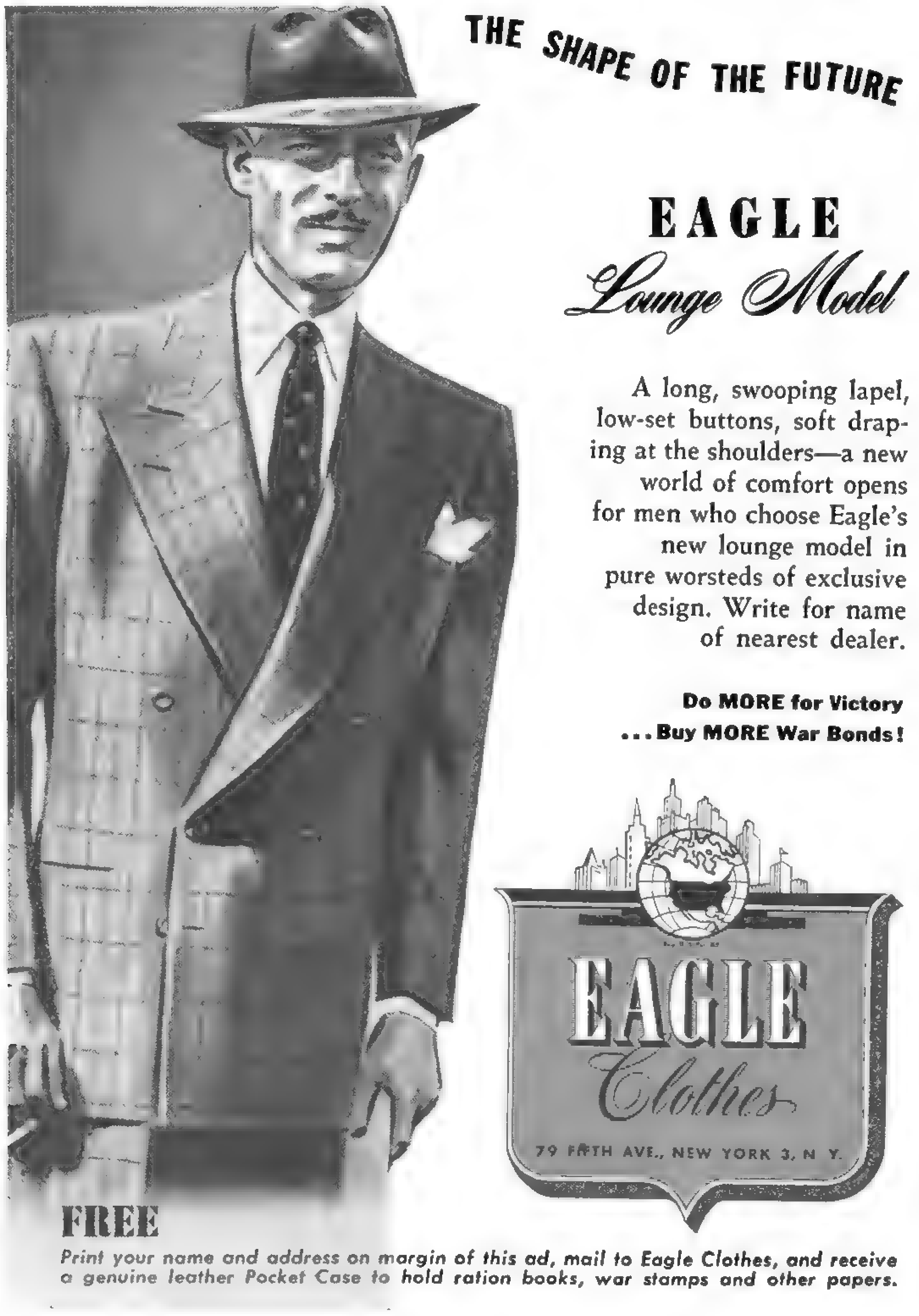
* * *

My neighborhood bookseller does not share my perturbation at the season's rash of novels of sexual aberrations: he says that all of them put together don't equal ten per cent of his sale of Lloyd Douglas' *The Robe*. "When the holiday rush is over, by golly, I'm going to read that book myself," he declared—a rash statement from a savant whose last-known essay into literature was Chic Sale's *The Specialist*. His dwindling piles of Saroyan's *Human Comedy* and Corporal St. George's *c/o Postmaster* are indicative too of what the public really wants this season. "Tell your publisher friends," he said, "to spend more time in bookstores next year, and less currying favor with one of those XYZ commissions that generally get tossed out of their job before the reports can be typed."

* * *

Doubleday Doran have de-

Continued on page 158



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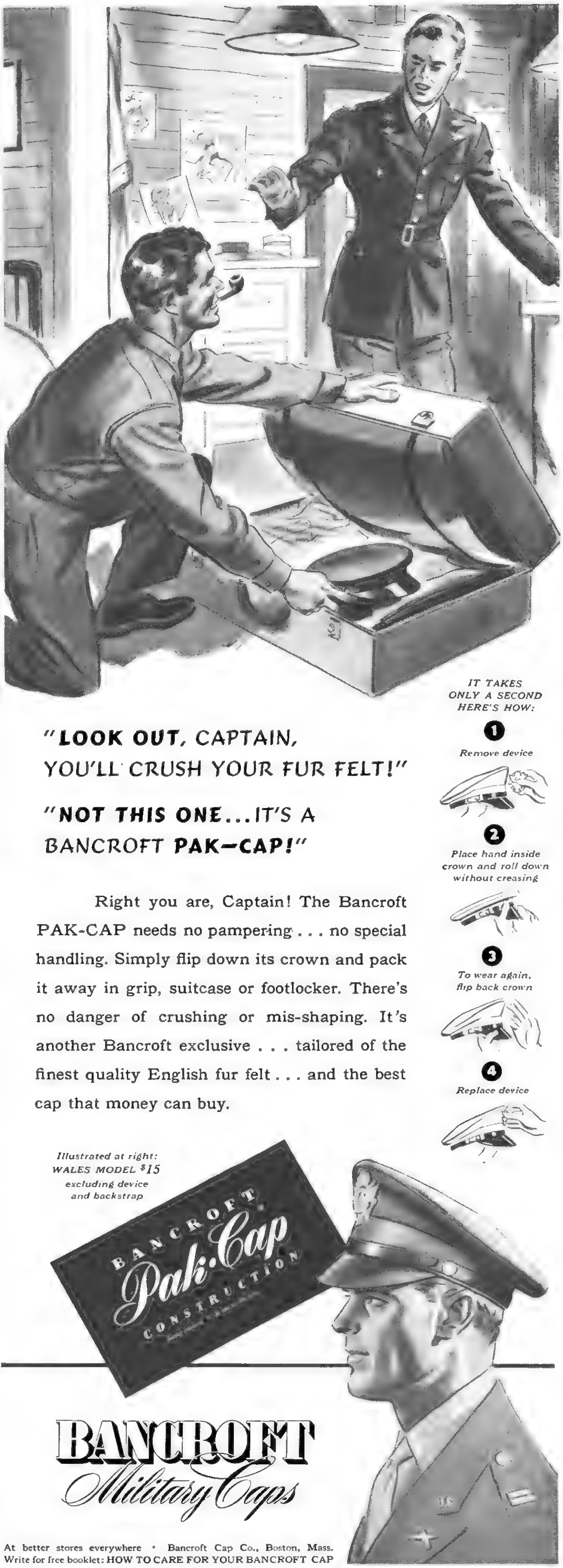

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 105-157

lighted the admirers of the late Don Marquis by publishing an attractive and serviceable wartime edition of his imperishable *archie and mehitable*. Howard Lindsay, co-dramatist and star of *Life with Father*, recalled to mind a Marquis anecdote only the other evening. It had to do with revenge of a subtle kind. . . . Back in the Blue Ridge range, in the rootin', tootin', feudin' country, suh, an ornery sprout of the McGregor family plugged a Larrabee hopeful in the back one day. The victim never knew what had hit him. One old Larrabee buck pointed out that a simple killing was too merciful for the varmint. His ingenious suggestion, promptly passed unanimously, was that once every day a shot be fired at McGregor that would *just miss him* . . . For twenty years, this amiable pastime was put into effect. When Marquis saw the victim, his hair was snow white, his face and hands twitched continuously, his glance darted madly from one side to another. He was reaching for a bottle of soda pop when a shot rang out. The bottle was shattered into a thousand fragments. McGregor howled like a coyote. "They'll do it every day to him," commented a villager dispassionately, "till the poor b—— hangs hisself!" The new edition of *archie*, at a time when his more serious works have long been out of print, confirms a prediction made by Don Marquis shortly before his death. "I've always fancied myself," he said, "as essentially a serious writer. I have a horrible premonition, however, that I'll be remembered longest for creating the character of archie the cockroach!"

* * *

One of the most amusing characters in Sinclair Lewis' *Gideon Planish*, is Winifred Homeward. Gideon once planned to do quite a lot of talking at a dinner party, but as he sat down, he made the mistake of clearing his throat. This gave Winifred a one-second advantage which she never relinquished. "It was not that Winifred talked more than her familiars," explained Lewis, "for no one can talk more than one hundred per cent. But she could talk down talkers. She could put into her dinner offensives an assurance and a demand for attention that made forty minutes of her feel like the entire voyage of the Ark. She was so powerful that she could convince anyone at all of the exact opposite of whatever she maintained, *including the man from whom she had lifted her ideas in the first place*." . . . Lewis denies that the character of Winifred was suggested by his former wife and present good friend, Dorothy Thompson. A long time before, however, when he was asked where Miss Thompson was, he replied, "Dorothy went down to the NBC studios

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two years ago, and nothing has been seen of her since." . . . Mr. Lewis has just completed his first stint as a Hollywood scenarist at MGM, and a lecture tour with Lewis Browne. Now he plans to write a new novel, the story of a young married couple in a Middle Western city of today, that should be ready for the spring, 1945, lists.

* * *

Vardis Fisher has chosen for the theme of his new novel, *The Mothers*, the tragic story of the Donner party. The saga of that pitiful wagon train that blazed a new trail south of Salt Lake, and was caught in the early snows in the Sierra Nevada mountains, has inspired almost as many books as Custer's last stand.

Bret Harte's *Gabriel Conroy* was based on the Donner expedition. So was George Stewart's *Ordeal by Hunger*. For Fisher, the sufferings of the snow-bound unfortunates, reduced to cannibalism in the final days, make ideal material. His book, like his previous novels, is stark and humorless, and the going will probably prove too tough for soft-skinned readers. If you are looking for a sturdy and full-bodied story of adventure, however, with no compromise for the lending-library trade, *The Mothers* is your meat. A friend of mine, captain in the Air Force, read it while his heavy bomber was heading for San Francisco. It gave him a peculiar feeling to soar over the Donner Pass in the space of a few moments and realize that the tragic events described in the book he was holding had taken place directly below him ninety-seven years before. "Made me feel," he said, "what strides civilization has made in one century." Then, realizing the purpose for which his plane had been made, he began to wonder.

Someone suggested that Kaufman and Hart be induced to dramatize *The Mothers*. The name of the stage play, of course, would be *The Man Who Came to Donner*. ⧻

BOOKS MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE

1. *The Trespassers*, by Laura Hobson. Simon & Schuster. $2.75
2. *Trio*, by Dorothy Baker. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.
3. *Equinox*, by Allan Seager. Simon & Schuster. $2.75
4. *The Robe*, by Lloyd Douglas. Houghton Mifflin. $2.75
5. *The Human Comedy*, by William Saroyan. Harcourt Brace. $2.75
6. *c/o Postmaster*, by Corp. Thomas R. St. George. Crowell. $2.00
7. *archie and mehitabel*, by Don Marquis. Doubleday Doran. $2.00
8. *Gideon Planish*, by Sinclair Lewis. Random House. $2.50
9. *The Mothers*, by Vardis Fisher. Vanguard. $2.75

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The Education of Mutt

Continued from page 63

then bayed a cottontail in a hollow log and when we passed him by, he flushed and tried a flock of wild turkeys.

When out with your lion and bear dogs, never hunt or kill other game. This will ruin your dogs.

We passed the Barney Homestead and Summit Mountain, then down the trail into Little Pine Flat and over a ridge past Turkey Track into Big Pine Flat. Emmet took a short cut to Tully Tank and we continued around by the J. D. ranch.

At Tully Tank we found two Box Cross Ranch boys who told us where old Grayback had killed a steer the day before. They advised us to camp at Lake Pocket—on the rim between Lonesome Pocket and the Sycamore Canyon. It would give us a base camp in the middle of old Grayback's present range.

It was sundown by the time we reached our destination. The nights were cold and Mutt's hair was short. I let him share a part of my tarpaulin with old Red. Mutt was more affectionate than usual. The boys felt that he should be left behind for his own safety. Next morning when we saddled up, Mutt watched us intently. When we tied him up, he was heart-broken.

The Bar Cross boys showed us the old kill. It had not been disturbed, although it had been more than twenty-four hours since old Grayback left that vicinity. In the spring bears eat a lot and often, and I was sure the old grizzly had killed somewhere else.

Red, Bill and Jake could smell bear scent and were whining to go. I talk to my dogs as if they are human beings. When finally I said: "All right boys, go get him," noses to the ground they circled wide. As usual, Red found first and gave his long-drawn-out call. The other dogs took up the cry in a most tuneful canine chorus.

The trail was old but bear scent is strong, especially from an old one. They have a lot of B.O. Sontag trailed among the dogs, a hoarse growl rumbling in his throat. He was trying, and I was convinced that once a fresh track was found, he would forge right out in front and the grizzly would get the surprise of his life.

Curley uttered an ear-splitting cowboy yell, and Hall laughed. The boys were thrilled and wanted to go, and I was willing.

The trail led down the ridge into a deep brushy canyon that opened into Sycamore Canyon.

We rode to a point that jutted out in the Sycamore and dismounted. The horses grazed while we listened to the hounds. Faintly, in the distance, we heard a yip, yip, like a coyote's. The sound came nearer and it was Mutt. He had slipped his collar. He wagged his whole after-parts like a hula-hula dancer until I sat down,

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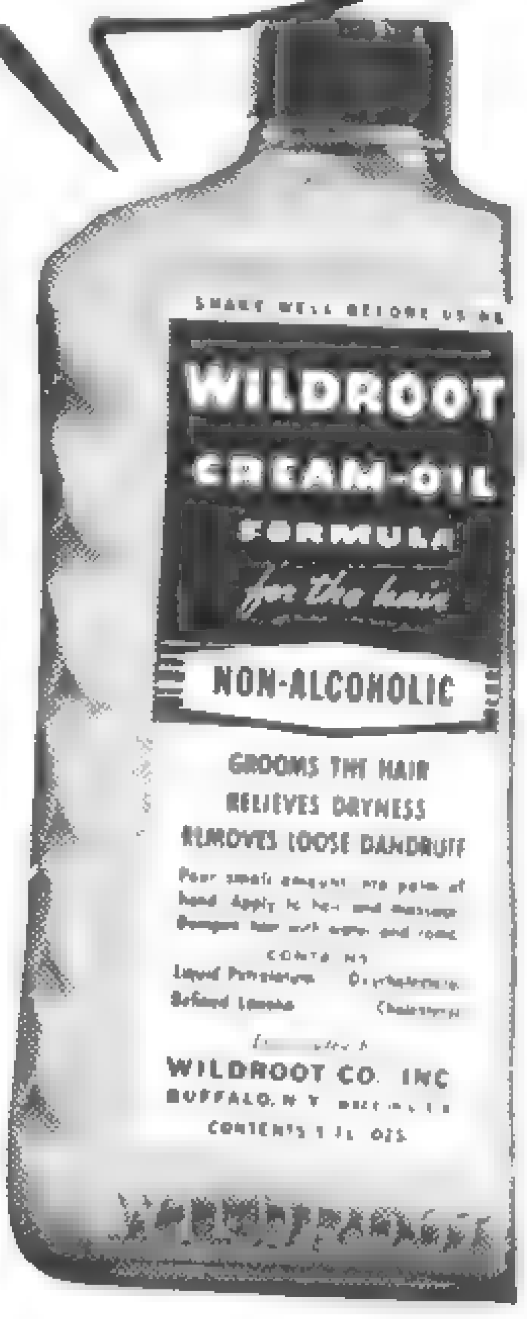

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patted and forgave him. He was eager to join the other dogs but I called him back.

The dogs were headed for the very bottom of the Sycamore where the water stood in great pot holes. The willows grow so thick down there that they cannot be penetrated, except on the bear trails.

That old Grayback had taken a bath and lain up in the willows most of yesterday seemed reasonable, and I began to fear that he had gone out on the east side on the great D. K. cow outfit holdings.

The dog music became fainter and then died out. They might have dropped off into the inner gorge or a stiff breeze could have carried sounds away. We made ready to cross the canyon on foot. We could carry nothing but guns, matches, tobacco and cartridges. After an hour we tightened our belts. Just then, Mutt turned his little head and looked up the canyon.

Hall remarked: "That dog hears something we can't hear." Soon we heard the dogs on the west side, north of where we were. We scrambled down over timber and through brush, across several small rough canyons, to reach a point where the hounds seemed heading. When we arrived, the dogs were coming up another side canyon.

They reached a point almost directly opposite and far below us and stopped baying. We heard only an occasional bark. They had found water or a kill. We plunged down into the brush and rocks, stumbling and sliding, and finally arrived, scratched, ragged and bleeding, but happy, for there was not only water, there was a fresh killed cow and a bed still warm where old Grayback had lain.

The pack was drinking and cooling off in the spring, all except Sontag. He was greedily stuffing himself with fresh-killed beef. The other dogs were soon at it again.

Mutt darted in and out of the undergrowth, with the hair on his small back bristled up. It was his first fresh grizzly scent. Being so small he could go under brush that hindered and slowed up the

Continued on page 162

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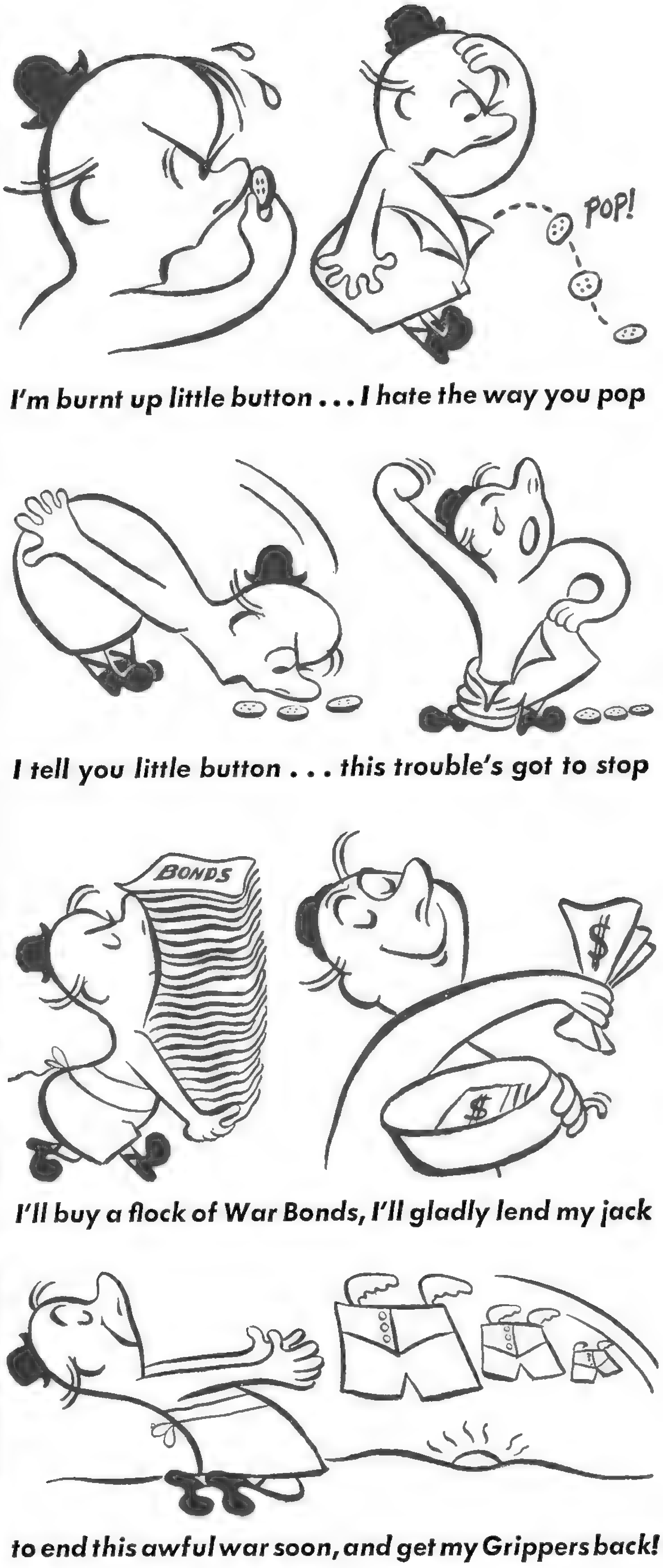

I'm burnt up little button . . . I hate the way you pop

I tell you little button . . . this trouble's got to stop

I'll buy a flock of War Bonds, I'll gladly lend my jack

to end this awful war soon, and get my Grippers back!

Yes! As soon as the war is won Gripper fasteners will be back . . . and on more kinds of clothing than ever. Until then our men and machines are working full-time to do *their* share to speed victory!

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*The snap fastener that ends "button-bother"

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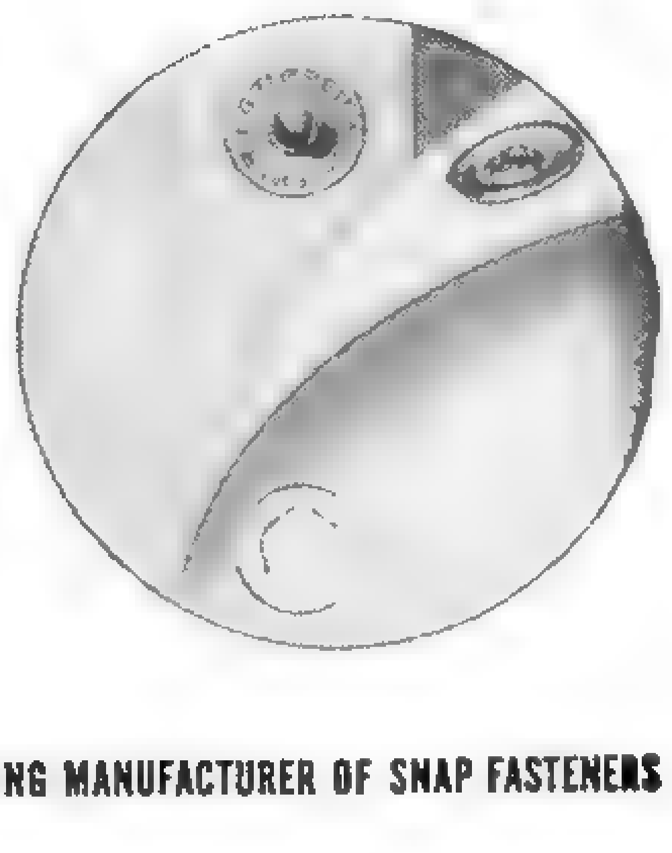

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Diamonds seem to dance in the crystal-clear amber of this choice champagne, bottle-fermented according to Old World traditions in the cellars of the House of Renault, where the art of making quality champagne has been developed through almost three-quarters of a century. Write for a copy of our 24-page Wine Recipe Book. Address Dept. 31. L. N. Renault & Sons, Inc., Egg Harbor City, N. J. Distributed through McKesson & Robbins, Inc., New York.

★

Buy War Bonds

Enjoy Renault – the Wine without Fault

The Education of Mutt

Continued from pages 63-161

larger dogs. He had a good nose, and went out of the canyon ahead of the pack. Climbing out onto a ridge, we could plainly hear Mutt's sharp yip, yip, yip, along with the deep mellow baying of the hounds. They had overtaken the bear in the head of Dead Man's Canyon and we expected him to make a break for the Sycamore, so we spread out, each hoping to get a shot at the big fellow when he passed us.

This time we had an advantage that never before had been ours. The bear was full of fresh meat.

I could not believe my ears when I heard the dogs fighting the big brute. Never before had a pack of dogs been able to stop old Grayback. I thought at first that the grizzly had winded us and turned back. But no, that was not possible, for the wind was blowing down the canyon.

I examined my 30-06 rifle and my 45.

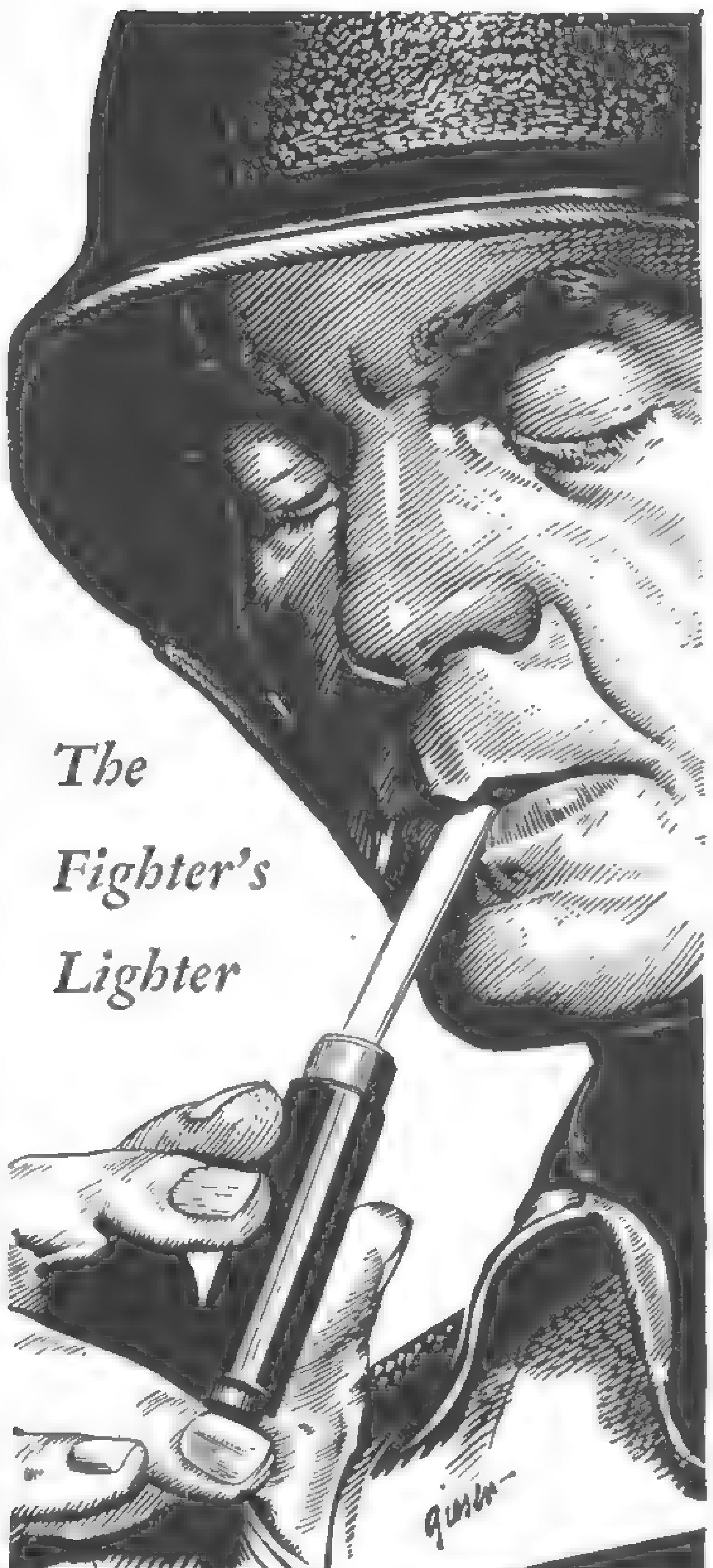
Then the big grizzly came in sight, with the dogs close behind him. Mutt nipped his heels. The bear turned and swung a haymaker that would have broken a bull's neck. Mutt squatted and the blow missed. He took after Mutt and just as he disappeared, I fired. The bear let out a bellow. We followed in a beeline.

When I shot at the bear, I had been more interested in not hitting the dogs and supposed that I had made a clean miss. I was surprised to find a blood trail leading down into a log jam where two small side canyons emptied into Dead Man's Canyon. Brush had grown up in the jam and somewhere in that unholy chaos were the dogs and old Grayback.

One can't describe the feelings of going into battle or facing a wounded grizzly. I've done both. Nature is kind to the human. Death may be all about us, but it is always the other fellow who is dying. We think and plan for the safety of others but, strange to say, forget ourselves, as if we are somehow magically immune.

The din of the dogs was deafening as I reached the edge of the log jam. I caught a glimpse of the big hairy beast with dogs, all sizes and color, around him. He reached out with a lightning flick of his great paw and caught old Red a glancing blow. Mutt rushed in and nipped the bear's heels. He slapped at Mutt but missed again, and sat down to protect his sore heels but saw a chance and quick as a flash caught Dan, the Airedale, a wicked blow that sent him sailing through the air, stone dead.

Again Mutt rushed in and his teeth must have hung in the bear's tough hide, for the grizzly almost got him. Instead of making a clean getaway, Mutt was forced to take refuge in some thick bushes. The bear sprang onto the bushes with his great weight, legs and arms spread out. He caught



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IT'S THE FIGHTER'S LIGHTER
TODAY..YOURS TOMORROW
LEKTROLITE
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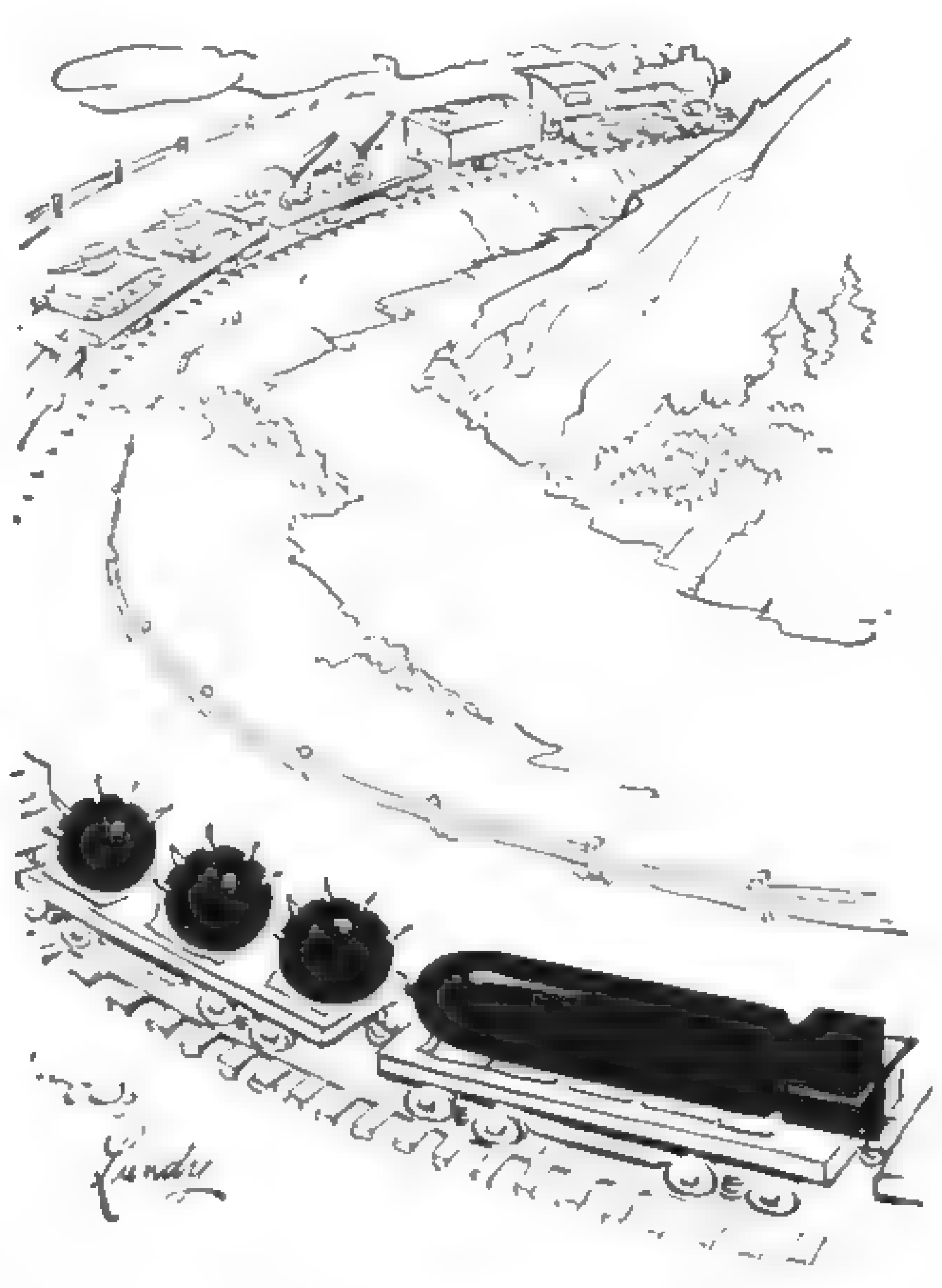
BUY MORE WAR BONDS

LEKTROLITE CORP., 1907 PARK AVE., NEW YORK 35, N. Y.

Mutt but in some way the little devil wiggled out, shaking his head as he staggered out of reach of the grizzly. I didn't dare shoot for fear of hitting a dog.

It was then that Sontag loomed up, carrying a heavy cargo of beef. He headed straight for the grizzly, and I thought at last we were going to see some real action, but Sontag saw Mutt and, realizing the little dog's helpless condition, saw a chance to finish him and end his worst enemy. He utterly ignored the bear and I could not believe my eyes when the brindle dog grasped Mutt's neck. I was ready for a quick shot. A 180 grain 30-06 bullet put an end to Sontag's ambition, and the fight went on, uninterrupted.



Mutt's head had cleared. Bristling and snapping he was back in the fray. Maybe I was a bit crazy at the thought of losing my dogs, for I knew they would risk their lives for me. I had seen Teddy Roosevelt face a wounded lion to save another man's dog and I was facing a wounded and very mad grizzly to save my own dogs, with scarcely a thought of danger.

I crowded in close to try to get a shot. The standing timber was so thick that it was getting dark with the sun in a late afternoon sky.

I saw Mutt run in and nip the bear's heels again and get safely away. Bears can't kick and Mutt's quickness was his salvation.

The other dogs were so close I dared not risk a shot. Again Mutt darted in under some logs and got another mouthful of fur. Grayback struck at him and broke a dead limb as big as a man's leg, then ran out of sight again. I got another glimpse of him, but still no opening for a shot. Dead brush snapped and cracked as he charged a retreating dog. I fired, but was standing on a teetering log and missed.

Jumping from one log to another, with uncertain footing at all times, I got up close, hoping to get a heart or head shot. The heart of a bear is well forward, like that of a hog, and is hard to hit.

I lost sight of Mutt and was

Continued on page 164

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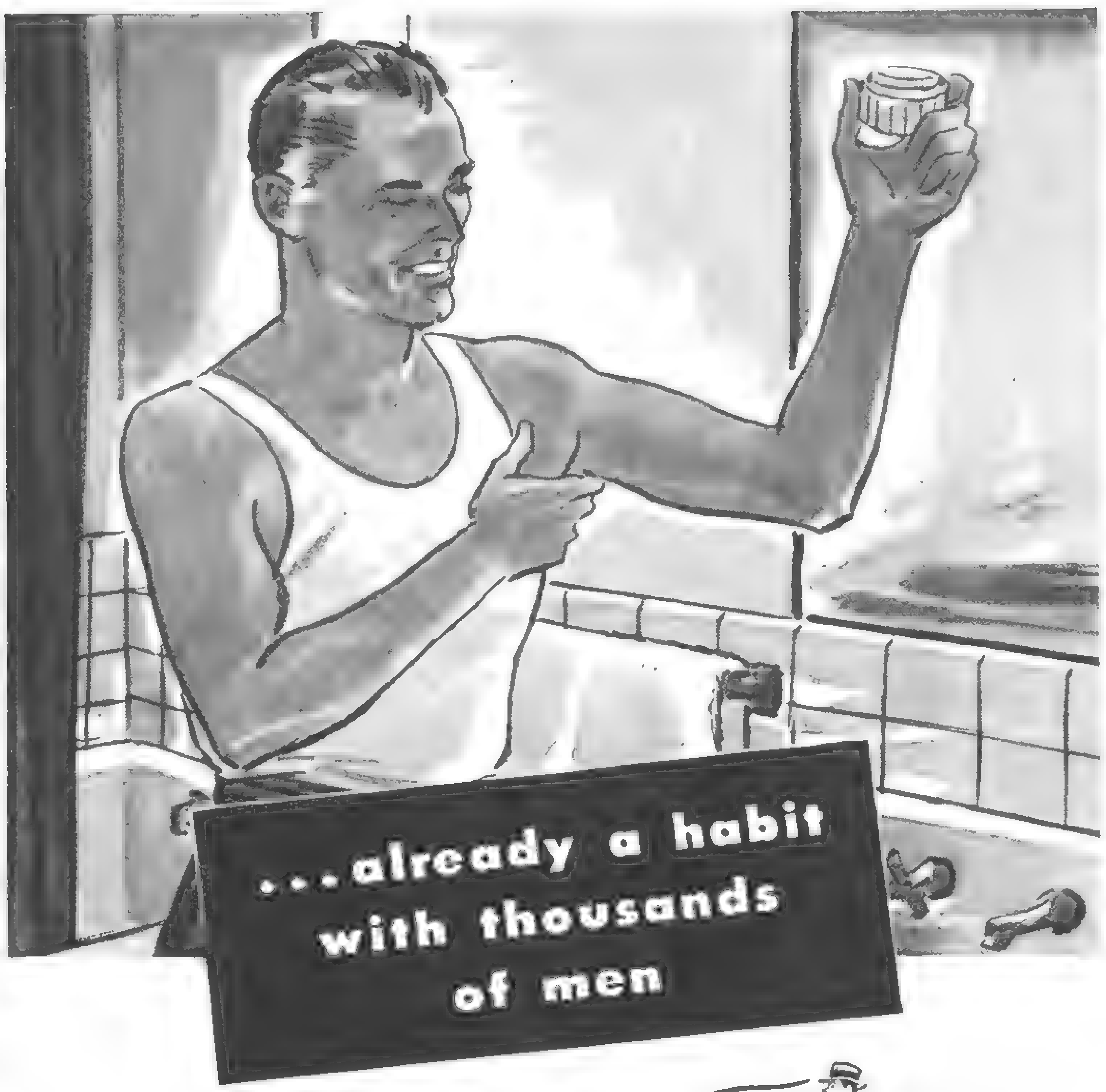
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The Education of Mutt

Continued from pages 63-161-163

afraid he had been killed, but no, there he was again, with all the devilment of his puppy days in action. He was in a death fight, but it was all fun to him and he was having the time of his life. He tormented the bear until about all he could or would do was to sit down and lash out with his great shaggy arms. Mutt took a mouthful of fur at every chance, and every time the bear got up to lunge at another dog, Mutt was at his back to bite his sore heels.

I worked around, knowing that unless I could drop the monster in his tracks, he would charge. I picked out a route for a quick getaway across the logs. He was below me, but he turned and faced me, his head held high. No chance for a brain shot so I let him have it in the chest.

The 180-grain slug shook him up and I knew had pierced his heart, but a grizzly will live several minutes shot through the heart, and I was not surprised when he charged. I put another shot in about the same place. He staggered but came on.

Forgotten were the dogs and their tormenting attacks! In a blind, dying rage, he was after the man. I did not have a chance on those shaky logs and started for solid ground. I made several jumps from one log to another and was almost out when I slipped and went down, my elbow striking a log, knocking the rifle out of my hand. I was trying to get the 45 out of the holster when old Grayback's form loomed up, cutting off my last avenue of escape. Struggling down among the logs, he could not get a good swing at me. If I could keep away from those awful jaws for a few seconds the heart shot would take effect and kill him. I thought of a club, to beat him on the nose, for that is the tenderest part of a bear—even a bee can put him to flight with a nose sting.

There was no club within reach.

I was now beneath the bear, with dogs everywhere. The boys could not get in a shot. I could feel the bear's hot breath. He was reaching for me, blood and froth pouring from his widening jaws, when a flash of black and white fur brushed my hair and Mutt fastened his sharp teeth in the bear's tender nose. He held on with a ferocity matching that of the grizzly himself.

With a bellow that shook the forest and sprayed me with bloody froth, old Grayback reared to his full height, trying desperately to shake Mutt loose.

Blinded with rage, and dying from fatal wounds, he staggered and batted at Mutt's dangling form with wild swings that glanced off or missed altogether.

Slowly he settled down on his haunches and grasped Mutt in his huge paws, tearing him loose—then—rolled over, dead. ⧺

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GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

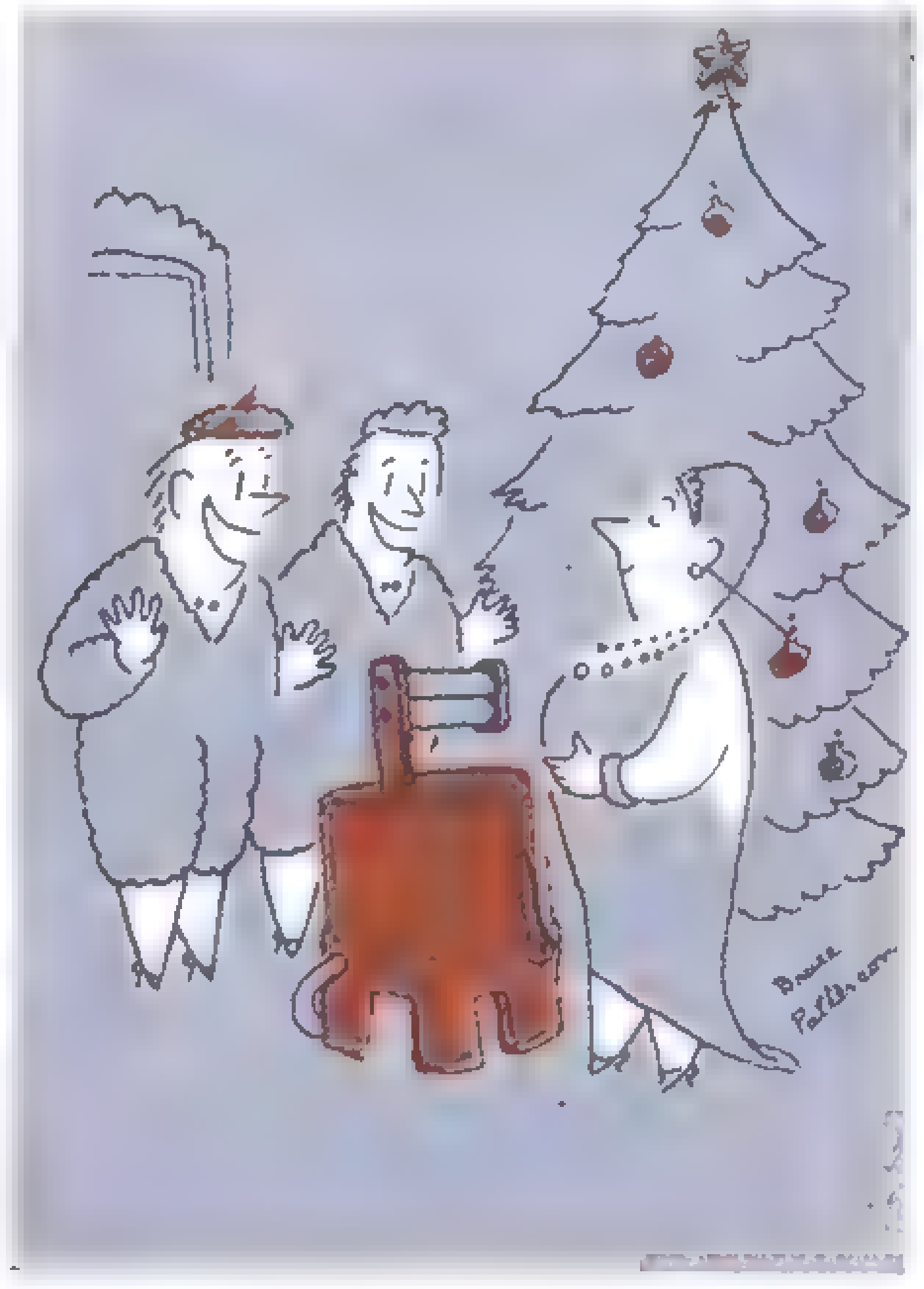
Where There's Life

Continued from page 72

Hollywood collected itself at an Academy dinner in 1940 and gave him an award for "Humanity."

When Pearl Harbor came, Hope tried six times to enlist. The Army had other ideas for him. He was to entertain at the military camps and to sell bonds. He has sold enough war bonds to finance the building of a sizable fleet.

Last fall Hope began to look abroad. He took Jerry Colonna, Tony Romano and Frances Langford on two whirlwind trips through Alaska and the Aleutians. There are photographs of Hope, Colonna and Langford in an Aleutian outpost. Bob, bundled in what looks like a bear pelt, sits on a tree stump. Colonna sits at his feet. Miss Langford stands nearby. They are giving a show for one dozen soldiers. The soldiers look at them as men might look at ministering angels.



"Oh, you lucky, lucky girl!"

Last April Hope started the African tour. Miss Langford and Tony Romano could go again, but Colonna could not. Hope remembered an Army corporal he had met in Dallas. That was Jack Pepper, who sang songs and told jokes. He asked the War Department for Pepper and got him. Chock-full of pills and anti-toxins, the doughty band set out for England by Clipper. To the English it was the return of a conquering hero, for Lester Townes Hope, fifth son of an English stonemason, born in Eltham, England, in 1904, is still considered flesh of their flesh, bone of their bone. Hope visited his ninety-nine year old grandfather in the town of Hitcham.

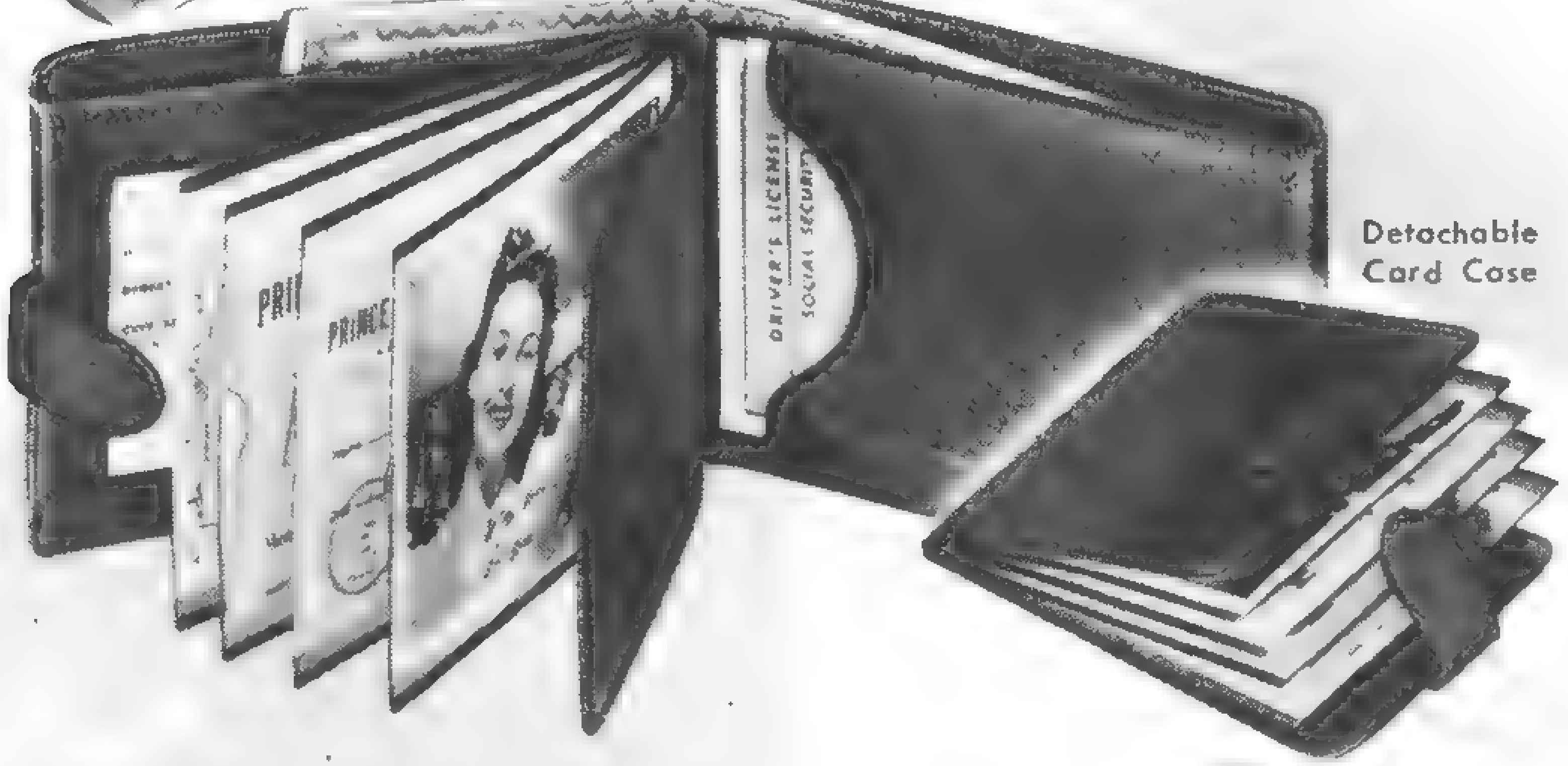
He went through the British Isles, top to bottom. The men in uniform might know that Hope was coming but they never knew when. Hope would come riding into an Army camp. There would be soldiers standing, sitting around, unaware of the identity of this unexpected civilian until they took

Continued on page 170

PRINCE GARDNER

PRINCE GARDNER

Billfolds



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16-10F *Frame brief bag for heavy duty. Will accommodate bulky articles, wide frame opening allows easy access to contents. $16.*

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Where There's Life

Continued from pages 72-169

a good look. Then one of them would give a double take, gulp and shout: "'Ope! It's Bob 'Ope!" From then on it was bedlam.

In July they flew to Africa. The events are as vivid as the star shells they saw on the black nights, but the whole was conducted to an obbligato of bombing and cannonading and blackout, and the memory is like the first memory of a symphony—fragments without sequence.

There is the memory of Bizerte. The first night they were there, 100 German planes came over—four times. That was their baptism of fire. Altogether, they were to survive nine air raids. On that first night they stood on the steps of the hospital in Bizerte and watched the fireworks. They saw six German planes shot down. Then they stood in the narrow hallway of the hospital and saw the men brought into surgery in the litters. There were seven tables in that surgery, a tiny room. They saw seven major operations going on at once while the rows of litters waited outside. Hope bent over a boy whose legs had been blown off. He asked him how he was feeling. The boy looked up. "You're Bob Hope, aren't you? It was nice of you to come all this way to see us."

There was Pepper stumbling in the dark down a wharf in Bizerte and bumping into his brother. There was the camp in the desert where the only accommodations consisted of three places on the floor, in a spot where you swatted the "kangaroo rats" which leap about on their hind legs. But the men conjured up accommodations for Miss Langford. She had a tent, a light, a radio—and an armed guard on patrol all night long.

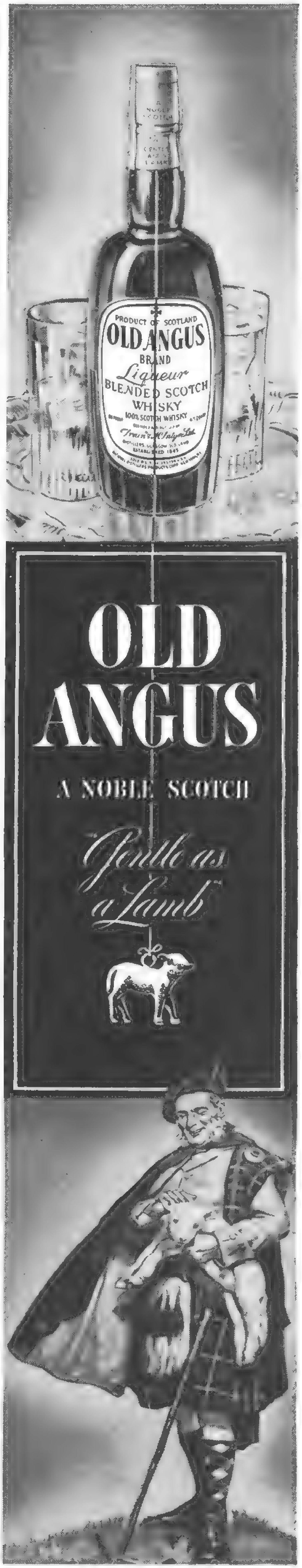
There was the German prisoner they met in the Bizerte hospital, serving as an orderly. Hope asked him how old he was. "I am eighteen." And how long had he been in the army? "Three years."

There was the night they were in a shock ward talking to an English officer whose body had been pierced clean through by a large piece of flak. He told them he had handled 8,000 casualties during and after Tunisia and that he had never heard a cry of pain.

"They kept asking us for autographs," says Hope. "My God! We wanted *their* autographs!"

They had dinner with Eisenhower. They spent several days with Doolittle. In Sicily they met General Patton, who was stopping over at King Victor Emmanuel's summer palace. "Old Blood and Guts," tried on all his captured helmets for Hope, and showed him the souvenirs he was bringing home to his nephews.

Their biggest show came in Sicily. There, 19,000 men came off the battlefields of Messina and watched them. Overhead a swarm of fighter planes protected the



Old Angus Brand Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 Proof
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

show. Hope's costume consisted of a scalloped shirt, a five-day growth of beard, and a lightweight suit he had begged off a Britisher. "The shoulders of that suit," he says, "weren't built up at all. I came out shaped like a coward." The beard and the suit, however, could not camouflage the wearer. When Hope stepped out and the men spotted the "ski-snoot" and the chin that hangs like a hammock, and they heard the first words of that dot-dash delivery, they went wild.

Hope & Company (songs, dances, funny sayings) played 218 shows out of doors, and 47 shows in hospital wards, in ten weeks. Average: four shows a day. They played for soldiers in the field, for wounded men in wheelchairs and litters and stretchers. And there was always the personal word, the wisecrack, for the boys in the beds.

Their final show was a radio broadcast from Algiers. When it was over, and the whole big show was over for them, Eisenhower asked them how they felt. They told him that the bombings had been so incessant they hadn't been able to get any sleep.

"You'll sleep tonight," Eisenhower told them. "This place is so well protected the Germans can't possibly get through."

At two that morning they got to bed. At three Quentin Reynolds came in, woke them up, kept them up until four. At four-thirty the German bombers got through.

The next morning they were on their way to England. From England they set out for home, via Iceland. They stopped at Iceland for lunch. The weather was clear and crisp. But when the co laid eyes on Hope, he got a peculiar gleam in those eyes. He went into a huddle with his weather man and then came to Hope with some sad news. "Bad flying conditions," he told him. "You'll have to stay over for six or seven hours." In the meantime . . . would Mr. Hope . . er . . ?

Mr. Hope would and did. He gave three shows in the next four hours. Immediately after the last

Continued on page 172

GOOD SKIING
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GOOD BASS BOOTS

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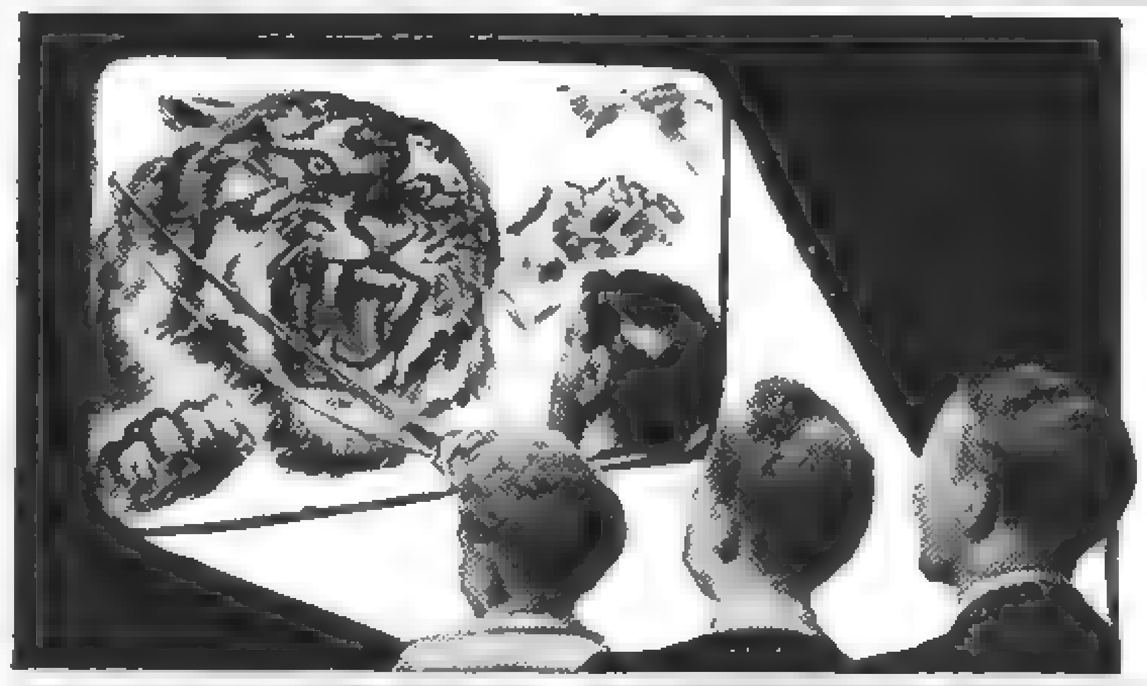

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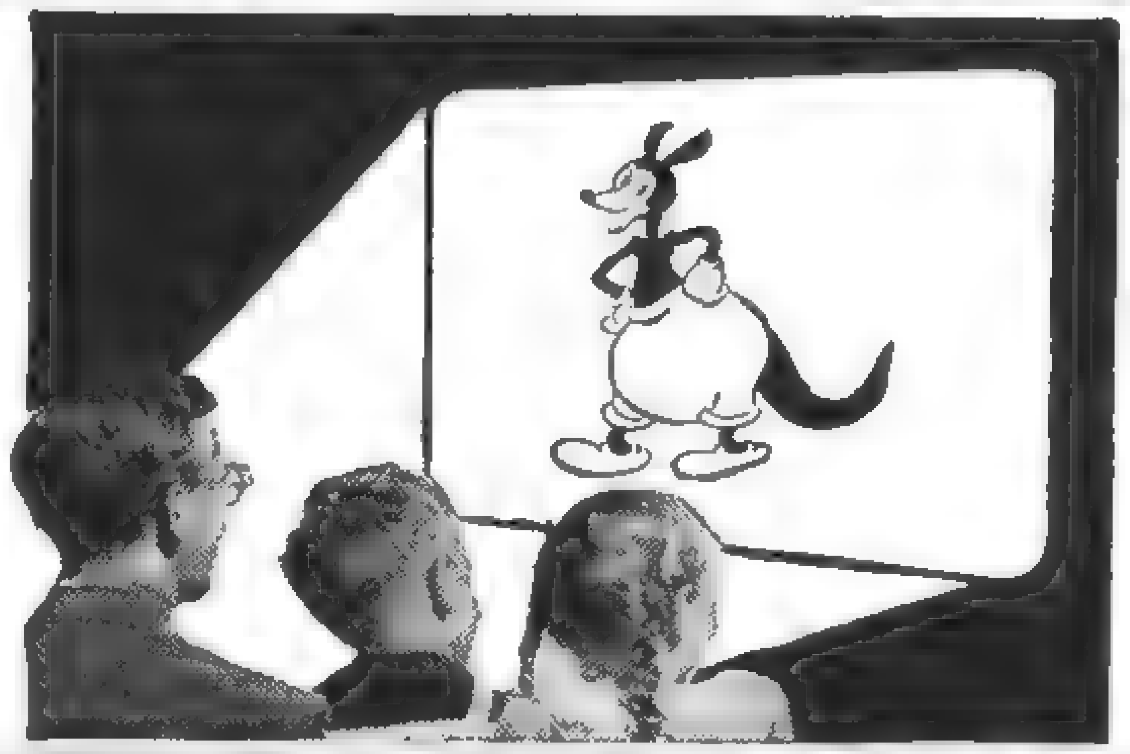

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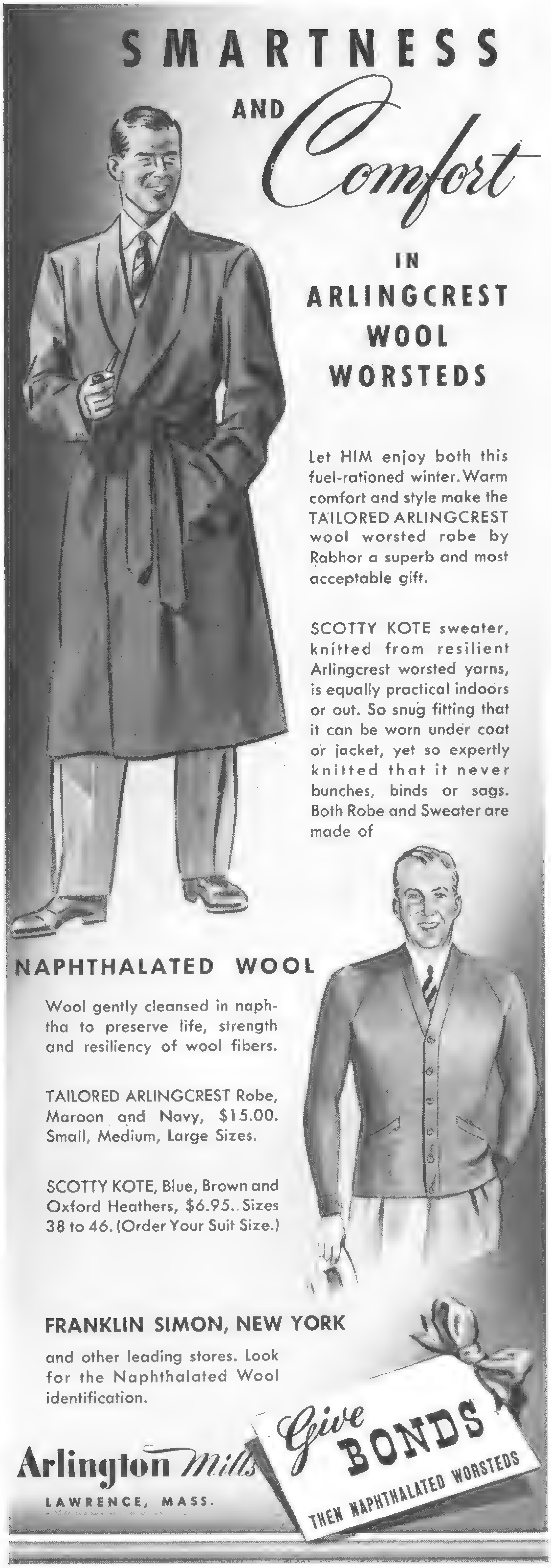

SMARTNESS AND *Comfort* IN ARLINGCREST WOOL WORSTEDS

Let HIM enjoy both this fuel-rationed winter. Warm comfort and style make the TAILORED ARLINGCREST wool worsted robe by Rabhor a superb and most acceptable gift.

SCOTTY KOTE sweater, knitted from resilient Arlingcrest worsted yarns, is equally practical indoors or out. So snug fitting that it can be worn under coat or jacket, yet so expertly knitted that it never bunches, binds or sags. Both Robe and Sweater are made of

NAPHTHALATED WOOL

Wool gently cleansed in naphtha to preserve life, strength and resiliency of wool fibers.

TAILORED ARLINGCREST Robe, Maroon and Navy, $15.00. Small, Medium, Large Sizes.

SCOTTY KOTE, Blue, Brown and Oxford Heathers, $6.95. Sizes 38 to 46. (Order Your Suit Size.)

FRANKLIN SIMON, NEW YORK

and other leading stores. Look for the Naphthalated Wool identification.

Arlington Mills
LAWRENCE, MASS.

Give BONDS
THEN NAPHTHALATED WORSTEDS

Where There's Life

Continued from pages 72-169-171

show the weather man reported that the weather had suddenly cleared up.

So they came home. Hope spent four days in Del Monte, resting. In those four days he did three camp shows.

* * *

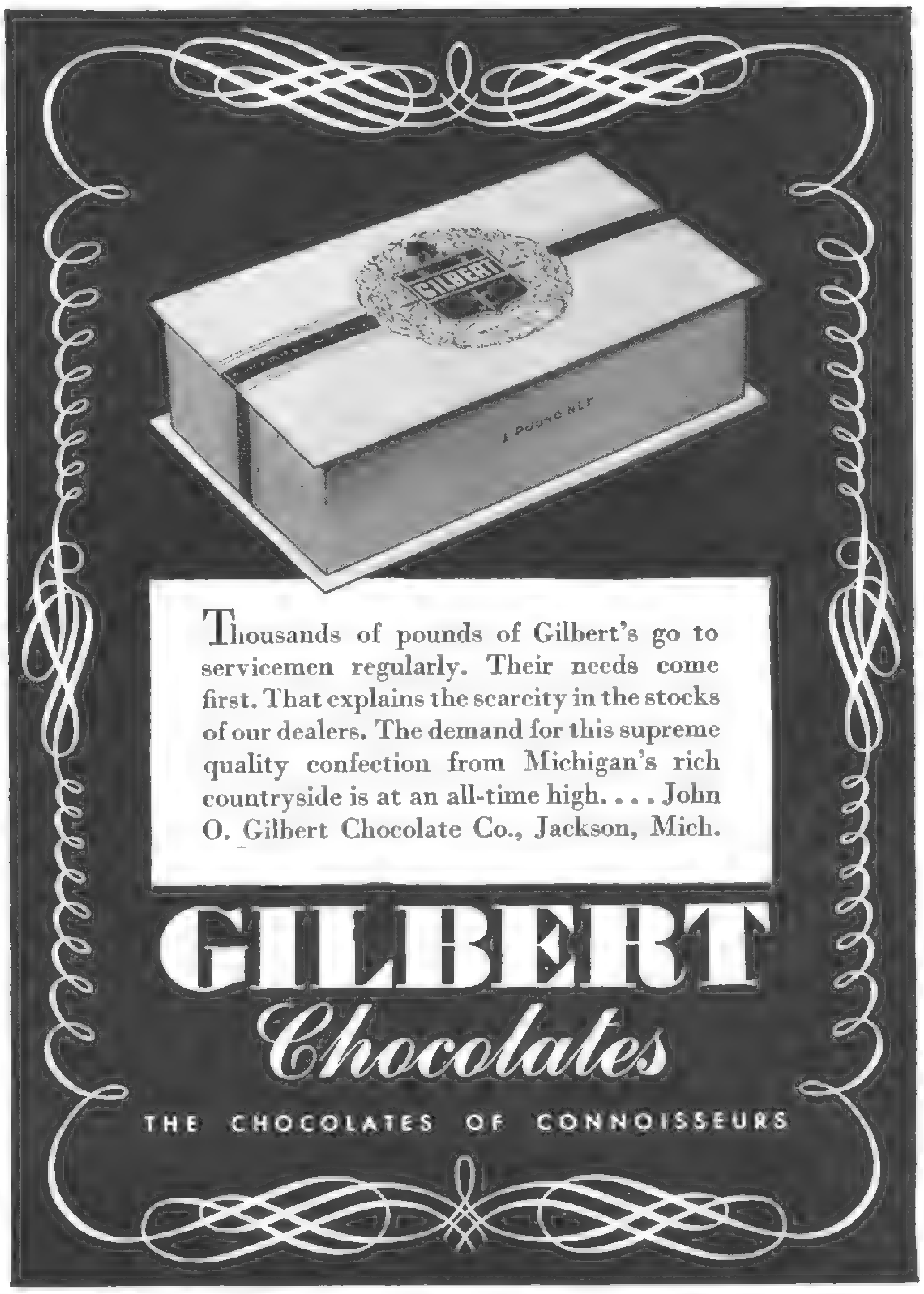
Now there is a thing that happens to a Yank soldier in the far-off places of the world when he sees somebody like Bob Hope in person. He sees everything he left behind, he sees Home Sweet Home. Wherever the caravan went, Hope was bombarded by one request. Would Bob call the folks back home? Could he drop them a line? The men scrawled their addresses, the names of their mothers and wives and sweethearts on all sorts of things—on anything that was handy. Hope came home with hundreds of names and telephone numbers.

These nights, when there is time, he writes to the mothers, wives and sweethearts or calls them up.

His desk is loaded with letters of thanks from mothers whose sons have written about Hope's visit. A soldier in the desert, or on a lonely gun emplacement in the hills, has little to write about. He writes about the heat, and the food, and his buddies, the eternal triangle of his Army life. But if he was one of those 500,000 who saw Hope in Africa and Sicily, his letters changed. So the grateful mothers write. "My boy is just nineteen," says one. "He is a little bewildered and homesick. You made him forget for a little while."

There are all kinds of these letters.

They will all be answered. In between the movies he makes, and his broadcasts, and his bond-selling tours, and his benefits, and his camp shows, and his charity golf games—and his preparations for his forthcoming trip to the South Pacific—there will be time for Bob Hope to answer a few thousand letters. #


Thousands of pounds of Gilbert's go to servicemen regularly. Their needs come first. That explains the scarcity in the stocks of our dealers. The demand for this supreme quality confection from Michigan's rich countryside is at an all-time high. . . . John O. Gilbert Chocolate Co., Jackson, Mich.

GILBERT Chocolates
THE CHOCOLATES OF CONNOISSEURS

From Stovepipe Hats to
Air Raid Helmets

A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

1858 **STOVEPIPE HATS,** target for many a boyish snowball, and satin-lapel coats were the fashion for gentlemen 85 years ago At that time the name Corby's was first heard in connection with fine whiskey.

1898 **STARCHED COLLARS,** the higher the better, teamed up with Ascot ties, colorful double-breasted vests and narrow trousers to set styles for men in Corby's 40th year of respected whiskey tradition.

1910 **FASHION ON THE CAMPUS** in the early 1900's meant peg-top trousers and shoes with bulldog toes. Football came into style at this time, and Corby's reached its fifth decade of fame.

1943 **BEST STYLES** of today are military uniforms or the accoutrements of volunteer civilian war activities. And Corby's is going through its fourth great war as an honored whiskey name.

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

Fashion is fickle and styles may change. Corby's still stands for the light, sociable whiskey with the grand old Canadian name. Distilleries are on production of war materials. Available Corby's is being distributed as fairly as possible. *Even occasional "sampling" of Corby's now may grow to lasting preference after victory.*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois

"Father-and-Son Act"
by BERK-RAY

For a couple of "regular fellers"

A tan, water-repellent, wind-resistant jacket for everything from Sunday afternoon football, to school for him and airplane spotting for you. Lined and collared with wool pile that's light in weight but long on warmth. You'll enjoy the man-to-man feeling he'll get when he wears "WARMSTER PREP" while you wear "WARMSTER MAN"

***Warmster Man* $22.50** *Sizes 36 to 46*
***Warmster Prep* $18.50** *Sizes 8 to 18*

At better stores everywhere. If not available, write:

BERK-RAY CORPORATION
230 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK, 1, N. Y.

Song of a Gun Crew

Oh, are we bound for London Town, for Suez or for Crete?
Will the ancient sands of Egypt next support our eager feet?
Are we headed for the Guinea Gulf, down where the Niger flows?
What's our destination, gents?
  Chorus: The Lord only knows!

Do we sail for Casablanca, Buenos Aires or battered Malta?
Will Brisbane be our stopping place—do we anchor at Gibraltar?
Is the compass course for Arctic seas or where the trade wind blows?
Where's the damned ship going, gents?
  Chorus: The Lord only knows!

Do we carry ammunition—are the holds all jammed with powder?
Is that TNT in Number Three or nicely packed clam chowder?
Do we cart tanks and trucks equipped for work on Russian snows?
What the hell's our cargo, gents?
  Chorus: The Lord only knows!

Are those the shores of Iceland or the snow-white cliffs of Dover?
Do we get it in the pumpkin coming back or going over?
Are we nearing the Equator—do we need our winter clothes?
What is our position, gents?
  Chorus: The Lord only knows!

Will the beer be fit to swallow—will the liquor be expensive?
Will we get ashore for long enough to make our stew extensive?
Is liberty to six o'clock or 'til the barrooms close?
Where do we hoist 'em next?
  Chorus: The Lord only knows!

Will the trip be long or short, my lads?—for one month or a year?
Will we pay off at whiskey rates or be confined to beer?
Are they waiting there in Brooklyn—good old Nellie, Gert and Rose?
Do we rate a leave when we get back?
  Chorus: The Lord only knows!

—ANONYMOUS

Blatz
MILWAUKEE
Milwaukee's Most Exquisite Beer
Buy War Bonds
Always in Company with
GOOD TASTE
Blatz Special Pilsener Brew
Blatz Pilsener Beer

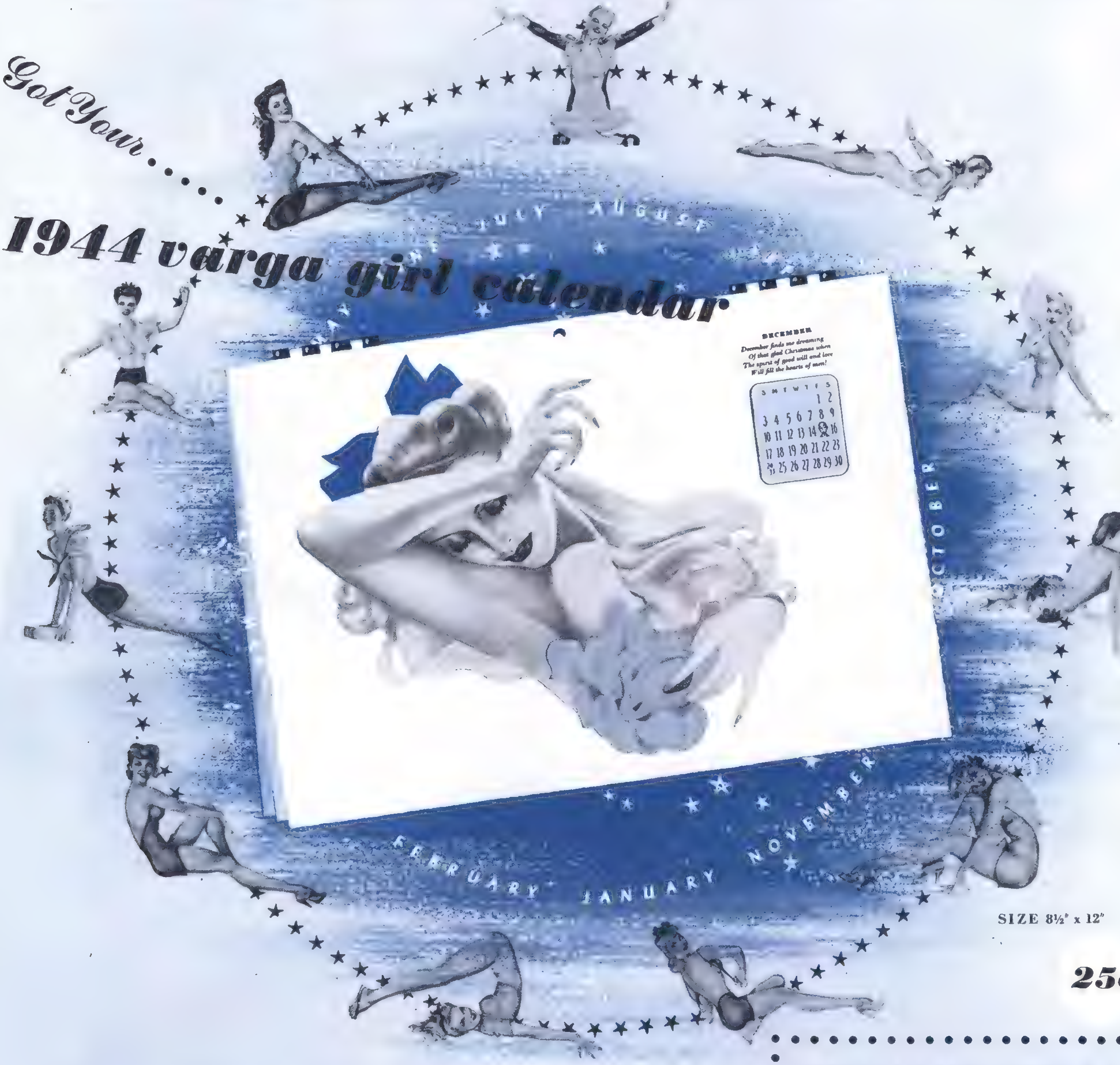
BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS. • IN OUR 93rd YEAR

it's full size
full color
plastic bound

Ring in the New with the brand-new 1944 Varga Girl Calendar. Bound in strong modern plastic and printed on sturdy stock, this gorgeous calendar will weather its due of enthusiasm. And containing twelve pages of completely different, completely knockout Varga Girls, every new page will prove a positive joy on the bill-crammed first of the month ★ Not content with the ordinary popularity of a pin-up girl, our gamsome Varga character has branched out on an international basis. She'll be true to distant soldier, sailor, or marine—at the same time not forgetting the boys back home.

Got Your....

1944 varga girl calendar


JULY
AUGUST
OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
JANUARY
FEBRUARY
DECEMBER
December finds me dreaming
Of that glad Christmas when
The spirit of good will and love
Will fill the hearts of men!
S M T W T F S

SIZE 8½" x 12"

25c

Always the eye-fetcher—and almost always a lady—she'll lend her inimitable eye appeal to bomber or barracks, submarine or suitcase ★ With so much to go for, she's naturally going fast. So make haste while the sun shines. Rustle up a mere two bits and rush to your local newsstand. CALENDARS ARE AVAILABLE DECEMBER 15TH. Or if your newsdealer is sold out, clip the coupon. And, more gorgeous than ever before, the Varga Girl will be yours—for better or for burst

ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1143, CHICAGO 90, ILL

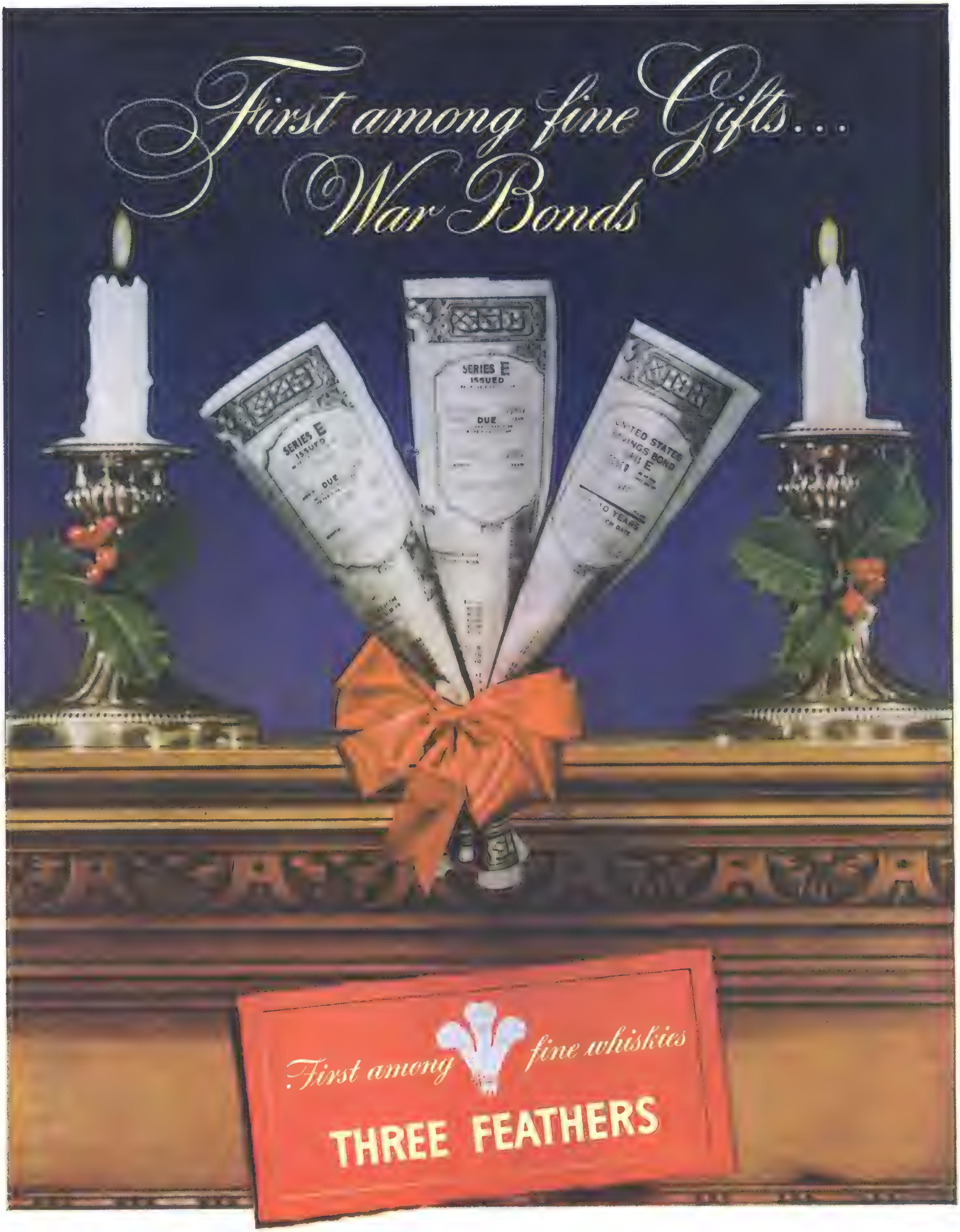
O.K., ESQUIRE, send them pronto • your 12-page full-size and full-color Varga Girl Calendars. I want____Varga Calendars @ 25¢ each, for which I remit $________, payment in full

name______________________________ PLEASE PRINT

address___________________________ U. S. ORDERS ONLY

city_______________________________ NO STAMPS PLEASE

state______________________________


First among fine Gifts...
War Bonds
SERIES E
ISSUED
DUE
UNITED STATES SAVINGS BOND
First among fine whiskies
THREE FEATHERS

THREE FEATHERS BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 Proof, 60% cane products neutral spirits. Oldetyme Distillers, Inc., Aladdin, Pa.
All our distilleries are concentrating 100% on the production of war alcohol

Marriage Is a Partnership

Continued from page 53

"happiness" of the two other parties is of no more interest to the law than the happiness of persons affected by laws regulating weights and measures.

Not one woman in twenty who comes into my office with the look of an angry martyr knows what sort of paper she signed when she got married. I can't go into all the misconceptions with which she entered marriage but here are a few of the most prominent:

First, women believe marriage has something to do with ideals. Their "ideals"—sometimes about impersonal subjects but more often about specific personal behavior—are kind of cute before marriage but just plain onerous afterwards. Gradually "ideals" take shape as something different from, or better than, their husbands. To my eye, ideals are impractical for day-to-day living. They do not wear well over the breakfast table.

Second, women believe marriage reforms men. The power of their love, the business of settling down will change "all that." They don't realize that the fact you *can't* alter a man one-sixteenth of an inch is one of his biggest assets—anyone can tell beforehand just exactly what she's getting into.

Third, women try to live by a set of fallacies called How the Perfect Wife Should Act, and in so doing are as much a pain to their husbands as they must be to themselves. Among these fallacies is the belief that such and such is "woman's work," and let the little woman take care of it. This is dandy for some men but like all other factory-made products, it doesn't fit all of them. Men who might enjoy taking a look around the kitchen are thrown out with a light, condescending kiss and an absent-minded motherly smile.

"Rinso White! Rinso White!"

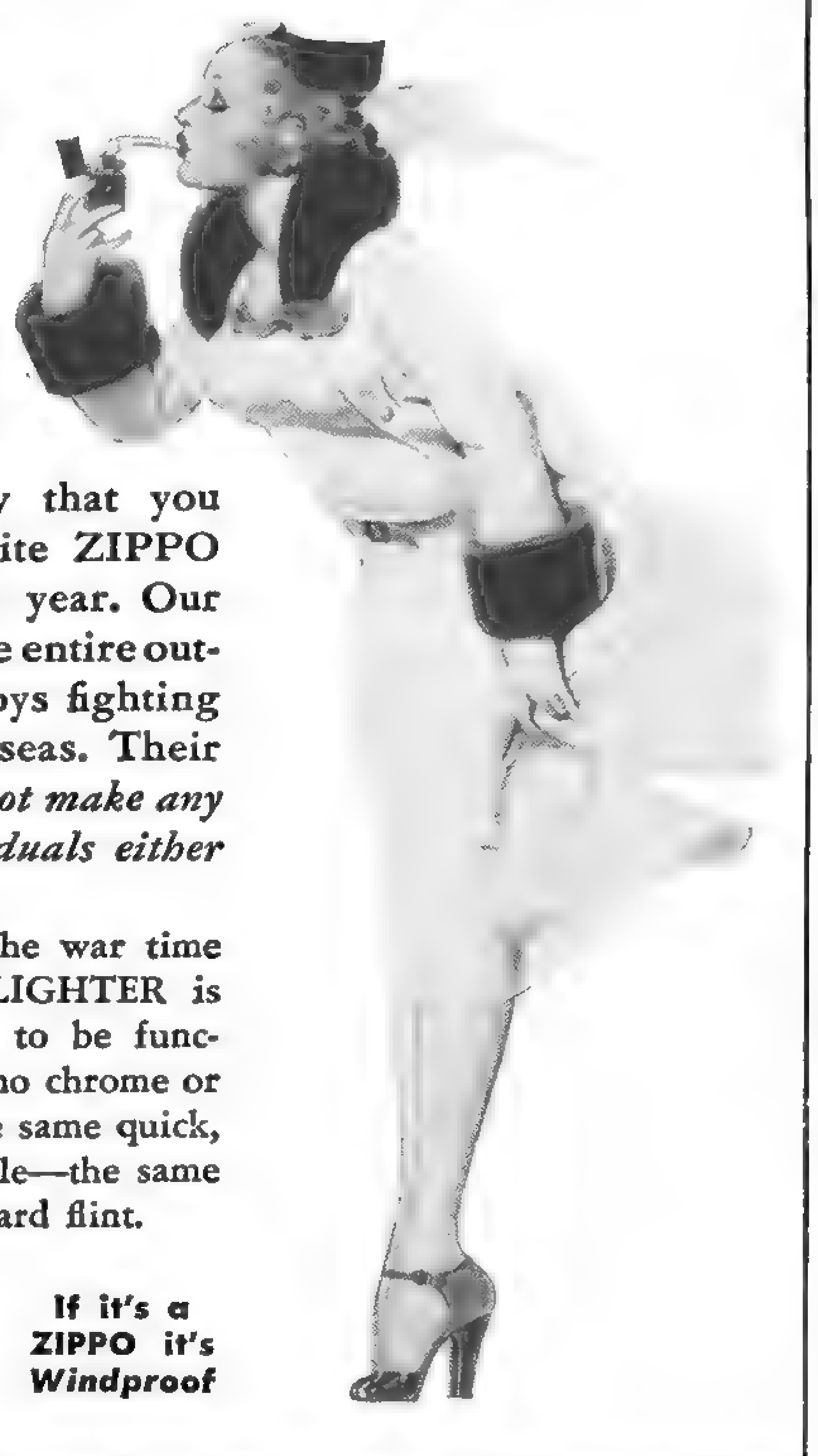
Another fallacy is the professional cling-vine's reasoning that "men don't like women to know too much." Intelligence is *always* refreshing, even in a woman.

The trouble with so many marriages is that women think the bedroom is a soap box in Hyde Park rather than the room wherein stands the bed. Their "ideals" and "theories" about marriage are

Continued on page 174

THIS CHRISTMAS GIVE WAR STAMPS INSTEAD OF A ZIPPO

—The ZIPPO Girl

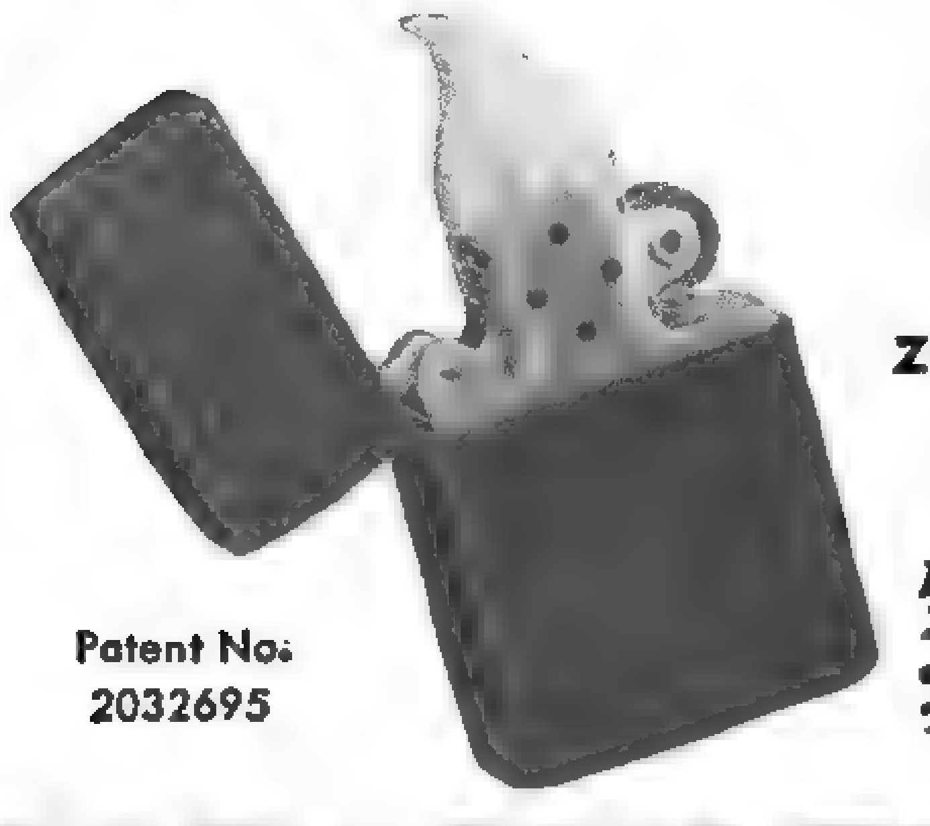


We are extremely sorry that you couldn't give your favorite ZIPPO as a Christmas Gift this year. Our government has drafted the entire output for the use of our boys fighting abroad and on the high seas. Their needs come first. ***We cannot make any direct shipments to individuals either in this country, or abroad!***

If, or when, the sale of the war time model ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER is permitted, it will be found to be functionally unchanged by war—no chrome or silver case, of course, but the same quick, sure fire light in a raging gale—the same permanent wick—the same hard flint.

If it's a ZIPPO it's Windproof

ZIPPO MFG. CO., 7 Barbour St., Bradford, Pa.



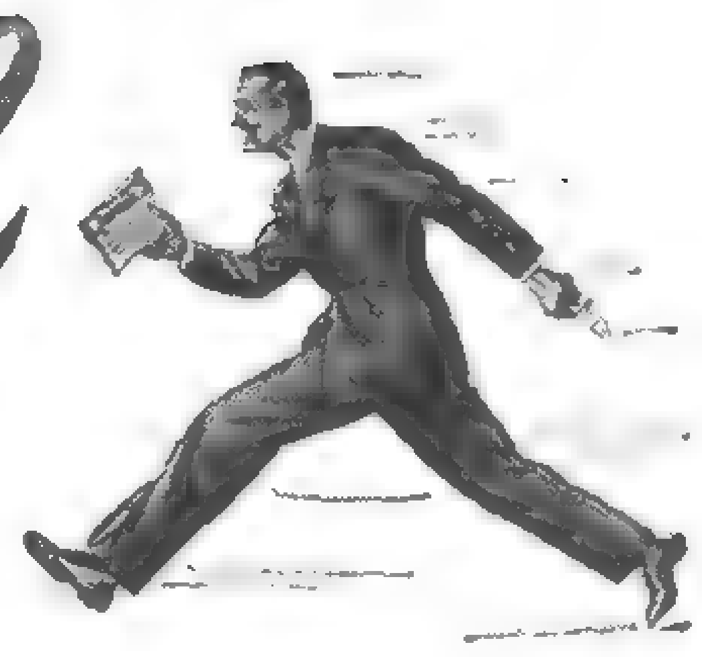
Patent No. 2032695

Demand Genuine ZIPPO Flints and Fluids from your dealer.

I'VE GONE TO WAR SO BUY WAR STAMPS INSTEAD

ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER

Essential



...FOR ACTIVE MEN

TIME is precious to war-plant executives, engineers, architects! They can't afford the constant irritation that comes from minor foot troubles. So they turn to the shoe that keeps them on their toes, despite hours of overtime... Wright Arch Preservers! You too, can get gratifying "overtime" comfort with Wright Arch Preserver Shoes. Four patented construction features bring unparalleled foot relief and foot comfort! All your mental and physical efforts can be devoted to your vital tasks. Moral? *Forget* foot fatigue... *remember* Wright Arch Preservers!

A thousand fine dealers carry these top quality "essential" shoes. Below is a partial listing. If your city is not included, write to E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. E-1, Rockland, Massachusetts.

WRIGHT ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
4 PATENTED COMFORT FEATURES
1. Patented Shank
2. Metatarsal Raise
3. Flat Forepart
4. Correct Arch Fitting
1
2
3

WRIGHT

Arch Preserver

SHOES

Akron	M. O'Neil Co.
Albany	Beaumont's
Allentown	Wetherhold-Metzger
Atlanta	Geo. Muse Clo. Co.
Atlantic City	Katzinger's
Baltimore	N. Hess' Sons
Beaumont	White House
Birmingham	Selby-Bonfield
Boston	Walsh Shoe Shop
	Graham Shoe Co.
	Filene's Men's Store
Bridgeport	Meigs & Co., Inc.
Brooklyn	Phone WI 7-6540
Buffalo	A. M. & A's
Canton, O.	Vicary's
Charleston, S. C.	Condon's
Charleston, W. Va.	Diamond
Charlotte	Gilmer-Moore
Chicago	Marshall Field
Cincinnati	Potter Shoe Co.
Cleveland	Stone Shoe Co.
Columbus	Walters Shoe Co.
Dallas	Volk Bros. Co.
Dayton	Hageman's
Decatur	Folrath & Folrath
Denver	Fontius Shoe Co.
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Detroit	R. H. Fyfe & Co.
Elizabeth	Hilgendorff's
Evansville	Combs Shoe Co.
Flint	The Hub
Fort Wayne	Selby Shoes
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	Bullock's
Louisville	Rodes Rapier
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Macon	Macon Shoe Co.
Memphis	Oak Hall
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	The Dayton Company
Nashville	Meador's
Newark	Funk, Lewis
New Haven	Emerson-Darby
New Orleans	Pokorny's
New York City	In Metropolitan New York are many dealers. For store most conveniently located — telephone WIsconsin 7-6540
Oakland	Chas. Kushins
Okla. City	Rothschild's
Omaha	Arch Preserver Shoe
Peoria	John Moser's
	Crawford's
Philadelphia	Cherry's
	Jacob Reed's Sons
	Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh	Kaufmann's
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Portland, Me.	Lamey-Wellehan
Portland, Ore.	Meier-Frank
Providence	Kays-Newport
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Richmond	Miller, Rhoads
Rochester	Pidgeon's
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San Francisco	Sommer & Kaufmann
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Shreveport	Phelps
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Spokane	The Crescent
Springfield	Morse & Haynes
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Toledo	B. R. Baker Co.
Topeka	Payne Shoes
Trenton	Fischer's
Tulsa	Stern & Levy
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Washington	Boyce & Lewis
	Raleigh-Haberdasher
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Wilkes-Barre	Walters
Wilmington	Storm's
Worcester	Taymor's
York, Pa.	Newswanger's
Youngstown	J. W. Smith

For Women — Selby Arch Preserver Shoes, Portsmouth, Ohio

Robert Bruce KNITWEAR

You'll look a lot better in a

Robert Bruce Sweater

Robert Bruce sweaters are in harmony with everything you've ever wanted in a sweater . . . perfected fit, distinctive styles, colorful beauty, desirable comfort. Moderately priced . . . at men's and boys' shops and department stores.

ROBERT BRUCE KNITWEAR CO.
Sweaters and Swimwear
for men and boys
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Robert Bruce KNITWEAR

Marriage Is a Partnership

Continued from pages 53-173

sharp-pointed petards on which they ever so conscientiously hoist themselves. Sixteen to twenty per cent of all the women who get married these days also get divorced; in almost every case because they didn't bother to find out what they were getting into.

The divorce-minded wife finds that marriage has had very little resemblance to her preconception of it. Of course, from the standpoint of the law, that is not grounds for divorce. The contract has not been seriously breached by either party and the fact that it turned out to be a different contract from the one she thought she was signing is of no interest to the court.

So she comes into my office crying that she tried so hard, but they were just "incompatible." Harry was indifferent; he quarrelled with her about money; he wouldn't move from that frightful neighborhood to the cute little house her folks picked out on the other side of town; he took his stenographer to lunch; he didn't make enough money; he stayed out nights with the boys . . . of course she wants custody of the children. After all, little children *do* need a mother's care. . . .

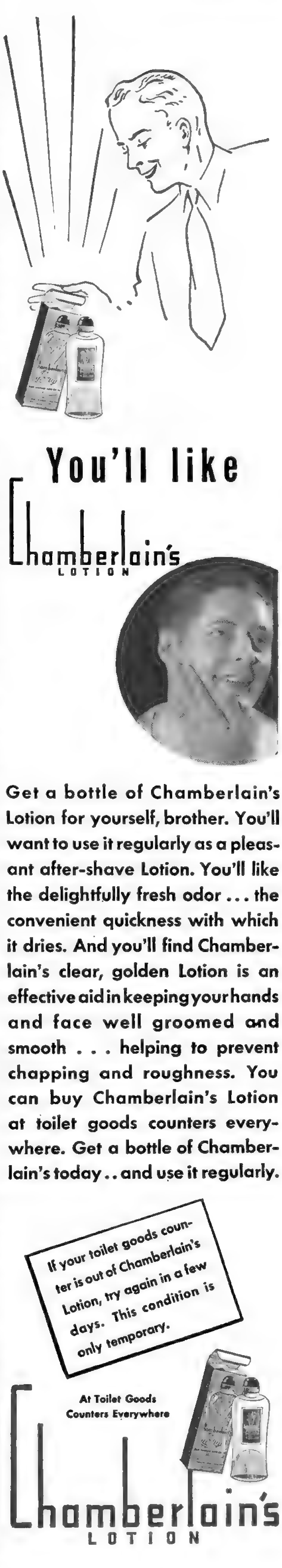
Actually she has no grounds for divorce whatsoever. But ten to one Harry will swear in court that he is an habitual drunkard, or that he deserted her, or committed adultery. Even if it's Harry who wants the divorce, he will allow her to sue him—and therefore admit in court that he is an habitual drunkard, or that he deserted her, or committed adultery. . . .

Without waving any moralistic banners, it's safe to say that divorce isn't good, if only because it plays hell with marriage. Even lawyers, ghouls that we are, don't like divorce cases, because they are deadly monotonous and don't pay much, anyway.

The most disgruntling feature of all is that nine times out of ten it's totally unnecessary. Divorce can be avoided, not when marriage is down on its uppers but before it started. The remedy is to treat it like any legal contract.

If you wanted to transfer real estate, mortgage your farm, make a will or break one, accept a two-year business contract, even sign a ten-dollar-a-year auto insurance policy, you would read every word above the dotted line and shake every clause until it rattled just to make sure no bogeys fell out. You'd go to a lawyer, hang onto his every word, and consider his fee "well worth it." But when it comes to marriage, the longest term contract you'll ever sign, you write your name with the facility of a movie star autographing his ten-thousandth portrait.

If wives-to-be would spend one-tenth the time seeing their lawyers that they do picking out their nighties, a lot more marriages could stand the light of day.



You'll like Chamberlain's LOTION

Get a bottle of Chamberlain's Lotion for yourself, brother. You'll want to use it regularly as a pleasant after-shave Lotion. You'll like the delightfully fresh odor . . . the convenient quickness with which it dries. And you'll find Chamberlain's clear, golden Lotion is an effective aid in keeping your hands and face well groomed and smooth . . . helping to prevent chapping and roughness. You can buy Chamberlain's Lotion at toilet goods counters everywhere. Get a bottle of Chamberlain's today . . and use it regularly.

If your toilet goods counter is out of Chamberlain's Lotion, try again in a few days. This condition is only temporary.

At Toilet Goods Counters Everywhere

Chamberlain's LOTION

Where the Shoe Pinches

Continued from page 65

one of the girls with a shy smile.

"All sorts of things. You see things in a strange light. You work so hard and so steadily that you begin to think that the world owes you all the things you haven't got. But an hour or so in the sunshine with people you can talk with is the best cure in the world. I think it would be good if I took Sundays off."

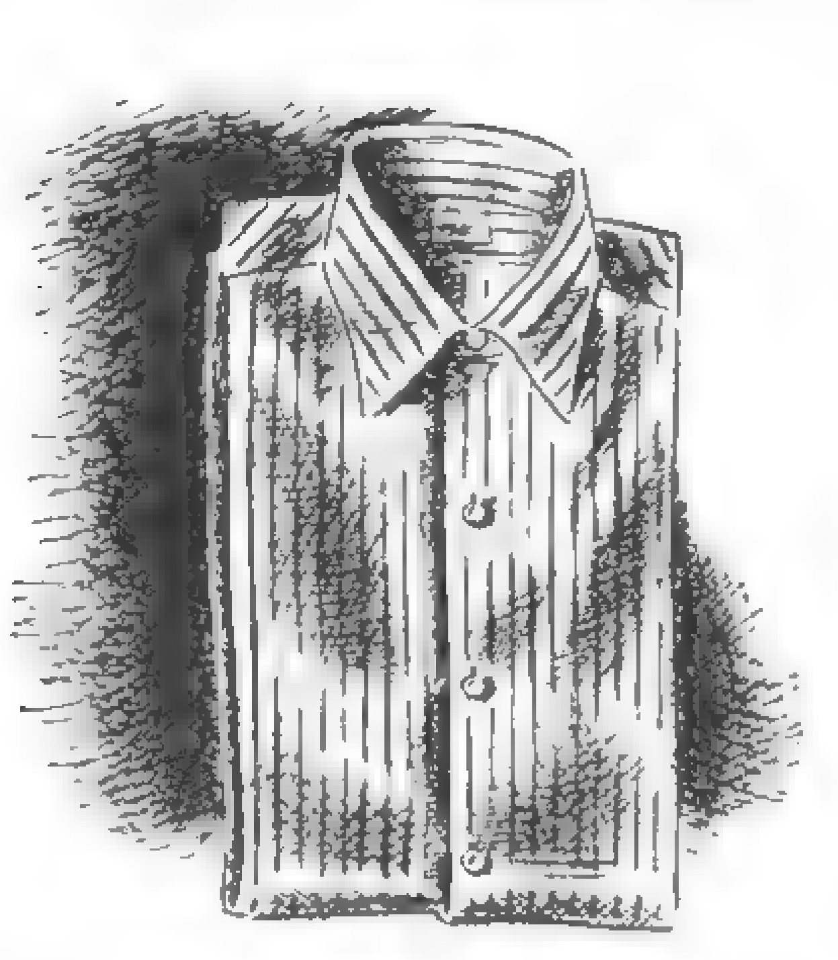
"What would you do with yourself?" asked Alice, looking at him.

"Well, I might come down here to Bridgetown and perhaps you girls would go to the movies with me, or we could go into the real country and take lunch along."

"Mr. Schreiber would like that," said Marion. "We could all four of us go."

"Well, now that's a fine idea," added Mark. "We could all get to know each other better."

It was decided that as soon as it could be arranged they would all go up the river and take their bathing suits along and roast hamburgers over an outdoors fire.



Very dark stripes on white grounds make up a new theme in shirts.

The afternoon slipped by. Every now and then a worried glance came over Mark's face. He feared that the shoes would betray him. He feared he might lose the only pleasant acquaintanceship he had found since coming to work in Brookfield. Several times he was tempted to hurry to the hotel and get the shoes off.

"You know what I like about you?" said Alice. "I like your frank, honest face. Most men try to put on airs and impress you. But you are different."

He blushed and again was ready to confess. He thought: "Curse those shoes!" And yet, the shoes had brought him to Bridgetown that morning. He could not explain how evil and good could both stem from the same thing.

"What are you thinking about?" asked Alice.

"Nothing. Just nothing. And everything. I was thinking of good times and picnics. I was thinking what you said about my

Continued on page 176

TERRY *Wallets*

Terry Wallets are offered with pride by better stores everywhere.

The Finest in LEATHERWARE The mingled quality of fine leathers and superb craftsmanship. In Terry wallets you may place your money and papers with confidence that they are secure and sound in value.

KAYE-MEYERS CO.
NEW YORK CITY

WINE MERCHANTS BY APPOINTMENT

The HARVEY Tradition is *Yours*–

The quality of Harvey patrons since 1796 constitutes our proudest testimonial. To these distinguished wine-lovers, serving Harvey's is a valued tradition. It is a tradition you share each time your table is graced by a bottle of Harvey's.

HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S DRY
PALE AMONTILLADO
SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP.
HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S
CHOICEST FULL PALE
BRISTOL CREAM
SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP.

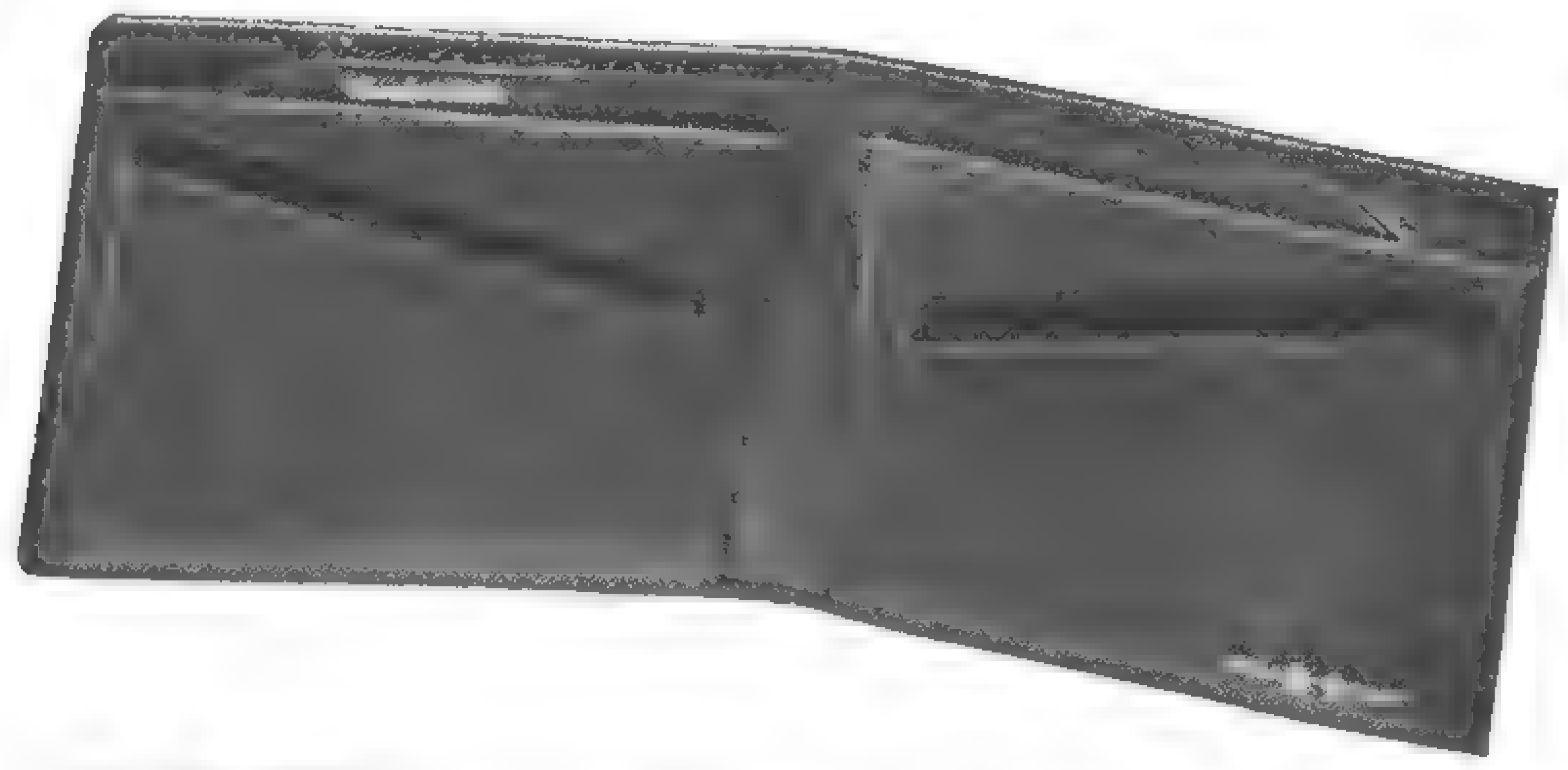
HARVEY'S
IMPORTED
Sherries & Ports

ALSO HARVEY'S SHOOTING . . . select golden sherry, full-bodied, medium-sweet
HARVEY'S HUNTING . . . fine tawny port, mellow and dry
PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.

That's all you need to know about a wallet. Is it a Rugby? That's all you need to know about a wallet.

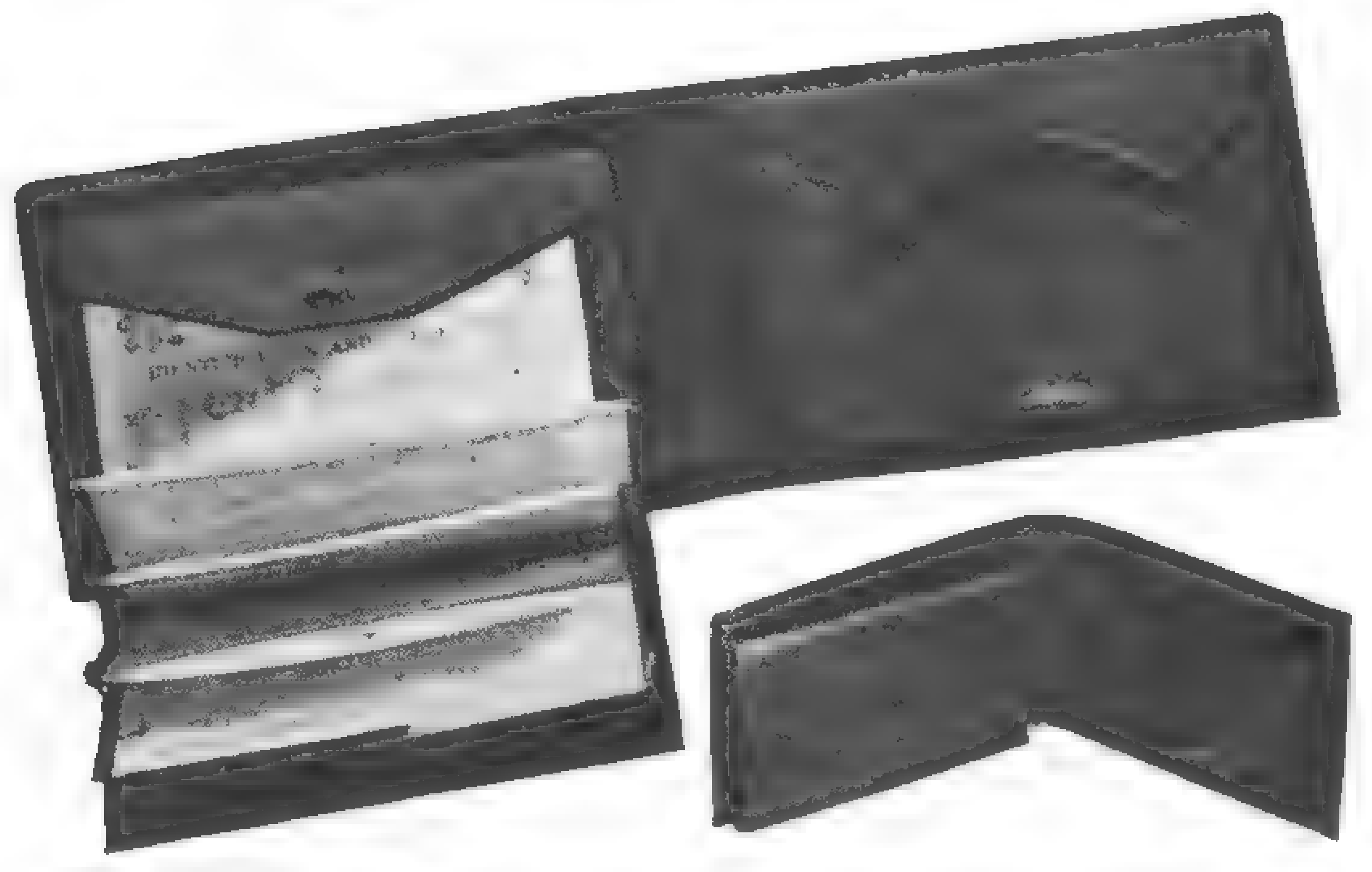
Rugby

Equal to the pride of possessing a RUGBY Wallet is the joy of giving one . . . for the name RUGBY implies the Finest in Leatherware. Hand-turned, Hand-creased, Hand-crafted from cut to finish!



THE CHALLENGER—Modern Streamline Stitchless Billfold. Has double compartment for checks and bills, 2 cleverly hidden pockets for large bills, spare room for cards, passes, etc. Yet thin and compact. Fine Imported Leather, Indian Goat, Saffian Grain, etc. Black or Brown. $7.50

THE LIBERATOR—Combination billfold, pass and photo holder. *Has long bill compartment;* 2 swinging photo holders, 5 pass holders, 2 card pockets. Snap-fastened outside flap. Saddle-finished Leather and Black Pin Grain Morocco . . $3.00



THE COMMANDO—Superbly made English-style two-in-one billfold, with separate compartment for 9 passes, cards, etc. Hand-turned, hand-creased, leather lined. Black and Brown Imported British Morocco or Cross-grain Goat Skin. $7.50

Many other styles from $2.00 to $10.00

At Leading Men's Furnishings, Leather Goods, Drug and Department Stores
RUGBY PRODUCTS CORP., 1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

That's all you need to know.

Is it a Rugby? That's all you need to know about a wallet. Is it a Rugby?

Where the Shoe Pinches

Continued from pages 65-175

face and . . . It might not be true. You should not say it again until you know me better."

"You would say that. An honest fellow would say the words you just spoke."

To avoid more conversation, he proposed a movie. By the time the show was over it would be evening, and he did not want to get back into the hotel before dark.

The movie was very sad. The girls wept and even borrowed his handkerchief. They walked with him to the bus corner. It was arranged that they would meet in Brookfield next Sunday. He was to try to get hold of Mr. Schreiber.

"It's a long time till Sunday," he said sadly, getting into the bus.

That morning he left the hotel boldly. But now he was making plans to sneak back. The loss would be heralded. The porter would be waiting in the lobby. Or Schreiber would be sitting there and, as Mark came into the hall, would exclaim: "There he is! Those are my shoes!"

His heart pounded hard as he looked into the lobby of the hotel. The porter was not there and neither was Mr. Schreiber. Boldly he ran in and started up the stairs.

By this time the shoes were pinching as no shoes had ever pinched before. What a relief when he removed them and furtively set the shoes in front of 323.

It was nine o'clock before he went down to the lunchroom. Charlie, the waiter, said: "Have a nice time in Bridgetown?"

"Couldn't have been better."

When he got back to the hotel he saw Mr. Schreiber in the lobby, and walking boldly up to him, he said: "I got regards to you from Alice and Marion in Bridgetown."

Schreiber jumped to his feet. "Two of the finest girls in the U. S. A.! Didn't know you knew them. Come, let's have a drink."

Later they went upstairs together. At Schreiber's door he glanced down and saw the shoes.

"Funny thing," he remarked. "The porter couldn't find them this morning. Said I never put them out. Now he found them, but forgot to shine them."

They spoke about the coming picnic and they spoke about the girls. Mark learned that the Schreibers were an old New England family. In fact, Mark was forced to revise all his pronouncements against Walter.

The next morning Mark put on his old suit and his old shoes.

At the factory gate the timekeeper remarked: "I didn't check you in yesterday. I suppose you took a day off?"

"Yes," said Mark boldly, "and what a day!" ⌗

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Some Tunes Depart from Limbo

Continued from page 66

Rhythm Kids" in 1922. Here are his preferred tunes, class 1 and class 2:

(1) *Rosy Cheeks, Sweetheart, Maybe, Aggravating Papa, Bright Eyes.*

(2) *Jim Town Blues, My Sweet Loving Man, Riverboat Shuffle, Dada Strain, Eccentric.*

Of course I love many of the five tunes Georges Brunes listed on his own, *Dada Strain* particularly. I hadn't mentioned it myself because I thought it was too well known.

Fifty-second Street, now "Swing Alley," draws a big crowd these days to hear Art Tatum and a young pianist for whom I predict the brightest future—Hank Kahout. Every piano teaser in New York comes to take lessons in finger lightness and dexterity. I found Art Tatum; he and I slid into a quiet corner and I put my examination questions to him. (I chose Art Tatum as the finest pianist of current jazz, despite his somewhat monotonous solos, for I've heard him when he was in a class by himself—at a jam session.) Art immediately told me his five favorites:

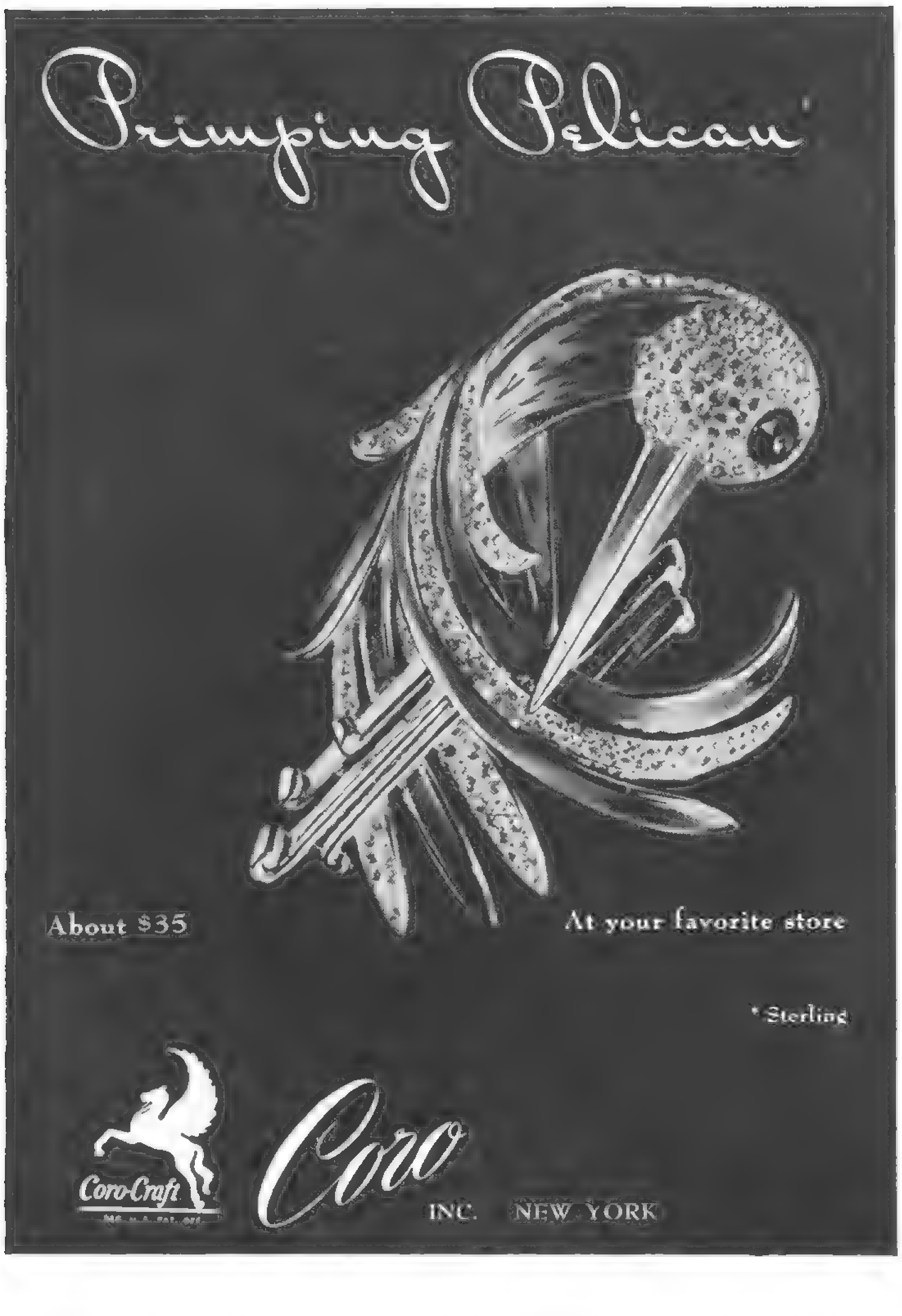
Rose of the Rio Grande, My Sweetie Went Away, House of David Blues, Home Again Blues, Aunt Hagar's Blues. I was about to write down his own selections when a flock of relentless admirers intervened and took him away by force. A few minutes later he was called back to the orchestra and I had to give up the idea of learning his list of second bests.

Brad Gowans is also an oldtimer who has done a great deal for jazz. He has been playing the trombone for almost a quarter of a century in every successive Dixieland band on record. Here are his answers, and they certainly take highest honors in the exam:

(1) *Sweetheart, Love Tales, Aggravating Papa, Hard Hearted Hannah, Home Again Blues.*

(2) *He Walks Like My Man,*

Continued on page 173



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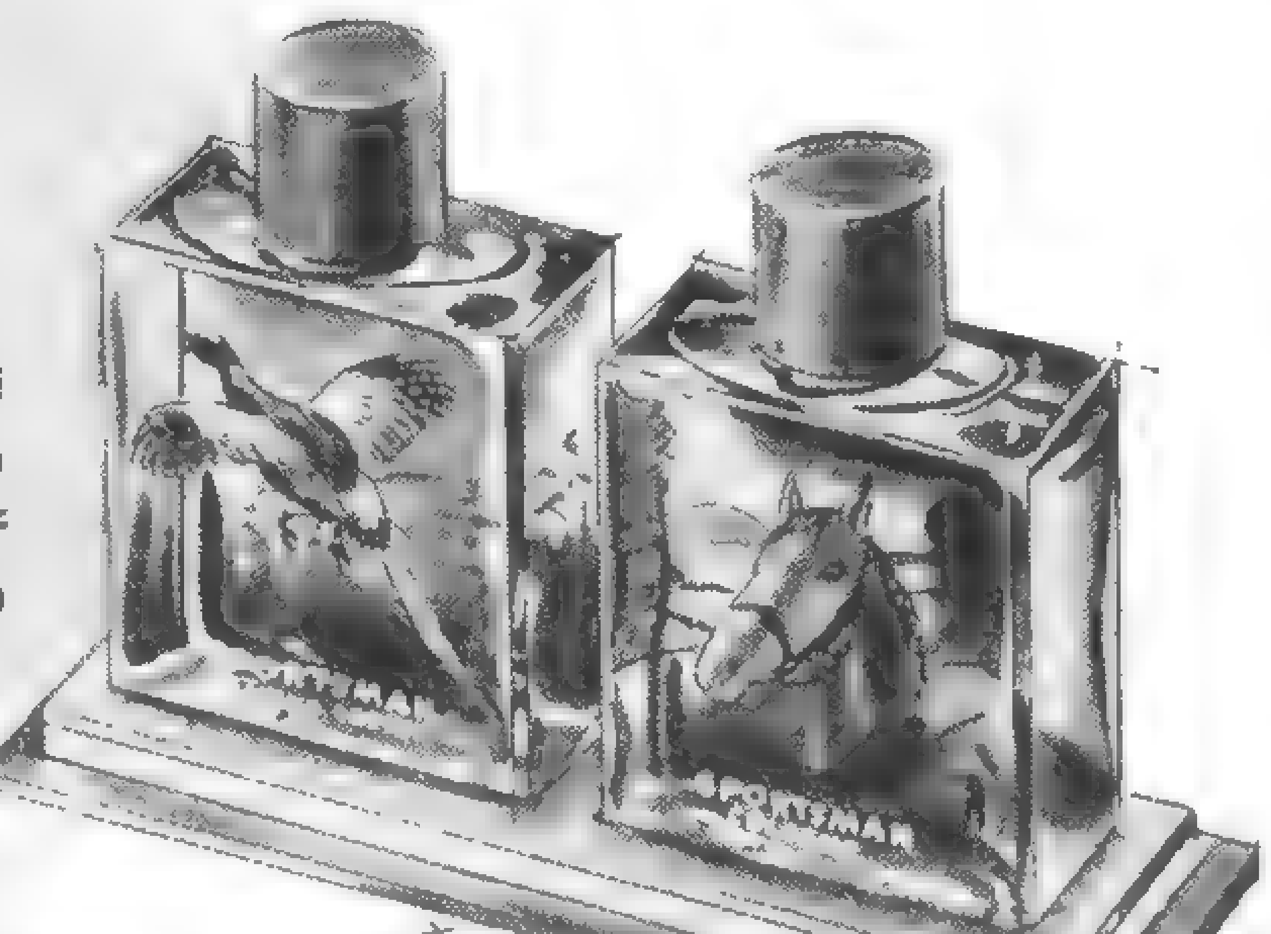

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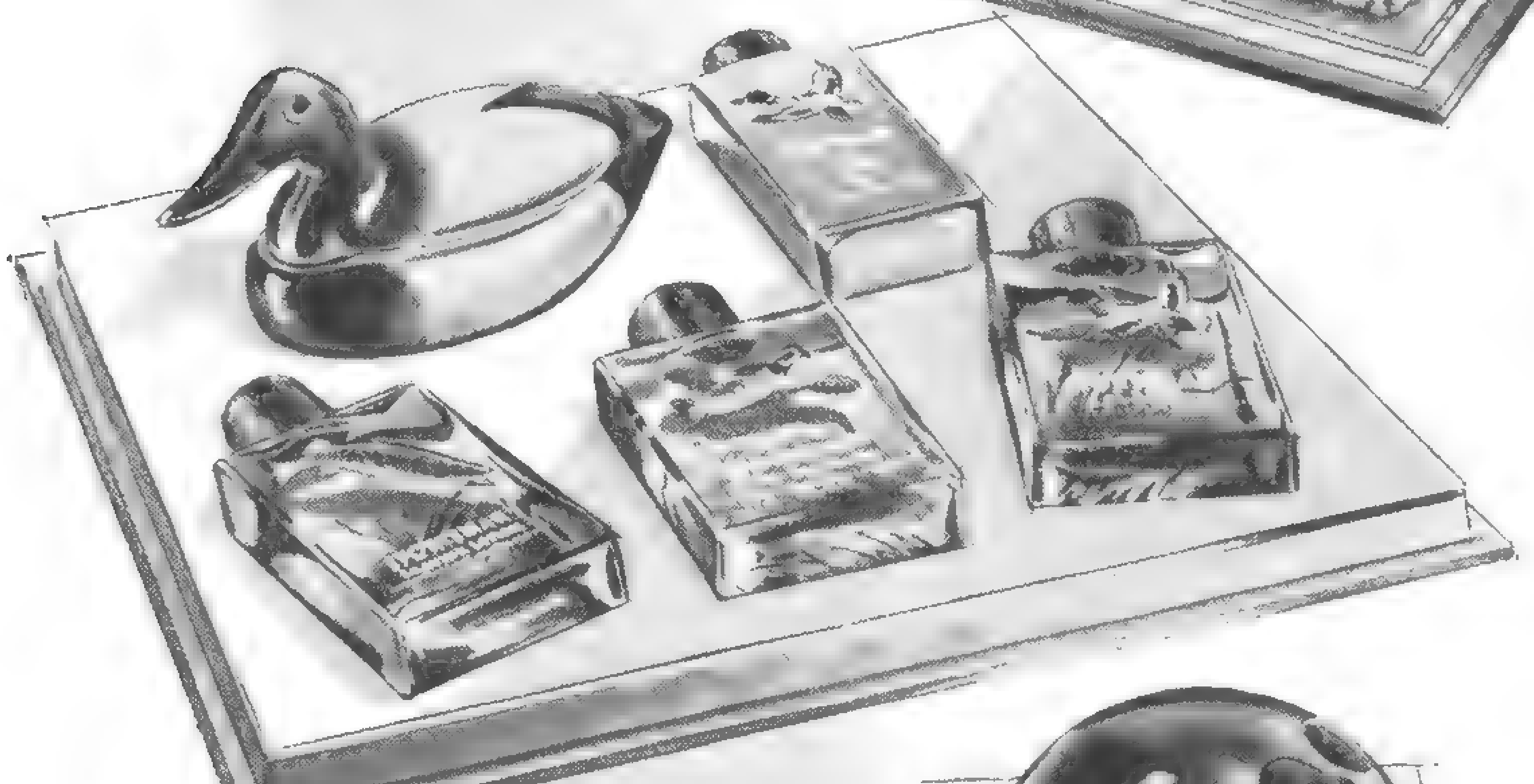

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Some Tunes Depart from Limbo

Continued from pages 66-177

Hey Hey!, I Ain't Going to Give Nobody None of My Jelly Roll, Sphinx, Sudan.

The revival of five tunes was well worth a three-hour trip to Philadelphia so I went down to talk to Lionel Hampton. When he heard my list of thirty-two titles, he went into a trance and immediately intoned:

(1) *Home Again Blues, Aunt Hagar's Blues, Love Nest,* and *Rose of the Rio Grande.*

(2) *Tenderly, Moonlight and Roses, Maple Leaf Rag, Wolverine Blues, Tin Roof Blues.*

Now would be the time to express my own sentiments, but I won't, except to say that I loved the thirty-two tunes I listed and I believe the poll proved the choice to be well made.

The two musical champions of the revival are jazz beauties. I wonder how they could have slid into the abyss of forgetfulness: *Sweetheart* and *Home Again Blues.* The first I heard sung all one winter by the tenor sax player, Bobby Jones, who went to Europe in 1919, returned to America later, and has always been equal to the best. Each tune had obtained four votes. Right after them, with one vote less, came a splendid trio of tunes—*Aunt Hagar's Blues,* W. C. Handy's old melancholy tune which was so catching that it became the inspirational theme of the *Creation of the World* by Darius Milhaud. Then *Hard Hearted Hannah* and *Aggravating Papa,* ideal tunes for a jam session.

Each member of another trinity had pulled two votes: *House of David Blues, Rose of the Rio Grande,* and *Love Nest.* Then there were those which brought only one vote but which are dear to my heart: *I'm Going South, I'll See You in Cuba, Maybe, Bright Eyes, My Sweetie Went Away, Rosy Cheeks.*

I don't despair of seeing *Sweetheart* and *Home Again Blues* become popular again. Some excellent tunes for improvisation are played occasionally—*Embraceable You* and *Honeysuckle Rose*—but the old *Maybe* (not that sung by Don Redman), *Bright Eyes, My Sweetie Went Away, Hard Hearted Hannah,* and *Rosy Cheeks,* also have all the emotion and rhythm.

Among those tunes I didn't list are some which deserve mention: *Jim Town Blues, Tin Roof Blues, Dada Strain*—all good enough for Swing Alley or Chez Nick any time. And then there's *Choo Choo Blues, Red Head Gal, Sunny Jack, Sweet Sixteen, Dapper Dan,* and above all, *Nashville Nightingale,* which, in my opinion, is one of Gershwin's greatest tunes. For them, limbo is not good enough. #

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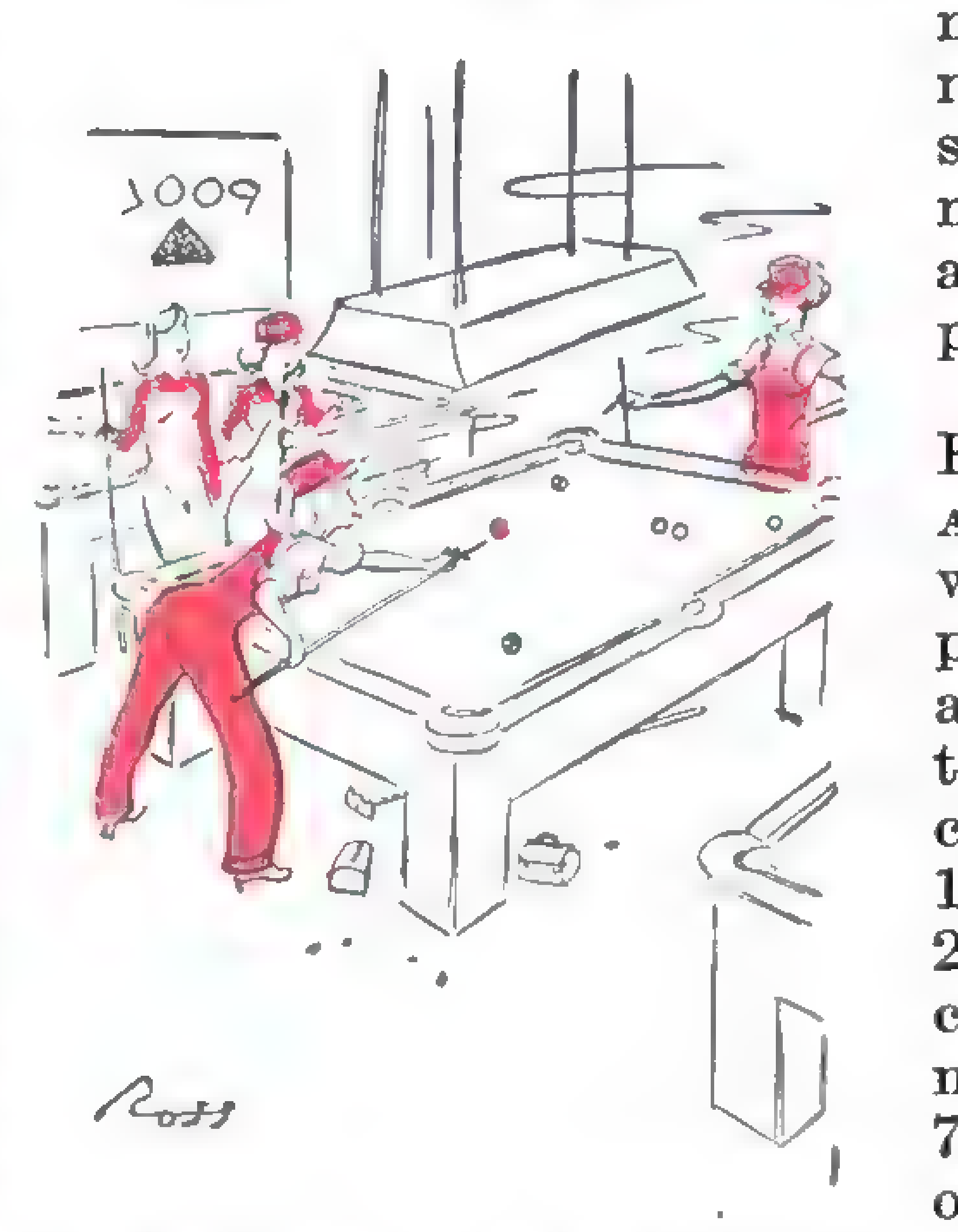
Crimmins, King of the Pins

Continued from page 69

thin hits. He finds this practical in all environments.

Known then only by repute as a character who shot good pins in Toledo, Johnny soon secured a stockchaser's job with the Briggs Manufacturing Company in Detroit through William "Bill" North, factory executive and a top-flight bowler in his own right. It wasn't long before Crimmins was exhibiting his uncanny knack in the same league that North was rolling in, but, as it chanced, boss and employee were performing for different teams. One day Johnny suddenly found himself lugging great, burdensome pipes all over the vast Briggs plant. Eight hours of steady, killing labor. Orders from "Bill" North. That night Johnny discovered himself bowling against North's team. It was the last night of the league and their two teams were tied for first place. Crimmins blew up some beautiful strategy when he winged his crew to a three-game victory and helped himself to a league record—268, 237 and 300 for a total haul of 805!



The sallow-complexioned ex-factory worker (he is now good will ambassador for the National Billiard Supply Company of Chicago), easily rates a prominent niche in the eternal hall for his steady tournament performances alone in the past ten years.

A fast skim: First in ten-year ABC averages with 203.38 . . . 17 perfect games . . . anchored Fife team to ABC championship in 1939 . . . averaged 221 plus, for seven consecutive tournaments in 1936-7, a world's record . . . has twice scored grand slams—in the Elk's National in 1937 he fired a 2,156 all-events total, a 239.5 average, taking the singles, doubles and all-events in addition to being a member of the championship 5-man team! Johnny has a flock of championship notches.

It is his proved contention that bowlers court most of their woes

Continued on page 180

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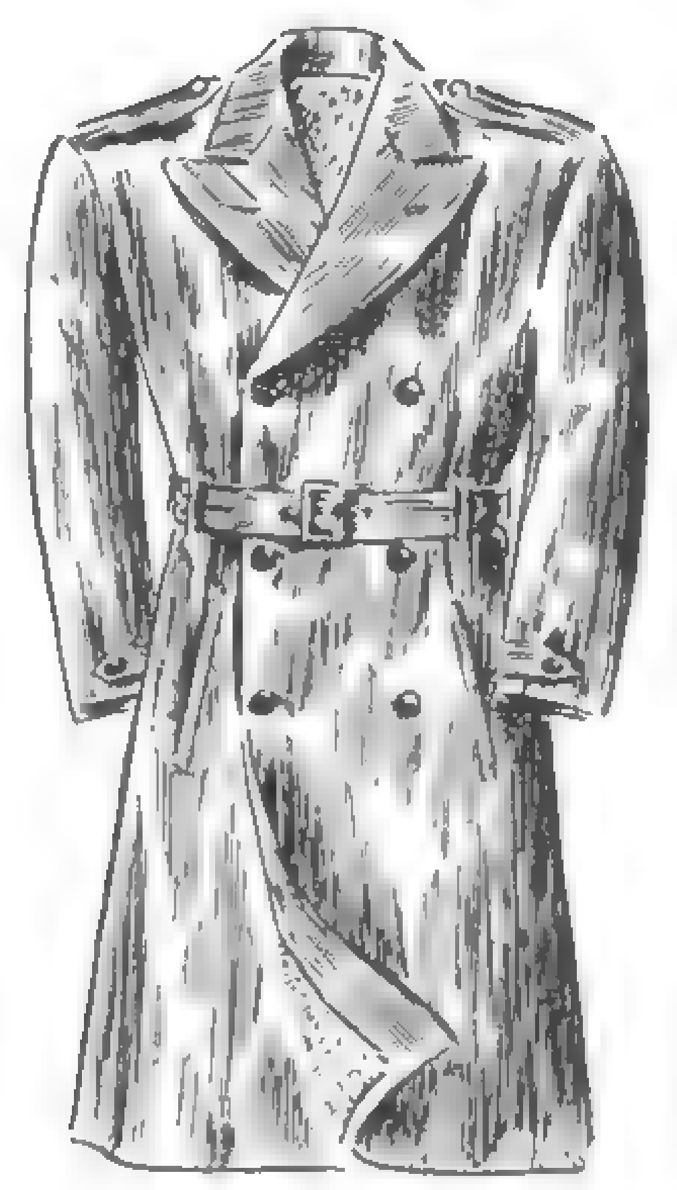
Crimmins, King of the Pins

Continued from pages 69-179

by going up to the foul line too fast, thus disorganizing footwork, timing and follow-through—the game's prime essentials. Charging the line makes it almost impossible for one to release the ball properly and at the right instant.



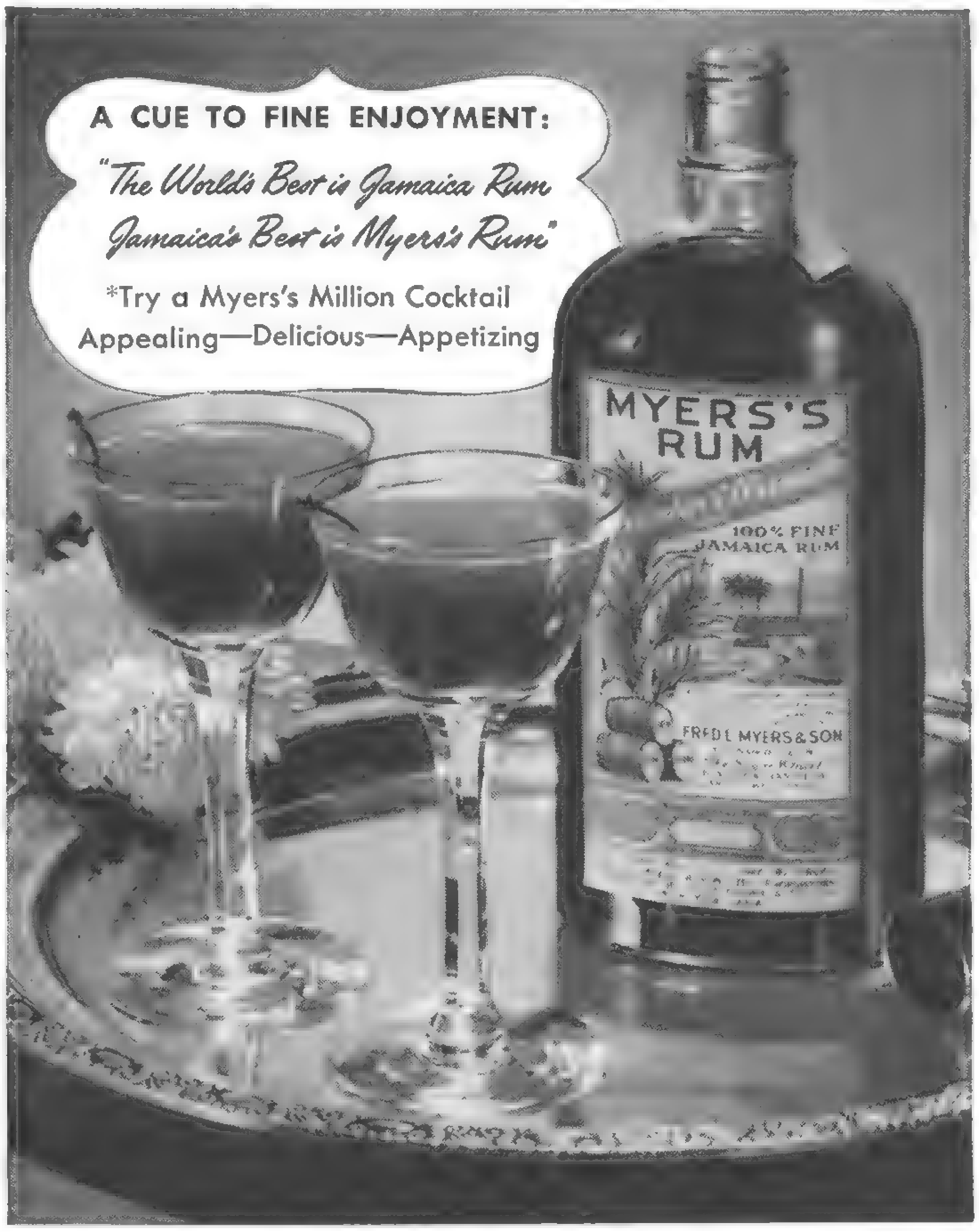
Dull tan corduroy coat with epaulets and all-around belt is lined with pile woolen fabric for good protection for off-duty wear.

Another fault that many bowlers have, according to him, is that they shift and twist their bodies. One should face the pins squarely, shouldersstraight, and go up to the foul mark in a direct line, with just enough momentum to deliver a natural, medium-fast ball. On alleys that work normally, a right handed bowler should line himself with the 3-pin; a left-hander should stand in back of the 2-pin.

He also advises one to dispense with extra baggage on one's backswing. Let the arm-swing work like a well-oiled pendulum, without any force or strain—straight back by its own gravitative power and straight out in front; forget the fancy business.

Other simple pearls of advice: roll, roll, roll the ball gently off your fingers—nix on the twisting and jerking . . . relax, keep loose, take it easy, concentrate on every pitch, don't get into the habit of loafing . . . use a well-fitted ball . . . practice at every opportunity . . . simplify your action as much as possible.

Crimmins takes one step forward, points his left foot, gets set, and then continues to the foul line with four more fast, energetic walking steps. Most crack shots take four or five steps. Johnny would like to be powerful enough to just stand at the foul line and whip the ball out at pins without taking any steps at all. He solemnly insists that it would be the one solution for perfect timing. "The more steps you take, the more balled-up you can get." ⧻



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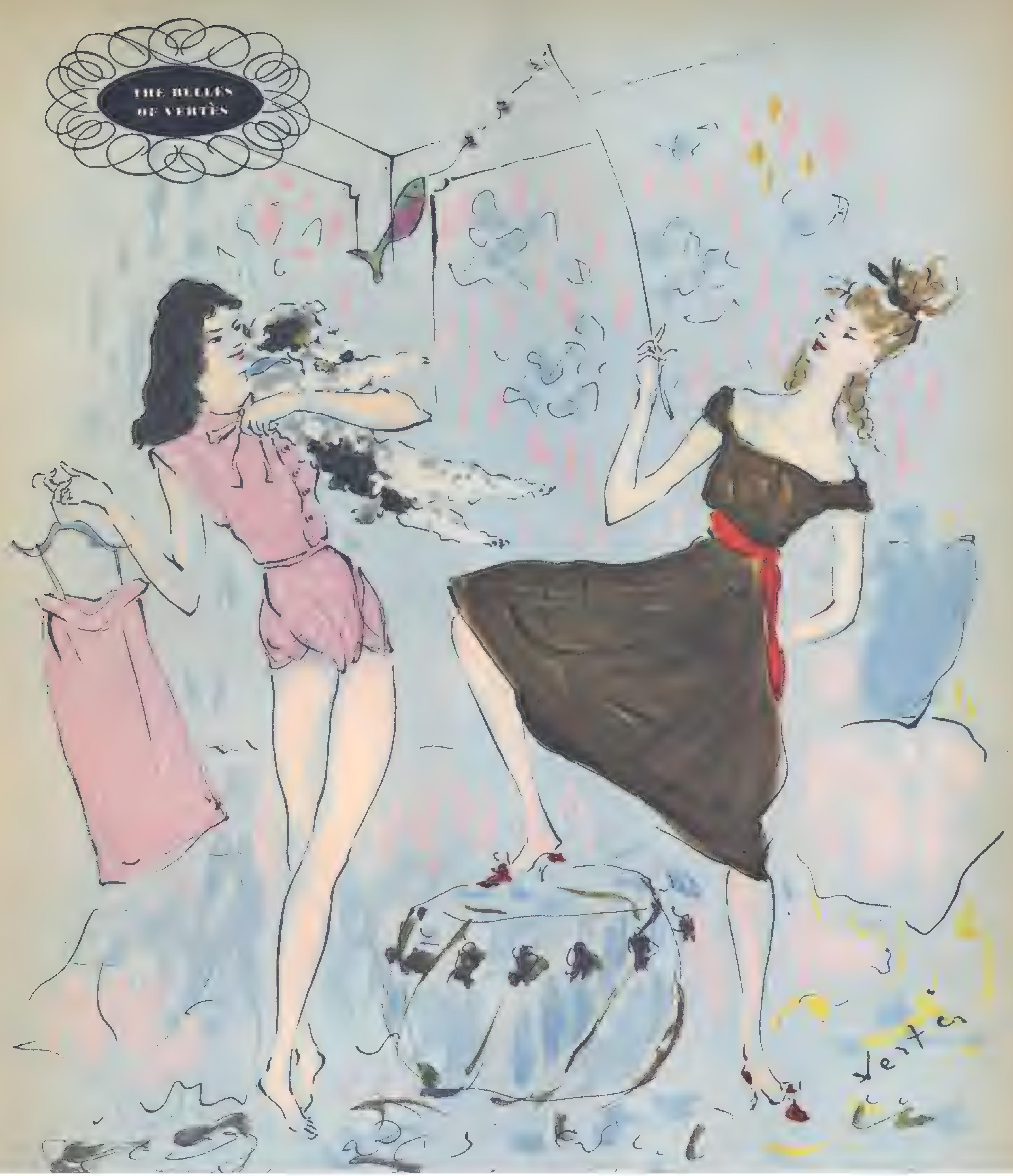
THE BELLES OF VERTÈS

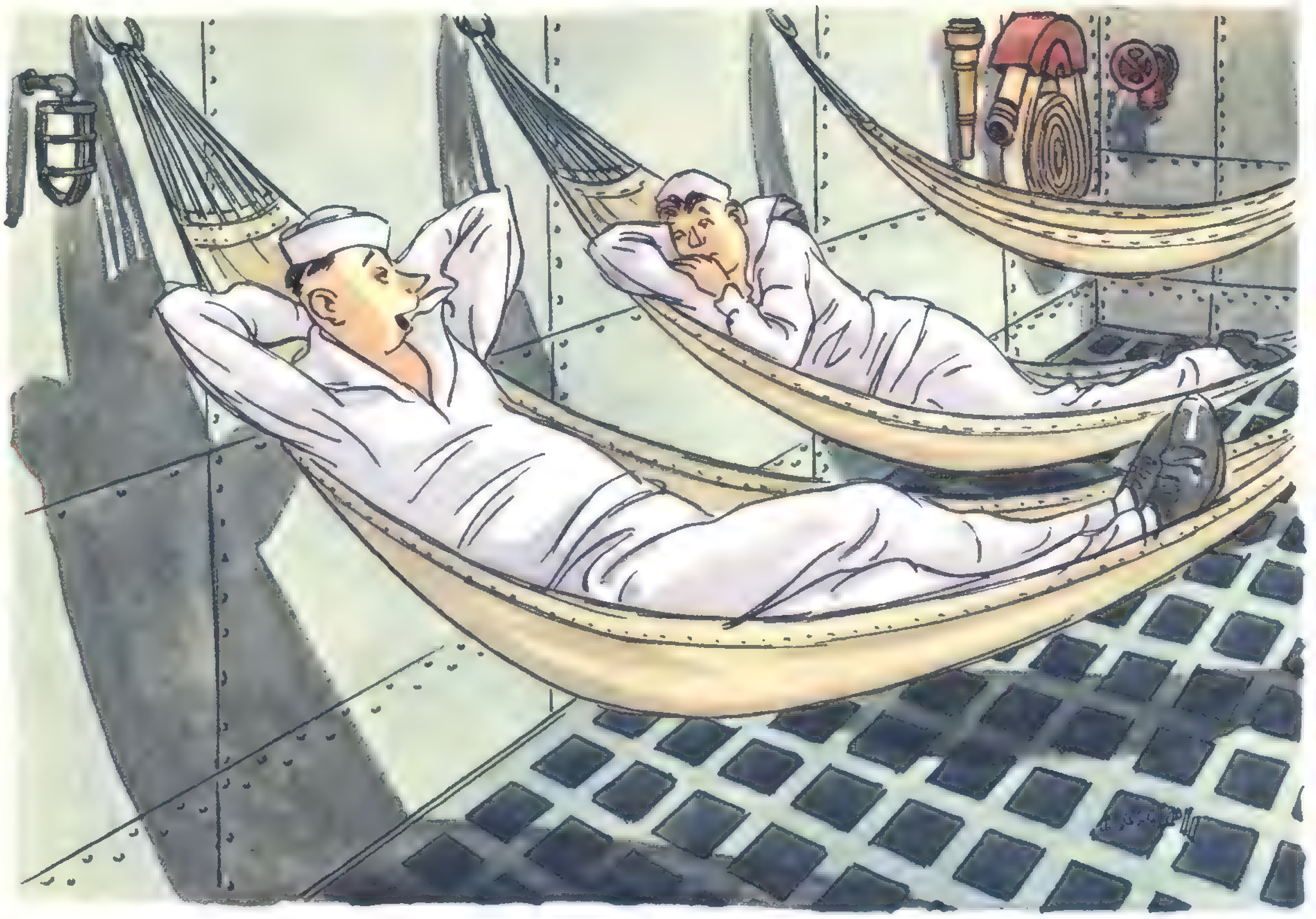


"What won't we girls do to entertain ourselves until the boys come home?"

Let's try and stick strictly to our knitting, what with Zip in North Africa, and Mudge and Pidge in England, and Danny sailing out of our lives from 'Frisco. See, I can trip the fantastic with this speckled pooch . . . Our barefoot belle ties the tails of her blouse around her waist, sarong-style. Her outfit is red and white dotted crepe yarn jersey. Her friend makes like a fisherman in a niftily shirred and pleated dress of the same material. Red belt comes in black, too. Hmm—what'll we do now for fun? Your girl friend's boy friend works at Lockheed? Whoops, let's go. I always was the riveter type, anyways . . .

(For answers to Fashion queries, address Dora Deane, c/o Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

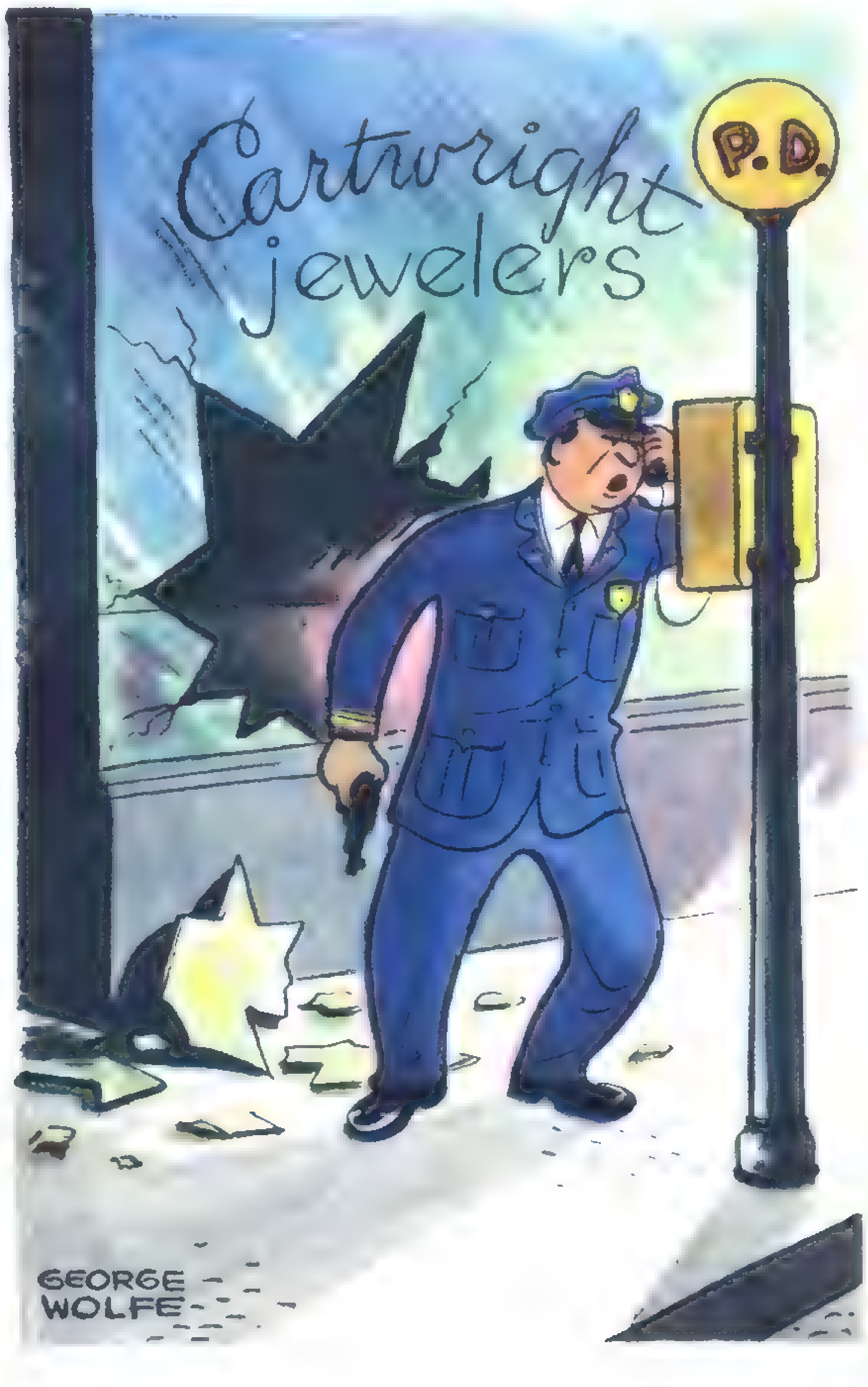
Editor's Note: *Esquire will accept no responsibility for what may happen if male readers fail to tear off the bottom of this page before letting their female dependents see it.*



"I just had a marvelous dream—I was sleeping in a bed"

◀ MUSTANGS FORM A SPEARHEAD TO OPEN A SECOND FRONT

These are the swift, deadly bombers which made news in the invasion of Sicily, flying low to pulverize power stations, communication lines, railroad junctions and bridges, destroying transport trucks carrying Italian troops, and blasting at ships along the coast. It was then that the Mustang was characterized by the Truman Committee as "our top-ranking one-engined fighter." Writing from an advance air base in North Africa last summer, Capt. Roger L. Miller said: "Operating in Sicily is far from easy. The country is mountainous and rugged. The ships peel off to dive on the target in line, dropping their bombs. Then the leader pulls out and clears a hill if he's lucky. Each succeeding plane gets lower and lower. We don't dive as fast as most people think, but actually we have gone so fast that we've caught up with our own bullets ricocheted back. Normally we come over the target pretty high, say a small prayer and let her go straight down. The brakes hold down our speed and we keep sight on the target for several thousand feet. It's uncanny. You know you're really in a dive because your stomach wants to come straight up. When we get to the bottom we just say a prayer for the Germans and Italians and push the button. Then we pull back on the stick and look around for fighters or something to strafe. In a few seconds, we change from the best dive bombing plane in the world to one of the best low-altitude fighters." Before the invasion of Sicily, the Mustangs had proved their mettle over Northern France and the low countries, strafing Nazi ground troops, gun positions and off-shore shipping. Used by the RAF in daylight raids over Germany, they were the first single-engined fighters based in England to reach that country. A news release stressing their immense range said: "The Mustangs, American built, and the fastest co-operation aircraft in the world—had for their targets the Dortmund-Ems Canal and objectives in Holland. They made a round trip of between 600 and 700 miles." Flying at zero altitude these ships meet heavy machine-gun fire and come back with perforated wings, punctured cockpits and full tanks. But they almost always come back. Latest version of the North American Mustang is the P-51 which is powered by a Rolls-Royce "Merlin" engine and fires two fifty-caliber machine guns from each wing. Mustang pilots delcare that those stubby wings make it one of the most maneuverable of planes and the laminar-flow design of the wing gives it more speed than any other American-built plane in action in the European theatre.



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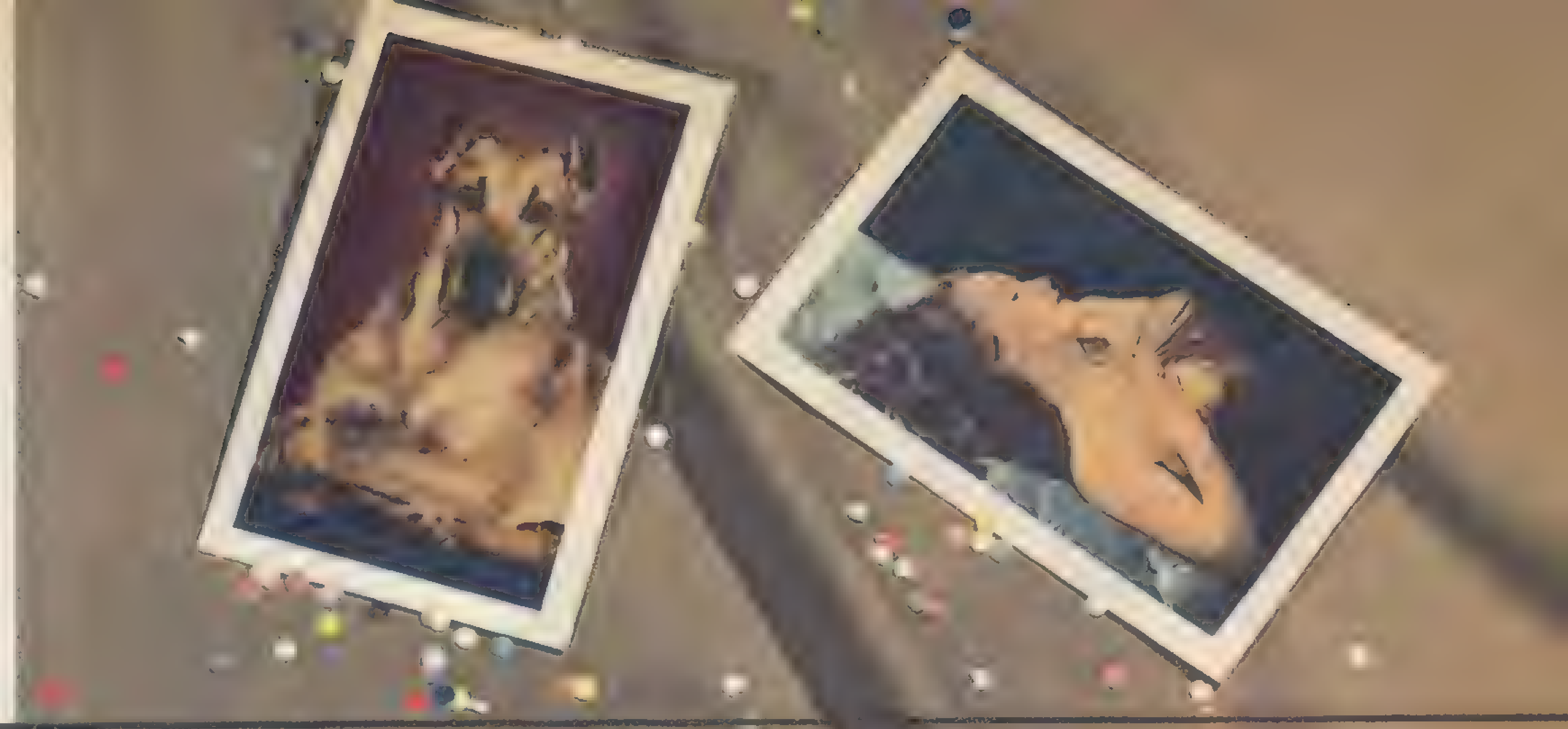

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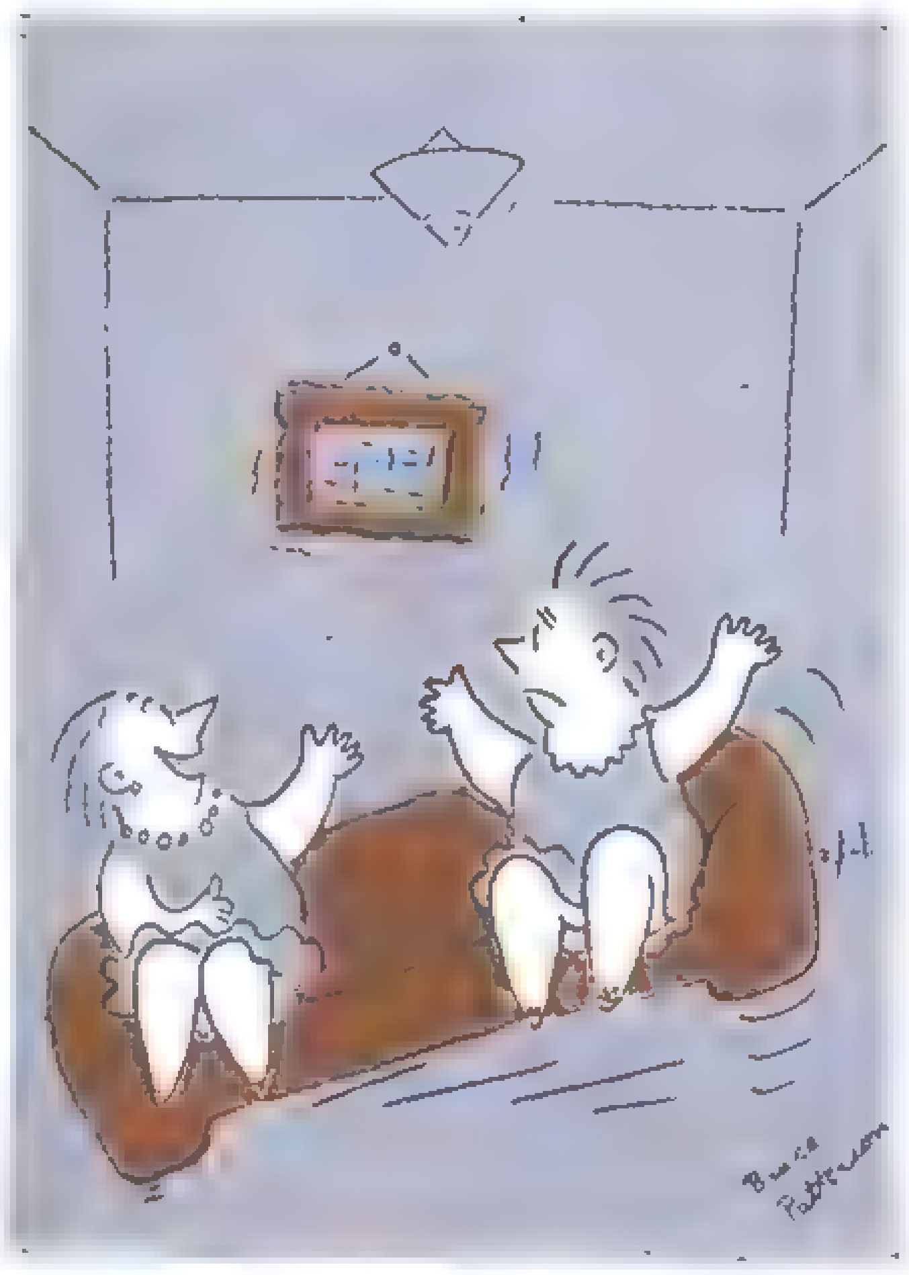
Fehme, Fortune and Death

Continued from page 54

the job of scriveno-cleansing.

Dashing to Germany as a foreign correspondent, he passed through Munich and interviewed a certain public hypnotist named Hanussen, who had Dale Carnegie's power of persuasion and Svengali's evil genius. "I tell my students," Hanussen said, "that the moment they stand up to speak they *must* impress the hearers."

Hanussen conducted Winkler to a small meeting room. "I want you to see my best pupil at work," he said. "I have taught him to be a spellbinder." He pointed to a morose-looking fellow addressing a small group. "I have told him to shout—and to keep shouting. His name is Adolf Hitler." After the rise of Hitler to power, one of the first men to be killed was Hanussen. He knew too much.



"Pay no attention, Mrs. Foreski, it's just my canned peaches exploding in the cellar"

* * *

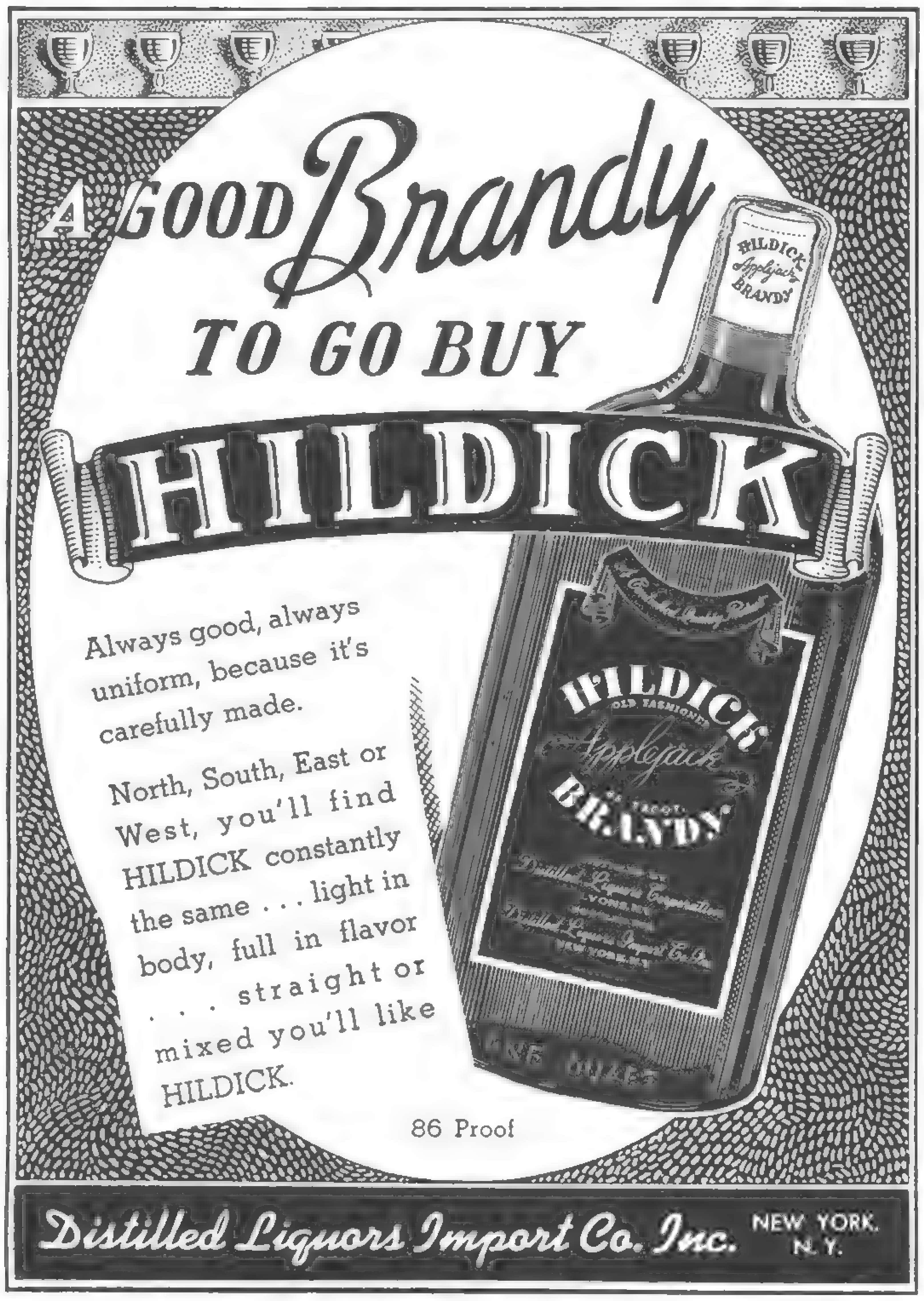
At the end of the last war, Winkler was with the French Army of Occupation in the Ruhr. Hundreds of small incidents convinced him of subsurface plotting. "I felt," he says, "that the 'Weimar Republic' was not a republic; that an insidious plan was operated under its democratic front. And German journalists with whom I came into contact had too much 'inside' knowledge to be simply reporters. They had the earmarks of spies."

Settling in Paris after the war, Winkler studied at the Sorbonne, doing special research in German history. "I concluded," he said, "that German history as it is taught the world over is the way the classic German historians wanted it. They politely obscured the fact that Prussia had kidnapped Germany."

Therefore he needled out the pertinent facts which were to form the ground work of *The Thousand Year Conspiracy*.

Meanwhile, other windmills be-

Continued on page 186



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...the new Quiz Grab-Bag Game Sensation!!!

"Which"—your favorite quiz program plus exciting grab-bag fun—all rolled into one enjoyable game! "Go"—yells the Gamekeeper and the pencils really fly. An absorbing battle-of-wits that everyone from Junior to Grandpa can play.

Get this grand game today and see how quickly it perks up the entire family's spirits . . . see how it livens up parties too.

Only $1.00—at good stores everywhere.

It's the ideal fun gift to send your girl or boy in service.

Hollywood Specialty Co.
4683 Hollywood Blvd Los Angeles 27, Calif.

Fehme, Fortune and Death

Continued from pages 54-185

came his tilting-targets. French journalism was on a par with German politics; Winkler girded ideas for an onslaught on both.

He started with the idea of a syndicate. In 1927 there was no newspaper syndicate in Europe. Winkler reasoned that sound newspaper methods would drive out corrupt ones.

Journalism up to this point was not a money-making thing in France. The papers were not interested in circulation because they were subsidized. They were subsidized for the same reasons that France fell.

Winkler started producing syndicate material of his own, set himself up as a syndicate, the *Opera Mundi*. Quickly he added to his source of supply the best of available news features of England and America. Soon he covered the continent like today's RAF. Solid news material poured in from all sides. At any one moment in the waiting room of Winkler's office you might have found sitting democratically together a patient diplomat, a member of the French Academy, a released convict, Ullmo, the French naval officer-spy who thought himself a Messiah, and Stavisky's chauffeur—each waiting to get his personal story into syndicated print. (Stavisky's chauffeur, incidentally, said to Winkler, "Now that you've published my memoirs, I'm out of a job." Winkler promptly hired him as his own chauffeur, finding him a much more reliable driver than journalist.)

From the early 1930's—when the world had not yet considered Hitler as anything more than a picturesque Teutonic phenomenon—up to the fall of France, *Opera Mundi*, with hundreds of articles, spotlighted the behind-the-scenes story of Nazism. It was in *Opera Mundi's Rue de la Paix* office that H. R. Knickerbocker wrote, in 1939, his detailed exposé of the fortunes of various Nazi leaders, fortunes hidden in foreign countries. This article was a world sensation—except in the United States, where, for reasons of "neutral timidity," it was never published.

For a number of years, Winkler worked closely with former Premier Edouard Herriot as Herriot's journalistic adviser. Winkler and Herriot had two basic things in common: a belief that those responsible for the organization of modern society should trace back their cultural roots to points of origin—particularly to Greece and Egypt; and that it was essential for the future of European civilization that France should live in

BLOCK
Tailored
SPORTSWEAR
Made in California
for MEN of action

give a gift he can wear for service on the job . . . for relaxation, off-duty

- ★ **Block Leather Jackets** . . . with exclusive ball-bearing shoulders
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- ★ **Block Sportshirts** . . . for on the job comfort, for off-duty dressup

AT BETTER DEALERS EVERYWHERE

BLOCK Sportswear

P. S.—Every Man of Action can use an EXTRA War Bond for Christmas

Made in California by H. & L. BLOCK
1563 Mission St., San Francisco 3, Calif.

close co-operation with the United States and England—in the spirit of the *Déclaration des Droits de l'Homme*, the Declaration of Independence, and the Magna Carta.

* * *

In time, Winkler turned his protean attention to a Europeanized version of American publishing. At his offices at 7 *Rue de la Paix*, the building which Worth occupied in the time of the Empress Eugenie, making this street the world's fashion center, he turned out *Confidences*, a woman's magazine. This became the most widely-read woman's publication in France. *Confidences* became the angel of social service institutions, including homes for unmarried mothers and adoption centers for abandoned babies. Then Winkler launched *Press Publicité*, a French counterpart of the American *Editor and Publisher*. In this he unmasked those French racketeering advertising agencies which glorified the "kickback," elevating it into a national institution. American and English newspapers, magazines and agencies were used as examples for the "honesty pays" theory. Added to the pantheon were two magazines for children—with circulation in the millions. Winkler also launched Walt Disney's characters in leading European papers and magazines.

"When we get through here let's go some place and have a big steak"

Time passed and German guns boomed at the gates of Paris. France fell. Gathering together his family and a first draft of *The Thousand Year Conspiracy*, Winkler pulled out of Paris—two hours ahead of the Nazi *panzers*.

Approaching the Spanish border, patrolled by Nazified agents as well as the customary guards, Winkler decided to destroy his script. *The Thousand Year Conspiracy* was painfully reassembled in America, like the Statue of Liberty. It stands today as a solemn, documented *J'accuse*—a warning to the Peace Table of the dire consequences of any glossing over of the essential and chronic *casus belli*. ⌗

The best after-dinner talk starts with

"a Freezomint, Please"
FREEZOMINT
CUSENIER
FREEZOMINT
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CUSENIER
a Liqueur of Cusenier

There is only one Freezomint—originated by the famous French House of Cusenier. Its cool, refreshing Crême de Menthe flavor and delicate aroma make Freezomint the perfect after dinner liqueur . . . equally delightful served straight or frappé. Product of Argentine. Alcohol by volume 30%. W. A. Taylor & Company, New York City, Sole Agents for U. S. A.

ON TOP OF THE WORLD
South America
North America
Africa
Asia
Australi
OR DOWN UNDER
HARVEL

One of America's Fine Watches

KEEPS UNIFORM TIME FOR MEN IN UNIFORM

The following is an excerpt from an actual letter written by an officer of the Armed Forces:

"At the time I went to the land down under, Australia, and the Southwest Pacific area some sixteen months ago, a number of your Harvel watches accompanied our task force, and for your information they are today -- right now, in fact -- giving excellent service in Australia and New Guinea. . . . But the details will have to wait until some later date."

Every Harvel Watch features the famous Nivarox hairspring and self-compensating beryllium balance. Every Harvel Watch has specific purpose jewels. Each movement is precision-processed by exclusive methods for freedom from friction. These factors help to insure accuracy and long service.

HARVEL WATCH COMPANY • ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK, 20

JUVENIA
accuracy and elegance since 1860
Juvenia Watches, 604 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Little Man Bites Big Bulldog

Continued from page 85

self, but perhaps the thought was developing in my subconscious mind.

At this stage, Captain "Big Bill" Edwards, one of our center trio who totalled 750 pounds, and myself were the only veterans left on the team that was facing an almost certain and most unexpected defeat that would ruin our year—and give us another dose of that Cornell type of medicine when we returned to the campus, where even now in their rooms students were getting special reports of the game. Doc Hillebrand, All-American tackle playing his senior year, had retired with a broken shoulder blade. Booth, center for three years, was relieved by a man who had never played in a game (in fact, an ineligible man that Yale hasn't caught on to to this day), the coaches having overlooked the regular substitute center. Lew Palmer at left end, All-American in 1898, was replaced by Bill Roper, afterwards the famous coach, playing his first big game. Craig, left guard, was in poor condition and exhausted, and an inexperienced player had taken his place.

In addition, the entire backfield, including four-year men at fullback and one halfback, had been replaced by four men who had never played together. The first substitute halfback was overlooked by the coaches, and a third stringer was playing his first game for Princeton. Roper had just recovered a fumble by Yale in midfield, the break that gave us our last chance. The substitutes played tremendously, and I cannot pay too high a tribute to them. Mathis, McClave and Lathrop plowed through the Yale line for thirty yards in three minutes.

I then noticed the timekeeper move out onto the field with his watch in his hand, so I said to the quarterback: "We haven't time to score by rushing, I'll try for a goal." Marshall Mills, a guard and a placekicker, said: "Let me try it." But I said I would make the attempt. "Big Bill" Edwards, our captain, sort of left it up to me, the team being so short of veterans.

I was standing on the 34-yard line, a little to the right of the center of the field. I guess some of the things my brother John had drilled into me for years about beating Yale bolstered me. I didn't feel afraid of missing. I felt pretty sure that I could do the job, even though I had never kicked a goal before. There is a peculiar piling up of pressure in such moments. There is the accumulating excitement of a great storm coming up

BACK THE ATTACK
WITH WAR BONDS
BWH MFG. CO.
ZERO KING SPORTSWEAR
Johnny's got a ZERO

and Mary's taken a leaf from his book and wears one too. Zero King waterproofed, pile and lamb-lined sport coats work wonders for efficiency in these busy, wartime days. They're styled for active duty and hard service — with warmth, comfort and quality built in. When a sport coat bears the famous name Zero King, it's "tops" in style and value . . . *Always look for the Zero King label. At good stores everywhere or write*

B. W. HARRIS MFG. CO.
PARK SQUARE, ST. PAUL, MINN.
*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

in the trees, and an impelling feeling of rush, hurry, hurry . . . together with the overwhelming impression that lets you know that all the rest of your life depends on what you do in the next few seconds. You feel that sense of crisis and climax, but little else. The high-compression force of necessity makes madmen, like soldiers under fire, not thinking but *doing*. That's how it was with me. My only thoughts were that Yale had to be beaten, and that this was the only way it could be done. In my blood there beat the pulse of the old instinct that John had drilled into me as a boy—beat Yale, beat Yale, beat Yale. Everything else was a blank.

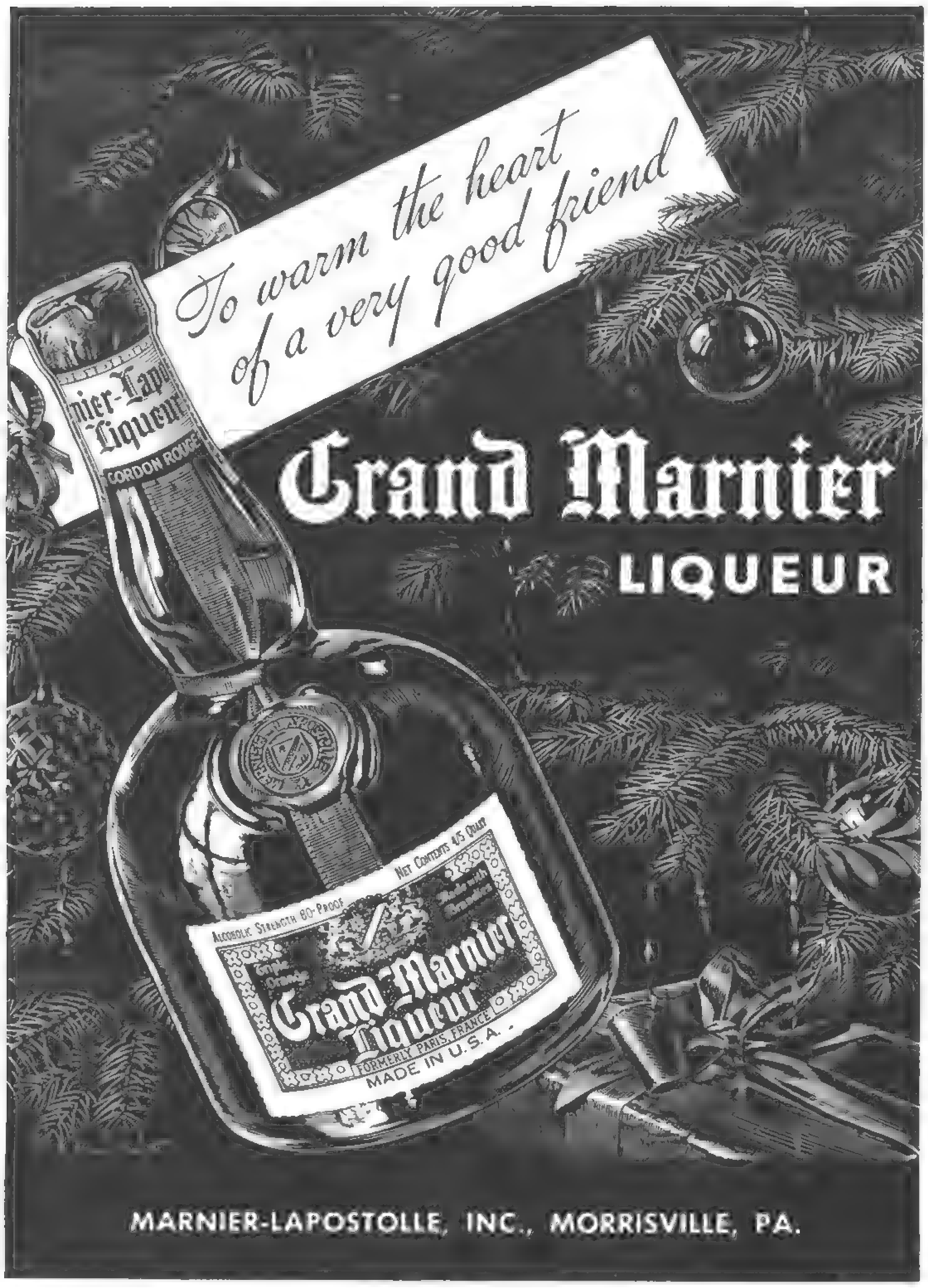
"Stop drilling, Doctor—I'll consent to be your cook"

There have been a lot of newspaper and magazine stories written about what happened in the next few seconds, but none of them is right. This is what really happened. The pass from center came back to me perfectly—which was more than anyone could ever truthfully say for the remainder of the play. In the first place the ball bounded a little too high off the ground and I got under it too much, raising it high into the air almost like a punt. It came down just about a foot over the cross bar and about a yard inside the upright. I wasn't even sure it was a goal until I saw the referee's arms signify victory!

Instantly bedlam broke out on the Princeton side. People ran out onto the playing field. Captain Edwards turned a flipflop—which was something to see of itself. My brother Net, who is still on the coaching staff at Princeton, rushed out and grabbed me, shouting: "You damned little kid, you have licked them again!" Thirty seconds remained to be played, so the field was cleared. Yale kicked off and we held the ball until time was up.

The situation in many ways lent itself to interest. Yale had never been defeated twice in a row before, and this game was tied in with my run of the year before. Also the name of Poe was established already in Princeton foot-

Continued on page 190



MARNIER-LAPOSTOLLE, INC., MORRISVILLE, PA.

WHEARY

THE NAME TO REMEMBER IN Luggage

Those who travel widely appreciate the superior characteristics found in WHEARY luggage. Attractive new models built to time-honored WHEARY standards can be purchased with confidence even though fine leathers and rich hardware have gone to war. Skilled craftsmen who built quality and design into WHEARY luggage in the past are building it today—although much of their time is spent on war work. For you who want fine luggage, the name to remember is WHEARY—and remember to buy U. S. War Bonds! Wheary Incorporated, Racine, Wisconsin.

YOUR LUGGAGE, PLEASE

When You Travel, You're Judged By The Luggage You Carry

50th ANNIVERSARY
Seven Seas
SLACKS

FOR A
PRACTICAL MAN'S Christmas

Seven Seas Slacks combine the luxury look with down-to-earth durability. That's why they're ideal wartime Christmas gifts. Well-dressed men wear them everywhere. For work, for play, for around the house. They're even correct for afternoon dress with an odd jacket. He'll appreciate Seven Seas this Christmas . . .

Seven Seas SLIMLINES ARE SISTER SLACKS FOR THE LADIES
50th Anniversary Year!

Moyer MFG. CO. • YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Little Man Bites Big Bulldog

Continued from pages 85-189

ball as the result of the exploits of my four brothers before me: S. Johnson, who played halfback against Yale in '82; Edgar Allan, who captained the '89 team that beat Yale 10 to 0 and Harvard 41 to 15; John, who played halfback in '91 and '92, and Neilson, who played in the backfield in '94, '95 and '96. While going into the family history I should mention Gresham, who was quarter on the 1901 team.

The fact that I had kicked the ball with my instep instead of with my toe also caused some interest and sensation. I had deliberately kicked "the bouncing windbag" with my instep because I did not have a heavy toe to my shoes. Palmer and I wore light shoes to try to increase our speed. Charlie Young, a famous quarterback at Cornell who was doing graduate work at Princeton and playing on the scrubs, always kicked a dropkick with his instep and I had done some practicing with him.

The goal was emphasized, too, because it was the second gamewinner in the Princeton-Yale series which began in 1876. Bull, of Yale, in 1888 was the first to win one of these games by field goals.

The odd part of the whole business is that my dropkick can be rated only as lucky. If it had been a foot shorter or a yard off to the side, Al Sharpe of Yale would have been the day's hero.

Out of all the hullabaloo, there was one moment I still remember best. Woodrow Wilson was a professor at Princeton then. His classes, though elective, were the most popular in school. In going to his class on Tuesday after the game, I slipped in a back door to avoid undue recognition. Nevertheless, a number of the students applauded, and Woodrow Wilson remarked genially: "I see we still have some evidence of the game."

I am supplying a little more evidence on the game just forty-four years afterwards. #

Get the authentic and complete inside story of that historic Army-Notre Dame game of 1913 as revealed by Gus Dorais to Clark Shaughnessy . . . in the thrill-packed Esquire book,

Football in WAR and PEACE *by*
Clark Shaughnessy
(With 16 pages of action photographs and 50 illustrative sketches)

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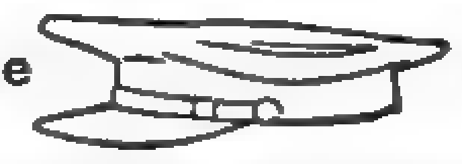
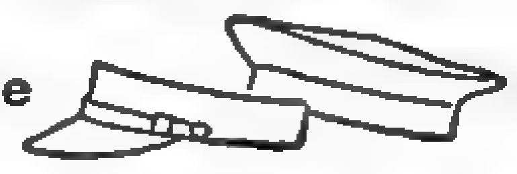
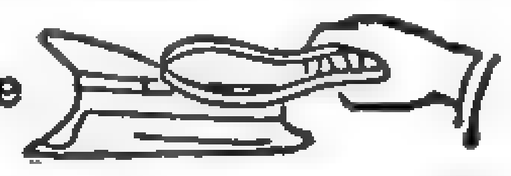
Traditionally trim, but advanced in style, design and construction, to be in step with today's military needs, the new Flexi-Crown climaxes our 27 years experience in serving officers. The flexible Flexi-Crown peak, visor, and band permit packing flat as a dime  in your luggage without loss of jaunty style. The instantly changeable  covers are new and practical for army men, and are a great improvement over former naval design. The  elastic plastic grommet slips in or out in an instant, is a real help in laundering naval covers (all kinds interchangeable) — and the comfortable soft-rolled, hand-tailored construction makes the cap a treasured possession you'll really enjoy wearing.

DESMOND'S

FLEXI-CROWN

MADE BY MALER CAP CO.

Desmond's, Los Angeles 14, California.

Please send me the following Flexi-Crown Cap, size..................

☐ Army Flexi-Crown, $8.50. ☐ Naval Van-Des Flexi-Crown, $14.

☐ CPO Flexi-Crown, $4 (device extra). ☐ Free descriptive folder.

Name & Rank..................

Address..................

Please add Postage. Include 3% Sales Tax in California.

DESMOND'S MILITARY SHOPS — LOS ANGELES, LONG BEACH, PALM SPRINGS

The Doctors Confer

Continued from page 87

regimen until completely cured.

Following the fourth treatment Duryea said: "Mr. Morden, you are cured. The itch started to leave after the first treatment and it is now gone completely. The rash is drying and scaling. I'll put some unguentine on your arms to hasten the scaling process and there will be no necessity for another visit. You are not the proprietor of an antibody. Just a hell of an ego and damned bad manners. You may never have a recurrence of this eczema but if you should, consult Doctor James Moffat, to whom I shall in the meantime have imparted the secret of your disease and the cure for it. No doctor not a fool holds himself infallible. That's why we have consultations. Clear out!"

"Darling, I played bridge for ration stamps"

* * *

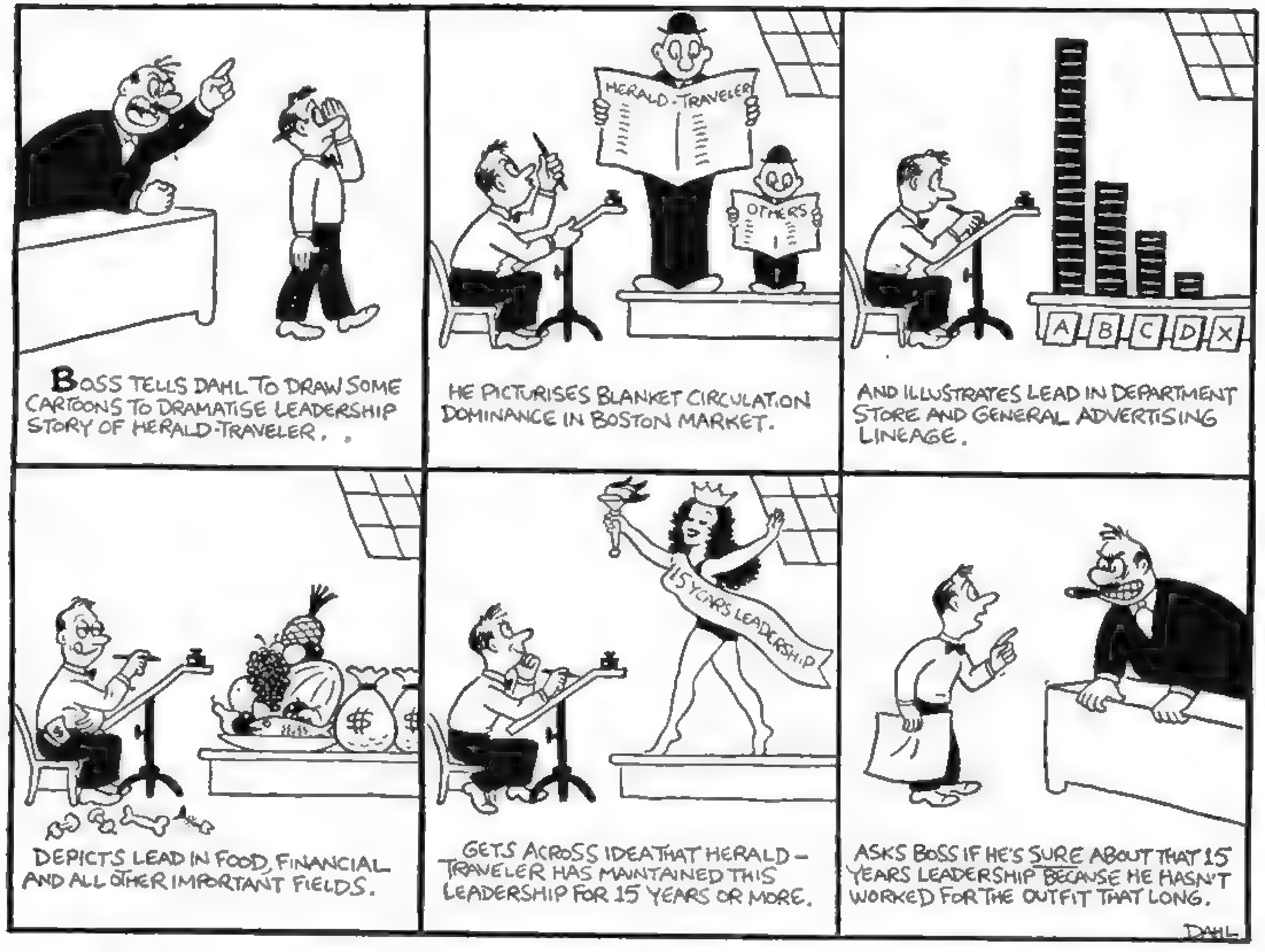
After office hours, Paul Duryea confided to James Moffatt the tale of his profitable treatment of Henry Morden. "I didn't want to treat him, Jim, because I wanted him to get a real case of poison oak infection. I wanted him to be as low in his mind as Job was before that unfortunate got rid of his boils. Besides, I have an old grudge against him. But he outgamed me and I had to take him on, so I decided to do a job on him while I was at it."

"What's your grudge?"

"He loans money to salaried people at two per cent per month. Just after I had completed my internship I decided to glean more experience before going into private practice, so I took a job as an emergency hospital surgeon. One day I discovered I could purchase for five hundred dollars from the estate of a defunct medico, tools and office equipment worth, conservatively, fifteen hundred dollars; so I made a payment of twenty dollars earnest money and set out to borrow the rest. I had seen Henry Morden's advertisements and

Continued on page 192

LIFE WITH AN ADVERTISING TYCOON
By DAHL



HERALD-TRAVELER
OTHERS
BOSS TELLS DAHL TO DRAW SOME CARTOONS TO DRAMATISE LEADERSHIP STORY OF HERALD-TRAVELER . .
HE PICTURISES BLANKET CIRCULATION DOMINANCE IN BOSTON MARKET.
A B C D X
AND ILLUSTRATES LEAD IN DEPARTMENT STORE AND GENERAL ADVERTISING LINEAGE.
DEPICTS LEAD IN FOOD, FINANCIAL AND ALL OTHER IMPORTANT FIELDS.
15 YEARS LEADERSHIP
GETS ACROSS IDEA THAT HERALD-TRAVELER HAS MAINTAINED THIS LEADERSHIP FOR 15 YEARS OR MORE.
ASKS BOSS IF HE'S SURE ABOUT THAT 15 YEARS LEADERSHIP BECAUSE HE HASN'T WORKED FOR THE OUTFIT THAT LONG.
DAHL

Formerly a space-buyer's nightmare, Boston "levelled out" more than 15 years ago as the Herald-Traveler won and maintained a dominant position in the factors that influence media selection. So now, when schedules are being made up, it's easy to be right, with the majority of national and local advertisers who select the Herald-Traveler as No. 1 paper in Boston.

Always 1st in Boston

THE HERALD Traveler

Your choice always!
FERMENTATION IN THE
COOK'S Imperial
AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE
extra dry
COOK'S
WINES OF DISTINCTION
COOK'S Imperial
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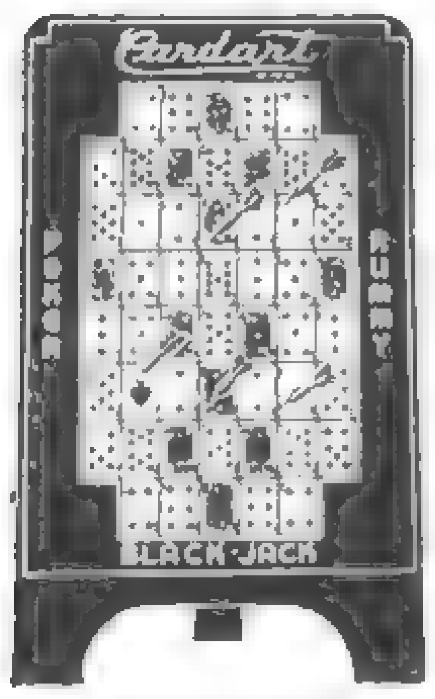
AMERICAN WINE CO ★ ST·LOUIS·MO·

IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE ANYONE A SCREWBALL!
work
no help...
rationing!!
war news...
heating...
taxes...
BUT YOU CAN KEEP "SANE AND SENSIBLE" BY PLAYING DARTS REGULARLY...

A PLEASANT TREATMENT FOR NORMAL ATTACKS OF "WARTIME JITTERS"

Sure—rationing, taxes, too much work—too little help—might easily make a man a little "screwy" these days. But it isn't serious.

A little relaxation—fun—competition—excitement—and mild exercise, several nights a week with family or friends can straighten things out pretty easy—a great way to calm down and soothe jumpy nerves after a hard day.



CARDART
Darts, Blackjack and Poker combined. All card players are fans. Size 24x40".

Wilson's PAR-DART

PAR-DART
Darts and Golf combined. Appeals to golfers and non-golfers. Size 24x40".

OFFICIAL DART-BOWL

DART-BOWL
Bowling and Darts combined. Bowling fans and those who don't bowl find it great fun. Size 30" square.

Choose from many Super-Dart games

That's why thousands of wartime folks are playing Wilson's Super-Dart games. They're good medicine—that the whole family loves—and that make your home the place friends enjoy visiting.

Get yours now for winter. Choose from Wilson's Dart-Bowl, Par-Dart, CarDart, SpelDart, Dic-dac-do and many others. All well made and complete with accessories.

Super-Dart Games are fine entertainment for clubs, service rooms, camps, etc. Games old and young can enjoy.

Sold by leading sporting goods, hardware and department stores everywhere. It is to your advantage to insist upon *Super*-Dart Games backed by the name "WILSON."

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Offices in New York and other principal cities

Wilson
SUPER-DART GAMES

BY THE MAKERS OF WILSON SPORTS EQUIPMENT

The Doctors Confer

Continued from pages 87-191

had listened to them on the radio. First I had to tell him why I needed the money, then he charged me ten dollars to investigate my credit, which he did by telephoning the city health officer and verifying my statement that I was a city employee, and after that I had to furnish two acceptable endorsers. I honeyed a police corporal and the ambulance driver into that and got the money, agreeing to pay my note in twelve equal installments, plus accrued interest to date of each payment, plus costs of suit and a one hundred dollar attorney fee in the event suit should be brought to collect. Upon failure to make payment within one week after any one payment fell due, Henry could, at his option, declare the entire sum then owing as due and payable. Well, the day before the first payment was due the ambulance driver took the ambulance into a truck and it was four days before I regained consciousness and two weeks more before I even thought about Henry Morden. Meanwhile he had entered suit against me and my endorsers. He couldn't get his process server in to the ambulance driver and me, but he snared the cop and the poor devil had his pay garnisheed and was in a terrible way before I got around to rescuing him."

"May he rest in hell with his back broken," Jim Moffatt said piously. "What made you so certain he had poison oak, when the prognosis was all against it?"

"Oh, that was very simple. One must establish contact with the poison oak shrub to become infected and if the weather is cool or cold the chances of infection in most persons are rather remote. But this fall was a hang-over from summer; the first day of the quail season was quite warm and dear Henry swat like the Behemoth of Holy Writ and his pores were open when he established contact with the shrub. Result—infection. He wears a sleeveless hunting coat and outing shirts with elbow length sleeves, so his bare, perspiring arms and hands were an invitation to the unholy shrub."

"But why did the infection remain more or less static—improved one day, back in its original form or worse the next?"

"Henry surf-bathes every day of his life. He became infected on Sunday but swam on Monday and Tuesday and was almost cured when he went shooting again on Wednesday and, the weather still being warm enough to cause him to perspire freely, he became reinfected. Swimming on Thursday, Friday and Saturday (provided he didn't miss on Thursday) started his eczema on the upgrade again, but the Sunday shoot again proved fatal. And so at last he fell into the hands of the Philistines and had his bankroll shorn."

"Is sea water a specific for

Anywhere you see it V.V.O. means better Scotch

THE GIFT FOR CRITICAL FRIENDS...
You can give Martin's V.V.O. with perfect confidence. Every drop is choice liqueur Scotch, giving V.V.O. an added distinctive flavour.

Give, and serve, V.V.O. It costs no more than most other brands.

MARTIN'S V.V.O. BRAND 88 proof
Blended Scotch Whisky
IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N. Y.

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ESQUIRE
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Tailored in the ESQUIRE distinctive style—it's new and smart—an asset to any club, home or office library—your name embossed on the front cover—making it your personal book. Six issues per volume. December issue completes Volume XX, July to December, 1943. We can supply most missing issues at 50c per copy—the regular newsstand price.

BUCKRAM—(heavy cloth)—distinctive 2-color Esquire design. A quality binding that is both attractive and durable.
Price, $2.50 per vol. With gilt top, $3.00 per vol.

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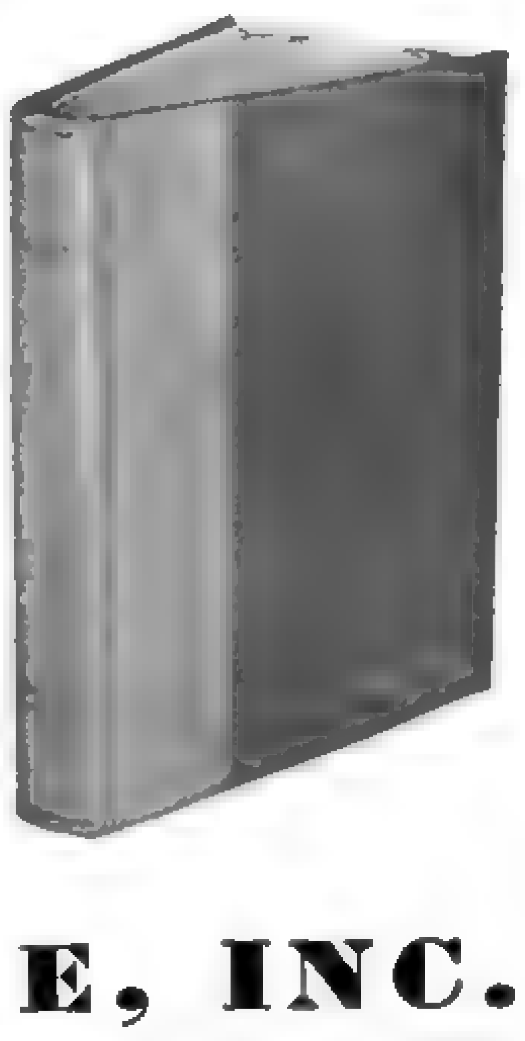

DE LUXE—GENUINE PIGSKIN—Rich embossed burned-in lettering. Gilt top. A luxurious binding comparable to the individual masterpieces of the Old World bookbinding craftsmen.
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poison oak, Paul?" Moffatt asked.

"I don't know. All I know is that it never fails to cure my poison oak so I thought it wouldn't do any harm to try it on Henry. I keep a five gallon demijohn full of sea water in my office all during the open season on quail to cure myself—merely tossed some Epsom salts and sodium phosphate into it to impress Henry."

"How did you discover that sea water is efficacious?"

"The way some of our great discoveries in medicine and chemistry have been discovered—by accident. Once I had a dreadful infection on my arms and face and went fishing in an attempt to forget it. My boat capsized and sank and I had to swim four miles to shore. The effect was miraculous. Three more immersions for an hour and I was cured. Sea water may not cure everybody but you have two controls now, Jim, so use it at the first opportunity and observe the result. Suppose, Jim, we have dinner together on Henry Morden?" Duryea asked smilingly.

"Grand," said Jim Moffatt. "Paul, what would we doctors do if it were not for our grateful, loyal, infuriating patients who seek our advice, refuse to take it and often decline to pay for it?"

"Well, those we cure, Jim, will thereafter dash around shouting our praises and drumming up trade for us. I talked with the weather man this afternoon and he tells me next Sunday will be warm but not so warm as last Sunday. So I have a feeling Henry Morden will go quail hunting on Sunday and be in to see you on Monday. Treat him kindly and sock him fifty bucks in advance for curing his eczema, but do not tell him it's poison oak because he will not believe you. Convince a fool against his will, he's of the same opinion still."

"Paul, you should make good at writing detective stories."

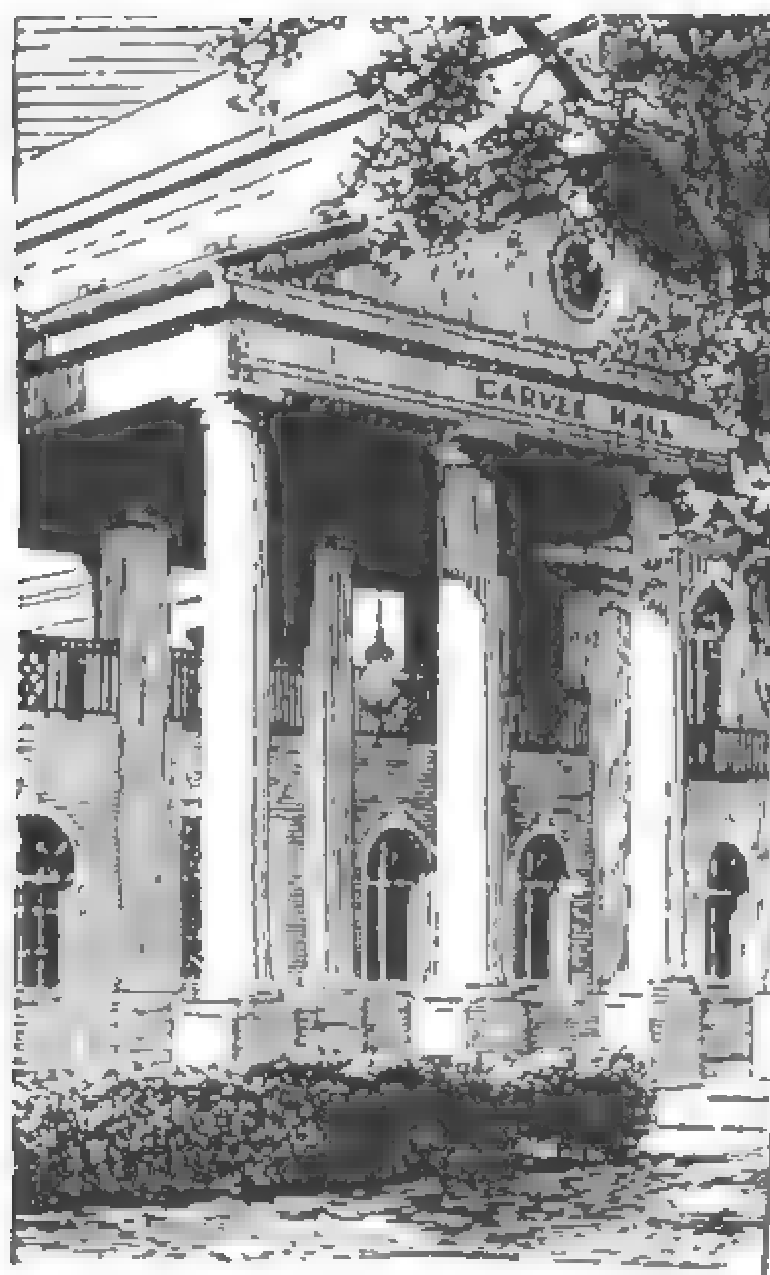
"Not nearly so much fun, Jim, as other people's intestines."

Jim Moffatt nodded. The scalier they came, the better he liked his patients. ⌗

"Where can I find a girl who would like a pair of Nylon hose?"

Annapolis of Gay Memories

gives you fried chicken a la Carvel Hall



CARVEL HALL
Recipe for Fried Chicken

Select young chicken, about two pounds, clean, split, detach breast and upper joint, rinse and let drain. Chill until flesh is firm. Season with salt and pepper.

Dredge with flour, dip into beaten eggs and milk. Shake off excess liquid, fry in moderately hot pan over steady fire until golden brown. Finish in slow oven.

Serve on slice of broiled ham. Before serving, add tablespoon of melted butter and grated parsley. Garnish with parsley, endive, watercress. Serves two.

NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR GOOD TASTE

GOEBEL
BEER

Right from the Cypress Casks of Goebel
Goebel Brewing Co., Detroit 7, Mich.

Fried Chicken at Carvel Hall in historic Annapolis ... what memories for those who have stopped here! The traditional Southern hospitality of Carvel Hall is something to remember for years. In the meantime, there's another pleasure you can enjoy 'most anywhere ... the good taste of Goebel Beer, famous from Canada to the Gulf. Wouldn't you like to enjoy that nationally famous good taste? Say "Goebel" next time you order beer.

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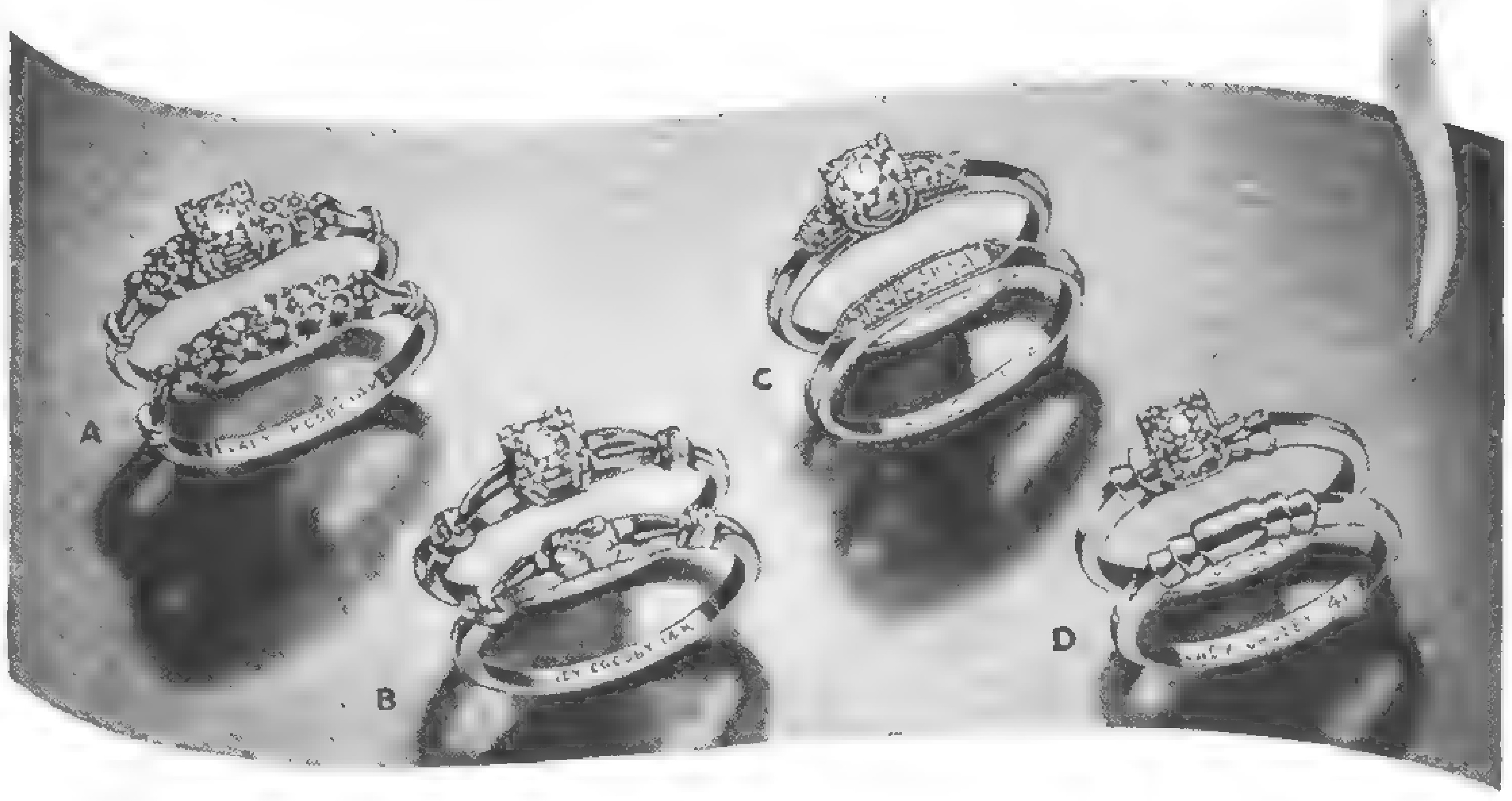

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*From documents in our files

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva; also makers of the Wittnauer Watch a companion product of unusual merit.

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The beating heart of every Longines Watch is the Longines "Observatory Movement,*" world honored for greater accuracy and long life. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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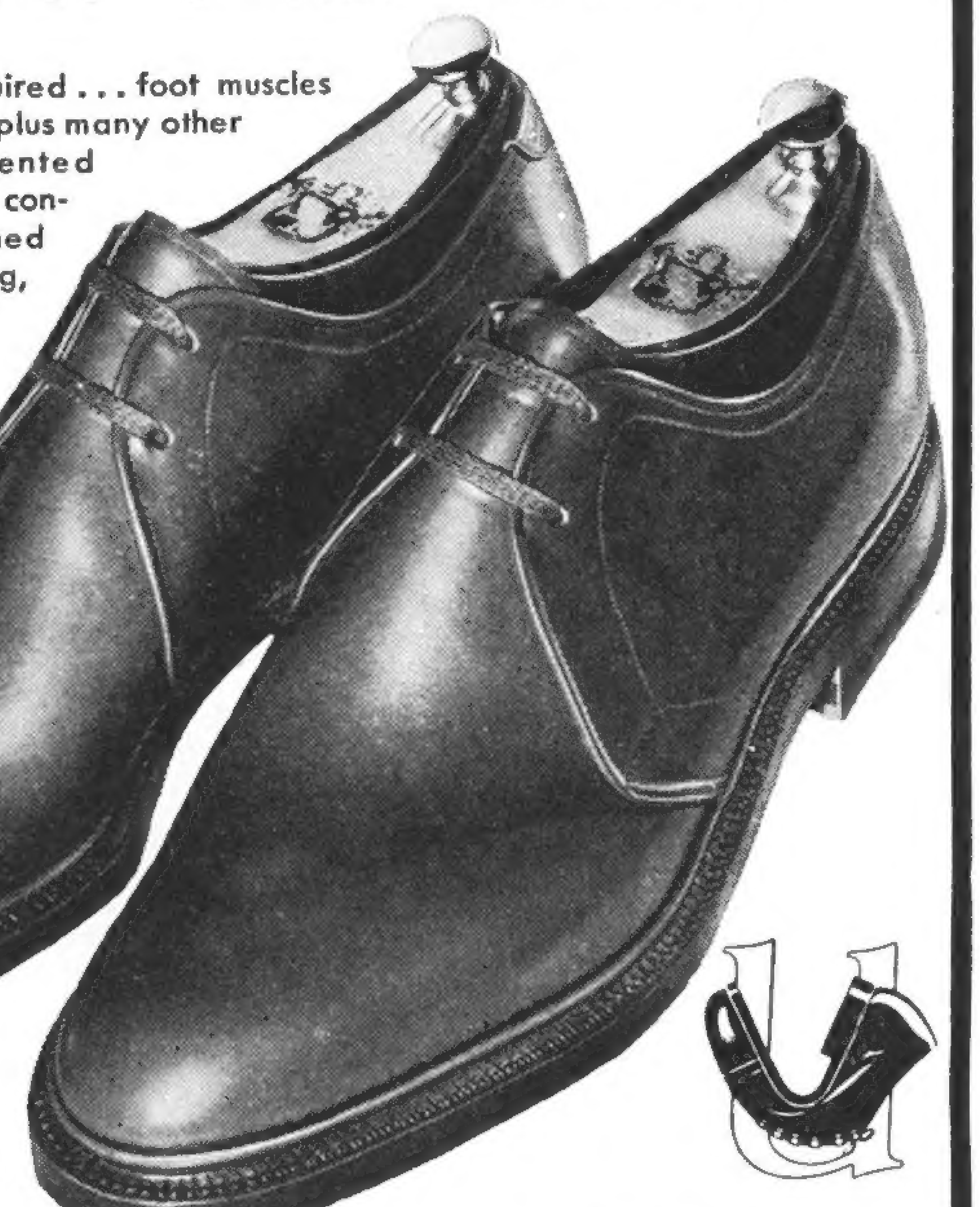

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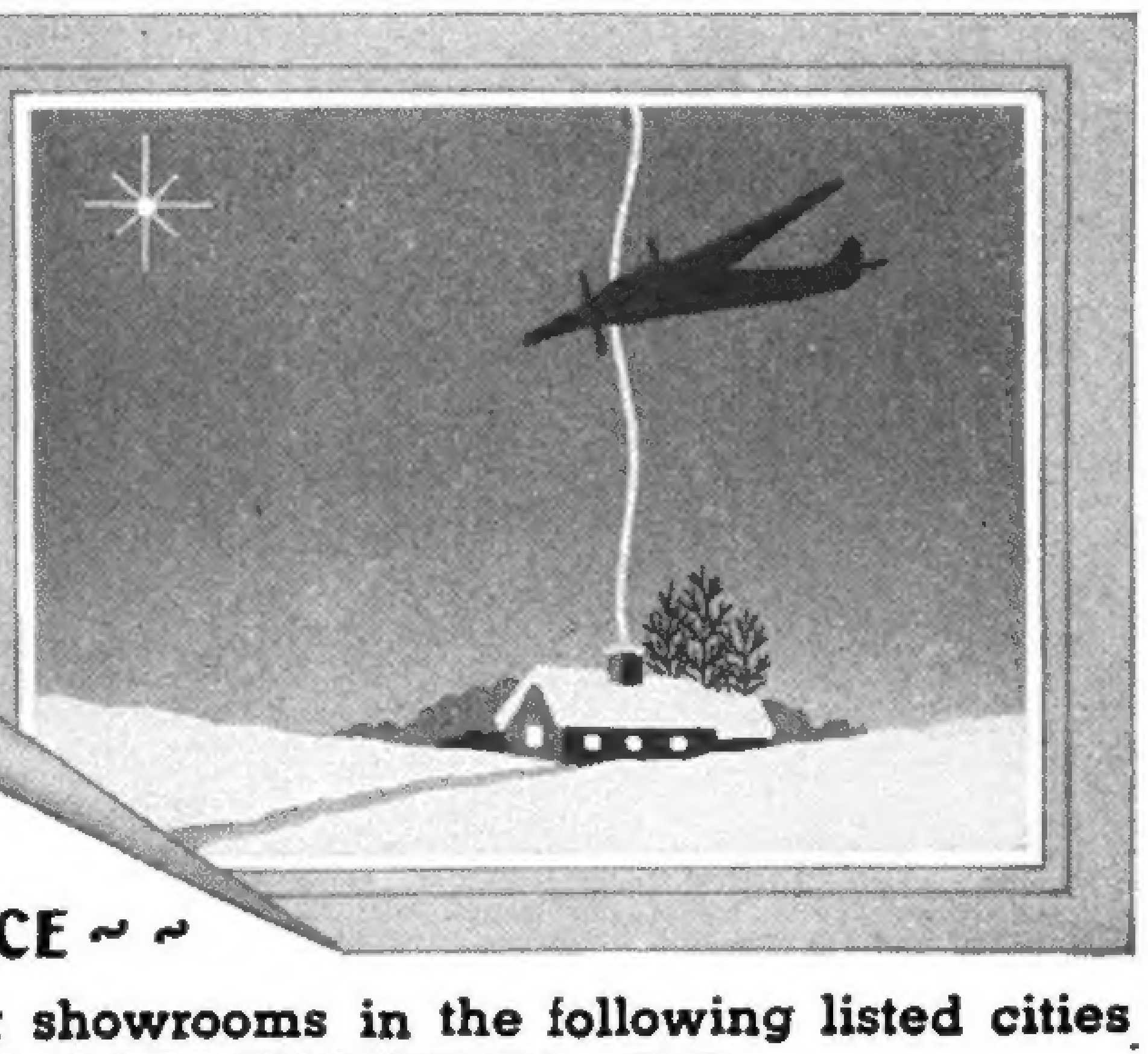

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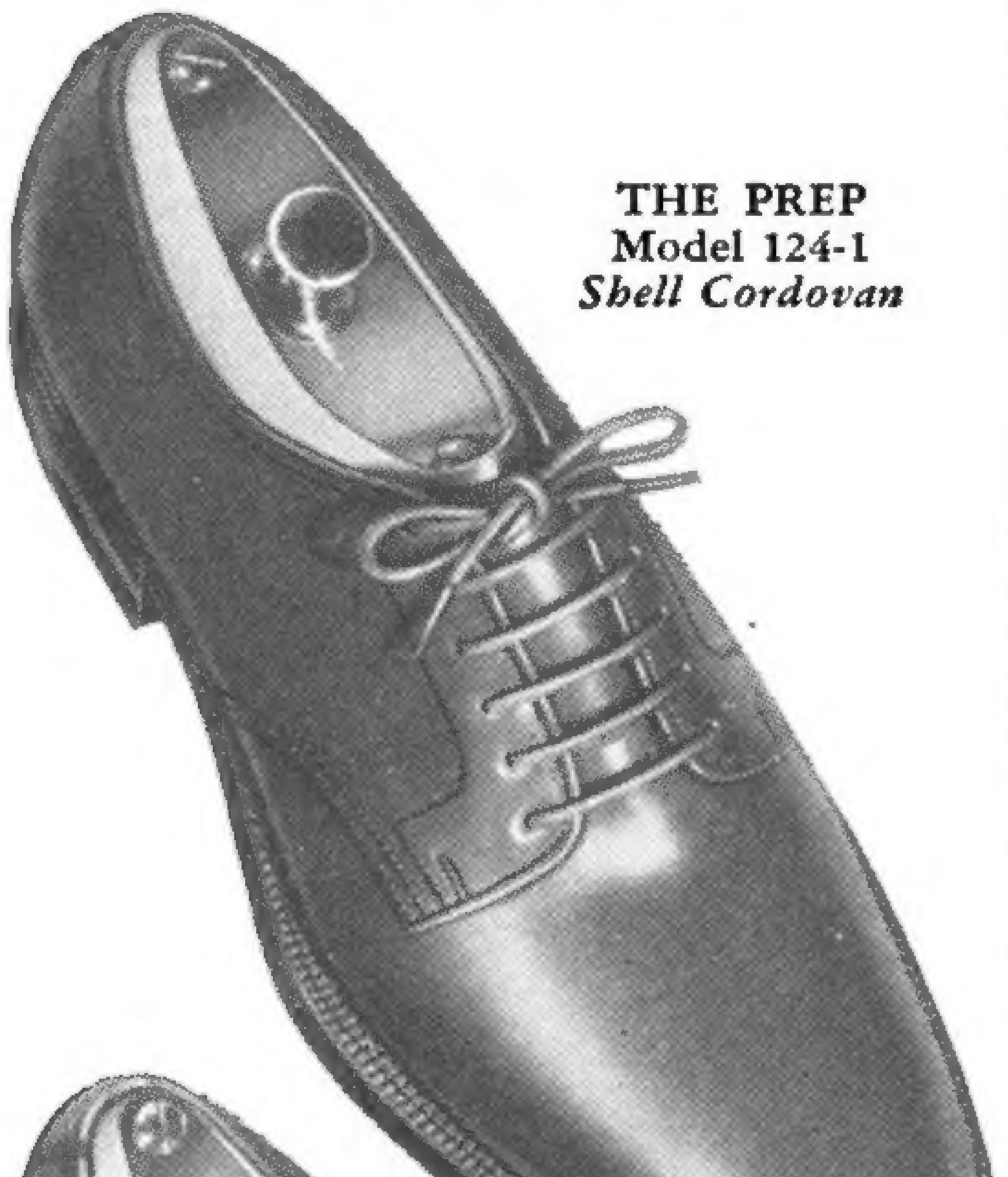

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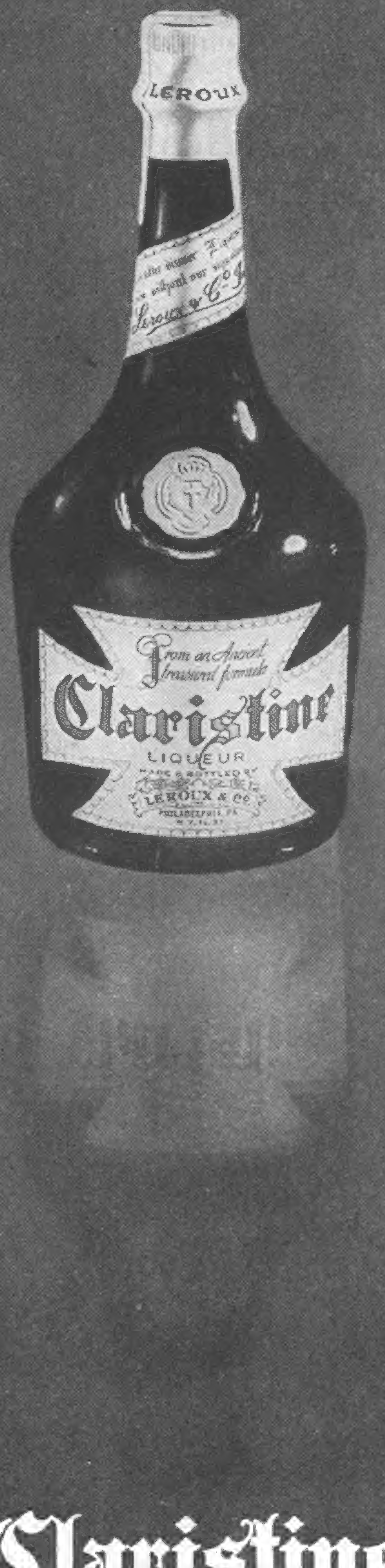

Claristine

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FOR THE B & C COCKTAIL

LEROUX & CO., Inc.
Philadelphia • New York City
Awarded Gold Medal, Paris International Exposition, 1937. 86 proof

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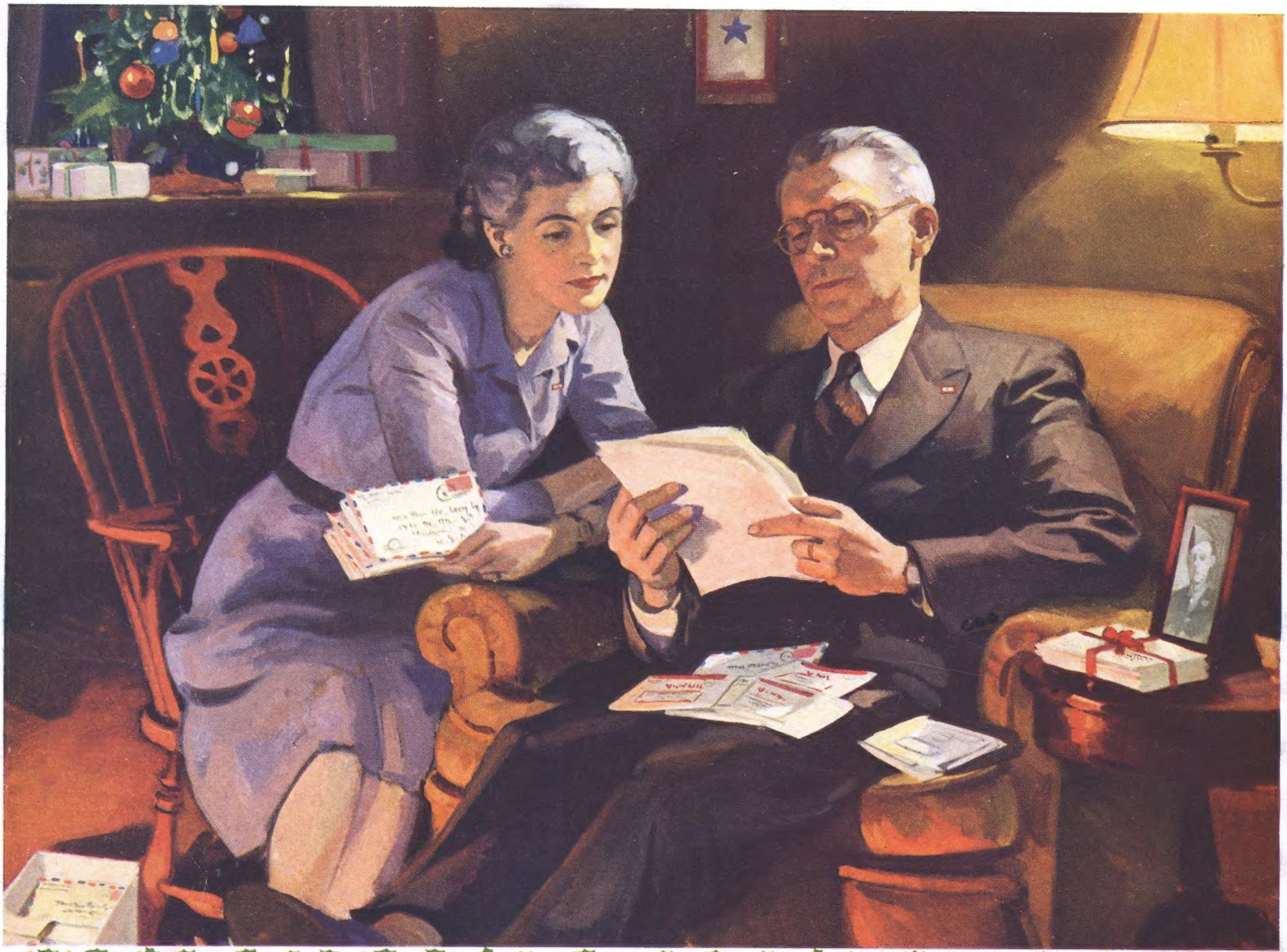

Our Boy, Bill

HE won't be home this year on Christmas Eve,
But even though he can't be with us — Still,
We're grateful for the letters we receive
— *from our boy,* BILL!

✲

He writes us almost every week — and yet,
We always seem to find a brand new thrill
With each and every letter that we get
— *from our boy,* BILL!

✲

He's changed a lot since he left home, I'm sure,
I guess they've sort of "put him through the mill,"
His letters sound so manly, so mature,
— *for our boy,* BILL!

We pride ourselves on being "tough as leather,"
But as we read, our eyes begin to fill —
For War, somehow, has brought us close together,
— *with our boy,* BILL!

✲

IN millions of American homes this wartime Christmas, hearts are beating for loved ones far away. If glasses are raised, it is in a silent toast to Allied Victory — and the coming of real "Peace on earth, good will toward men!"

Pabst Blue Ribbon

1041

THIS CHRISTMAS, AS ALWAYS
AMERICA'S SYMBOL OF FRIENDLY COMPANIONSHIP

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